

LIFE

A black and white photograph of three women in elaborate night club attire. The woman on the left wears a large, ornate hat with multiple layers of white lace and fabric roses. She is smiling and looking towards the camera. The woman in the center wears a tall, conical hat covered in a dense pattern of small dark dots. She is looking slightly to the right. The woman on the right is shown in profile, looking towards the center, wearing a light-colored dress with a large ruffled collar. The background is dark and out of focus.

NIGHT
CLUB
GIRLS

DECEMBER 15, 1947

15 CENTS

YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION \$5.50

See here, Santa Claus!



See what she's been hinting for all this time—a glamour-touched gift set of Cannon towels! These, perhaps—sweetened with carnations. Or another equally tempting new Cannon pattern—each tucked, this year, in the most eye-widening boxes that ever went under the tree. Gaily trimmed, ready to tag—gift sets certain to delight everyone, including you. For they're cheerfully priced, whichever treasure-of-Cannons you choose!

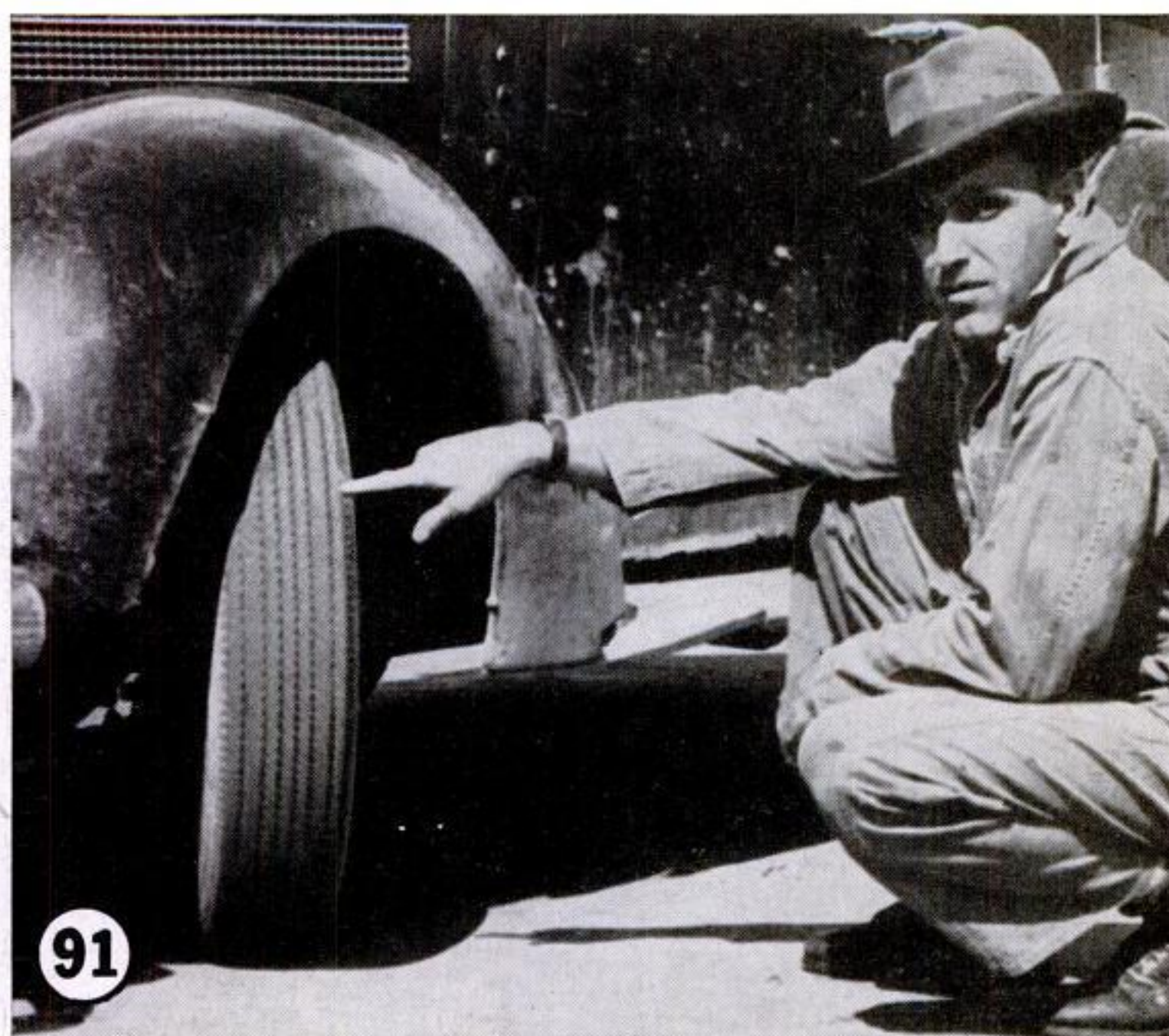
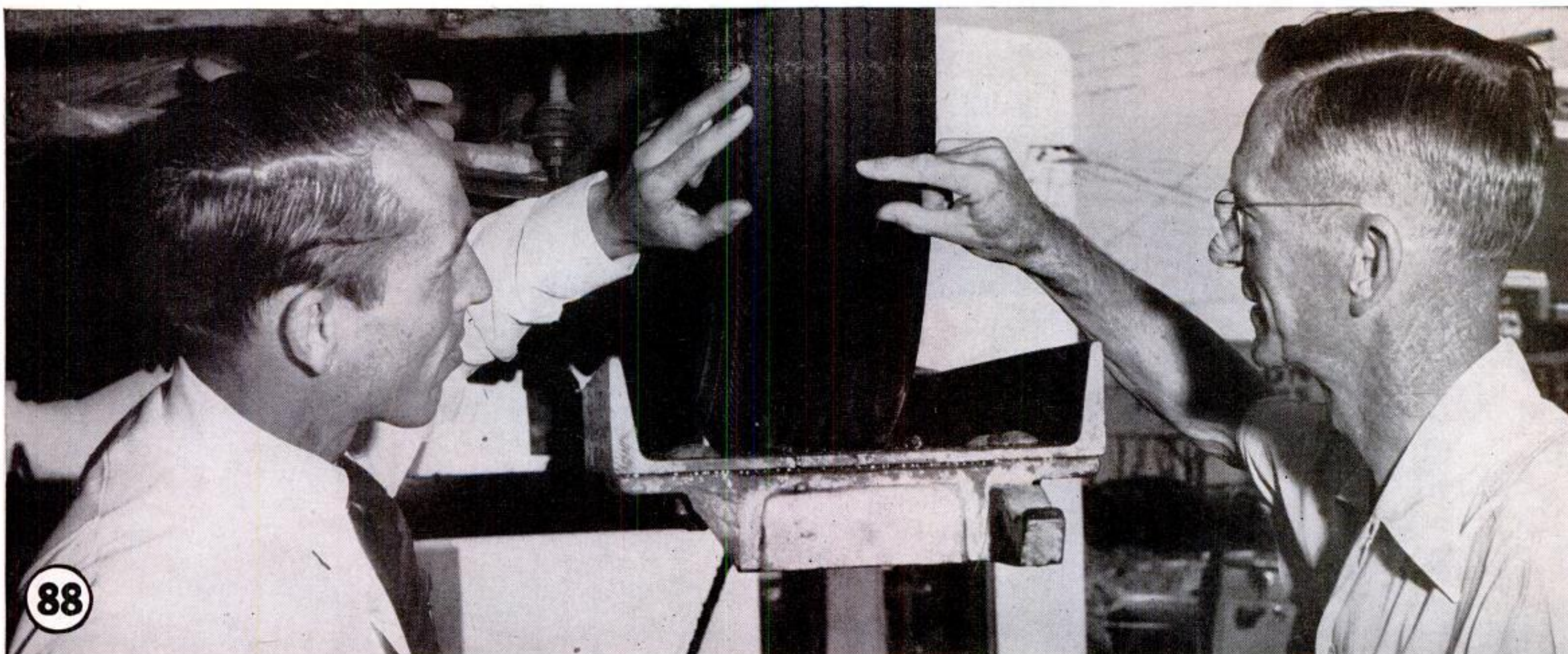


CANNON GIFT SETS START AS LOW AS \$1.95!



CANNON MILLS, INC., 70 WORTH STREET, NEW YORK 13, N. Y.

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Typical examples: the B. F. Goodrich tire that outwears prewar tires

B. F. GOODRICH tires outwear prewar tires. This is backed by the personal experience of B. F. Goodrich owners. Here are three recent reports:

Typical example No. 82: "Outlasted any prewar tires." Pictured at left is Henry D. Anderson of Seattle, Washington, with B. F. Goodrich dealer Hugo Andiesen, Jr. Henry D. Anderson writes:

"I appreciate good tire mileage. It is one of the essential things when it comes to keeping costs down on my car. This B. F. Goodrich Silvertown tire which I am finally replacing had gone 43,275 miles (at the time of the picture). These were hard miles, ranging from driving on desert roads to the heavy pounding of mountain truck trails. And since this car is used

for fire and police work, much of this mileage was put on at high speeds and in all kinds of weather."

Typical example No. 91: "Never experienced better service from any tire." Shown here is H. F. Smith of Rt. No. 1, Unicoi, Tenn., who says:

"Half of my driving is over rock roads, the other half is on hard surface that has quite a lot of chuck holes in it. These B. F. Goodrich tires have not been petted, but have been subjected to 30,593 miles of rather rough treatment. In all my experience I have never received better service from any tire."

Typical example No. 88: "49,723 miles and still good!" P. U. Alexander of Goose Creek, Texas, shown in the photo at the top, states:

"I purchased two new B. F. Goodrich Silvertown tires in 1945. These tires had gone 49,723 miles when the picture was taken, and I believe they are good for another 10,000 miles."

This is a good time to buy tires. Your B. F. Goodrich dealer will give you a liberal allowance for your old tires if they are still good enough to be used or recapped. *The B. F. Goodrich Company, Akron, Ohio.*

B.F. Goodrich
FIRST IN RUBBER

CAN YOU Guess their real names?



Here's a double quiz. Do you know these famous stars by both their screen names and their real names?



1. It's a rare person who won't know the screen name of this famous beauty presently starring in Hunt Stromberg Productions. But do you know her real name... the name she used all through her school days? A hint—which probably won't help you much—is that her father was a director of the Bank of Vienna.

By way of interest, she likes dirndles, coffee ice cream, writing poetry, ice skating and driving her car. She always uses "Ethyl" gasoline because: "One of the first things I learned about America is that the best gasoline is in the pumps with 'Ethyl' emblems."

2. They love this man in St. Joe, and just about everywhere else. His sixteen years of comedy on NBC (Sundays, 7 p.m. EST) have made his professional name a byword. But chances are you can't recall his real name—under which he embarked in vaudeville at seventeen.

On the air he plays a squeaky fiddle and jokes about his broken-down Maxwell car. Actually, he is an accomplished violinist and drives a well-kept 1941 convertible. He always uses "Ethyl" gasoline. He says, "I wish the 'gas' in my scripts was always as good as the 'Ethyl' gasoline in my car!"

3. The screen name of this brown-haired, blue-eyed star—soon to appear in Samuel Goldwyn's "THE BISHOP'S WIFE"—has been up in electric lights so often that the chances are you know it almost as well as your own name. But do you know the name she was given when she was born in Salt Lake City—the name her old friends still prefer? Here are a few facts that might help your identification:

Her last picture was "THE FARMER'S DAUGHTER." She does a lot of automobile driving because her hobby is collecting antiques. She always uses "Ethyl" gasoline because: "I like old things—but I want my car to act young."



Check here to see how many you got right:

If you're really up on your screen stars, you undoubtedly know that their names are: 1. Hedwig Keisler (Hedy Lamarr) 2. Benny Kubelsky (Jack Benny) 3. Gretchen Young (Loretta Young).

These famous stars look for the "Ethyl" trade-mark on gasoline pumps for the same good reasons that millions of other car owners do. They know that the familiar yellow-and-black "Ethyl" emblem means that the oil refiner has improved his best gasoline with "Ethyl" antiknock compound. This is the famous ingredient that steps up power and performance—helps cars run their best. Ethyl Corporation, New York.





FORD'S OUT FRONT

On the Night Before Christmas

'Twas the night before Christmas—the children were dreaming
Of a Ford in their future—smart, swanky and gleaming;
And Mother and I gaily grinned, for we knew
That this wonderful dream was about to come true.
Then out in the driveway wheels crunched on the snow
And the Ford dealer gave us a cheery "Hello"
He wasn't the Santa Claus type—he appeared
Without any reindeer, a pack, or a beard,
But when he drove up in that elegant bus
You bet he was Santa, in person, to us.
"Merry Christmas," he said, with a smile that was pleasant,
"The Ford in your future is now in your present."
Well, Mother was eager, and I was agog
So we took the new Ford for a nice little jog;
A jog? It was more like a journey on wings,
What zest in that motor! What ease in those springs!
With Queen size in comfort, and King size in brakes
We laughed "Ford's out Front with whatever it takes"
So, proud as a Princess and rich as a Lord,
We glowed with our glory in having a Ford,
And thought, "When the kids start their Christmas-Day hunt
For presents, they'll find that a Ford is Out Front."

...Berton Braley

There's a
Ford
in your future

robert goisemann

This One



NBOB-U2R-91XN

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Doubly smart – doubly welcome!



This Christmas give Parker "51"



Royal gifts—these "51" writing instruments. And there's still time to obtain them . . . if you see your Parker dealer now.

The "51" Pen is absolutely unmatched for popularity. 77 surveys in 29 countries confirm that Parker is the world's most wanted pen.

Now couple with this famous instrument a "51" pencil that matches it in precision, beauty, balance and writeability. And you have the single gift that brings *double* pleasure for years to come.

Today the "51" Pen offers a wide range of custom points. Each is individualized to suit a different style of handwriting. And only the "51" is designed for satisfactory use with super-brilliant *Superchrome* Ink that "dries as it writes".

Choice of exclusive gift colors. Sets, \$17.50 to \$80.00. Individual Parker "51" Pens (including the new *demi-size*), \$12.50 and \$15.00. Pencils, \$5.00 and \$7.50. The Parker Pen Company, Janesville, Wisconsin and Toronto, Canada.

COPR. 1947 BY THE PARKER PEN COMPANY

"51 writes dry with wet ink!"

Among Fine Christmas Gifts None Surpasses Bretton Bands

Bretton Queen

Ultra-smart expansion band ... distinctive, graceful, streamlined. In white, yellow or pink 14 kt. gold, \$50; 1/20 12kt. gold filled, \$10.50.



Bretton Bretweave

The real thing in basketweave watch bands for men — masterfully conceived and designed. With expansion center or exclusive Supermatic safety catch. In white, yellow or pink 1/20 12 kt. gold filled, \$10.50.



Trust mom and dad to know the kind of Christmas gifts that are as thrilling to give as they are to get. Experience is on their side. Which explains why they make it a point every year to give fine quality, superbly styled BRETTON watch bands—as evidence not only of their good judgment, but of their good taste as well. Take a tip from the wise—put BRETTON bands high up on *your* gift lists, too. Popularly priced, at leading jewelers. Bruner-Ritter, Inc., Fifth Ave., New York, and Montreal.

Bretton
FIRST AMONG FINE WATCH BANDS

Copyright 1947, Bruner-Ritter, Inc.



Newest of the new BRETTON bands for men and women — available in white, yellow or pink — 1/20 12 kt. gold filled. No. 821, \$4.75; No. 1226, \$8.75; No. 835, \$5.00; No. 573, \$6.50; No. 615, \$5.00.

This Christmas...there's a **PHILCO** *for*



PHILCO 1282. Thrilling to eye and ear. A combination radio-phonograph in an exquisite, mahogany console of Classic Modern design. Superb, rich-voiced reproduction of records and radio. Philco fool-proof automatic record-changer handles up to 12 records . . . gently, smoothly, with consideration for one's most cherished records. Yes, it's a quality combination console at an amazingly low price...**\$17995***



PHILCO 1200. Philco's new, easy way to play records. It's a self-starter. Just slide a record in and it plays automatically. No more fussing with lids, tone-arms, controls. Can be carried anywhere. Only **\$4995***



PHILCO 460-I. Plastic sorcery in a small radio. Wonderful power and tone. Already famous for sensitivity, improvements now give it greater performance. Save wandering...and wondering. **\$3750***



PHILCO 200. An unequalled value. A small, compact, table-model radio whose performance matches its good looks. See it, hear it, and check-off another fortunate name for Christmas. **\$1995***



PHILCO 1253. A top value in table-model combinations. Thrilling, full-bodied tone in a smart walnut cabinet. Famous Philco automatic changer . . . gentle, considerate, trouble-free. Only **\$9995***

Wednesday is Bingsday! Philco Radio Time with Bing Crosby...tune in!

Everyone!

Now, with Philco in full production and turning out the finest instruments of its career, you can give the imperishable gift of music... in a model to meet your purse... in a cabinet to thrill the lucky ones on your list.

For 17 years, people have said: "When there's a choice, it's a Philco." Give the gift with a lift... a genuine Philco. See your Philco dealer... make your selection now, in time for Christmas giving.



PHILCO 1270. Goodbye to Record Noise!
This beautiful Philco combination has the Philco Electronic Scratch Eliminator... the device that separates noise from music for the first time in the history of record-playing, releasing the full, glorious tones without scratch or surface-distractions. Advanced-FM, Dynamic Reproducer, and other Philco features. Take the "if" out of "gift" with a Philco 1270. **\$359⁵⁰***



PHILCO 300. A holiday hit in a portable. Powerful, sensitive radio with built-in aerial, encased in a handsome, luggage-type carrier. Operates on long-life battery, or AC-DC. Welcome as rain in breathless July. **\$39⁹⁵**
Less Battery



PHILCO 1201. Slide in a record and relax. It starts, plays the record through, stops. This is the sensational Philco development that swept the country in radio-phonograph sales. Only **\$69⁹⁵***



PHILCO 230. Gem of a notion for Christmas. A looker and a performer in an ultra-modern plastic cabinet. It's smart to give because it's smart to own. Unique latticed ivory plastic grille adds a patrician touch to a fine radio. See it today! **\$29⁹⁵***

PHILCO

*Famous for Quality
the World Over*

*Slightly higher Denver and West

Just tie a Big Red Bow
on this beautiful toaster!



See the General Electric Automatic Toaster at your dealer's. \$18.95 plus tax.

A lucky few will get this New General Electric Automatic,
which pops toast up or keeps it warm till you're ready!

No more cold toast...



If you're ready for your toast, this ingenious toaster will pop it up. If you're not, touch a control knob, and a built-in device will keep it warm *inside!* Either way, your toast is *automatically* hot and crisp! Just right!

Each slice as ordered...



Dark, medium or light—the General Electric Automatic Toaster gives you the kind of toast you like. Makes no difference how many slices have already been toasted. The little control knob does the trick—perfectly.

Cleans easily in 10 seconds...



The snap-in crumb tray eliminates difficult cleaning. Snap it out, brush it clean, whisk it back in. Nothing to it! Takes a mere 10 seconds. General Electric Company, Bridgeport 2, Conn.

Prices subject to change without notice

GENERAL  ELECTRIC

LIFE'S REPORTS



MOTHER AND CHILD POSED WITH DOLLS IN 1939

WHAT HAS BECOME OF LINA MEDINA?

by WILLIAM KREHM

LIMA

In 1939 Peru erupted into the headlines with an obstetrical oddity that bade fair to take its place alongside Canada's Dionne quintuplets. Lina Medina, a mestizo girl of the highlands, had given birth to a child at the age of 5. Lina held the world's attention for little more than the life span of a flashbulb. Although Peruvians today are at a loss to tell what has become of her and her son, they are both still alive. I have recently seen them.

Peasants of the harsh Peruvian highlands are not given to coddling their young, but in the spring of 1939 it was clear to anyone that little Lina, eighth of the nine Medina children, was really unwell. Her parents, mouse-poor squatters, were alarmed by her attacks of nausea, loss of appetite and swelling abdomen. The guard of the police post at the nearby village of Ticipo persuaded her father to take her to the hospital at Pisco on the coast. There Dr. Gerardo Lozada, the young hospital director, at first suspected a tumor, but when he noticed her developed breasts and examined her carefully, he arrived at an altogether impossible conclusion. There was no alternative but to declare the tot pregnant. Dr. Lozada tracked down her birth certificate, which showed that she had been born on Sept. 23, 1933. Her mother informed him that she had menstruated regularly from the age of 8 months.

Rumors of the rare happening licked the coast and reached the capital. The Lima tabloid *La Cronica* took Lina under its flapping wing and on April 13 splashed the news of the child mother on a page usually reserved for stabbings and murders. The paper sounded its war cry for two weeks: "Lina belongs to science. Lina must be brought to Lima!"

On May 11 *La Cronica's* crusade was crowned with triumph and Lina was driven to the capital. On the morning of May 14—Mother's Day—she was confessed by a priest and wheeled into the operating room. Dozens of doctors gathered to witness the Caesarean section. More than one confidently expected that Lozada would find only a tumor. After working away for 15 minutes, however, Lozada brought forth a bundle of pink flesh, dangled it by the heels and announced, "A boy."

Though his mother before delivery had weighed only 67 pounds, the baby, who was christened Gerardo, tipped the scales at almost 6 and was in every respect the child of a mature woman. Lina would have been able to nurse the child, but Lozada decided against it. To spare her from mental shock she was not even informed that

CONTINUED ON PAGE 11



JUICY

is for Mincemeat

AS GOOD AS GRANDMA'S — Now you can buy old-fashioned mincemeat with that winey, fruit-rich succulence you remember from childhood days. It's inexpensively packaged in PLIOFILM — the only transparent film that is liquid-tight as well as air-moisture-proof. This triple protection seals in flavorful juices, keeps fruits tender and tasty, prevents evaporation and dryness — to give you mincemeat at its best. That's why everything packed in juice, from pickles to mincemeat, keeps better in PLIOFILM — and tastes better, too!

and for Marshmallows

FRESH

STRICTLY "SUPER" — Never have you tasted marshmallows of such cream-puff fluffiness as those packaged in PLIOFILM. For this miracle film keeps these fragile confections candy-kitchen-fresh for weeks; keeps them from becoming tough and rubbery. That's because PLIOFILM is air-moisture-vapor-proof. It locks in the natural moisture upon which the toothsome and flavor of so many good things depend; locks out dryness and contaminations. So naturally, mouth-watering morsels like marshmallows, melons, mushrooms, macaroons and many more, come to you at new peak of goodness — when bought in PLIOFILM.



Everything is better in

Pliofilm

3-way protection against air, moisture, liquids

GOODYEAR
THE GREATEST NAME IN RUBBER

NOTE TO PACKAGERS AND SHIPPERS: When you mark your product "Sealed in Pliofilm" it tells shoppers you are using the finest moisture-safe packaging known. Write: Goodyear, Chemical Products Division, Pliofilm Dept., Akron 16, Ohio.

Pliofilm — T.M. The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company

"RC tastes best!"

says

BARBARA STANWYCK

Starring in "B. F.'s DAUGHTER"

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

*The famous cola taste-test
convinced me Royal Crown Cola
really does taste best.*



*So when I take time out
for a fresh start, I say "RC
for me!" It's the quick way
to get Royal Crown Cola
— best by taste-test!*

Barbara Stanwyck

RC is the quick way to say...

**ROYAL CROWN
COLA**

Best by taste-test

LIFE'S REPORTS CONTINUED

she had had a baby, and she came to regard the infant that was periodically placed beside her for the benefit of photographers as a "crying doll."

These were the happiest weeks of Lina's life. She had arrived at Pisco from the mountains a sullen, unkempt child, bristling with obscure resistances. In the hospital she responded readily to instruction and learned to read and write in three months. Each morning she insisted that the nurses comb her hair and put a bow in it. Lina had acquired a childhood as well as a child.

But not for long. An American promoter persuaded Lina's father to sign a contract giving him exclusive rights to look after Lina's affairs outside Peru. The Peruvian authorities were convinced that a stand had already been reserved for the child mother at the New York World's Fair.

Immediately Dr. Lozada prevailed on the President of the Republic to cancel the contract. Since President Oscar Benavides considered the entire Lina Medina episode something of a national disgrace, it took no great amount of persuasion. The cancellation was a severe blow to Lina's father. In his chagrin he developed a violent hatred of Dr. Lozada, and there was an attempt to kidnap Lina from the clinic.

That was foiled, but it soon proved perfectly unnecessary. Within a few months the press had turned its attention to fresher topics. Dr. Lozada had returned to Pisco and the clinic, tiring of maintaining Lina and Gerardo, quietly handed them over to her parents. Her father took the pair back to his mountain home, and the shadows closed in.

Eight years later I began the search for Lina and her child. I sought out Dr. Lozada, who looked up the Lina Medina files for my benefit. There was the profile photo of the nude 5-year-old girl, her body pear-shaped in its incongruous maternity; reports of gynecologists, endocrinologists, odontologists, neurologists, psychologists; yellowed press clippings. The file stopped abruptly at the end of 1939.

"The father never forgave me for having had the contract canceled," Lozada reminisced. "Since then I have had only vague reports that Lina is back in the family shack and attends school at Ticipo."

Near Pisco I started climbing into the mountains. The unpaved road twisted endlessly

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

WHETHER you play basketball or are one of its host of enthusiastic fans, you will enjoy the refreshing flavor of...

Beech-Nut GUM

Everywhere it goes, the assurance of Beech-Nut for fine flavor goes with it.



The yellow package with the red oval

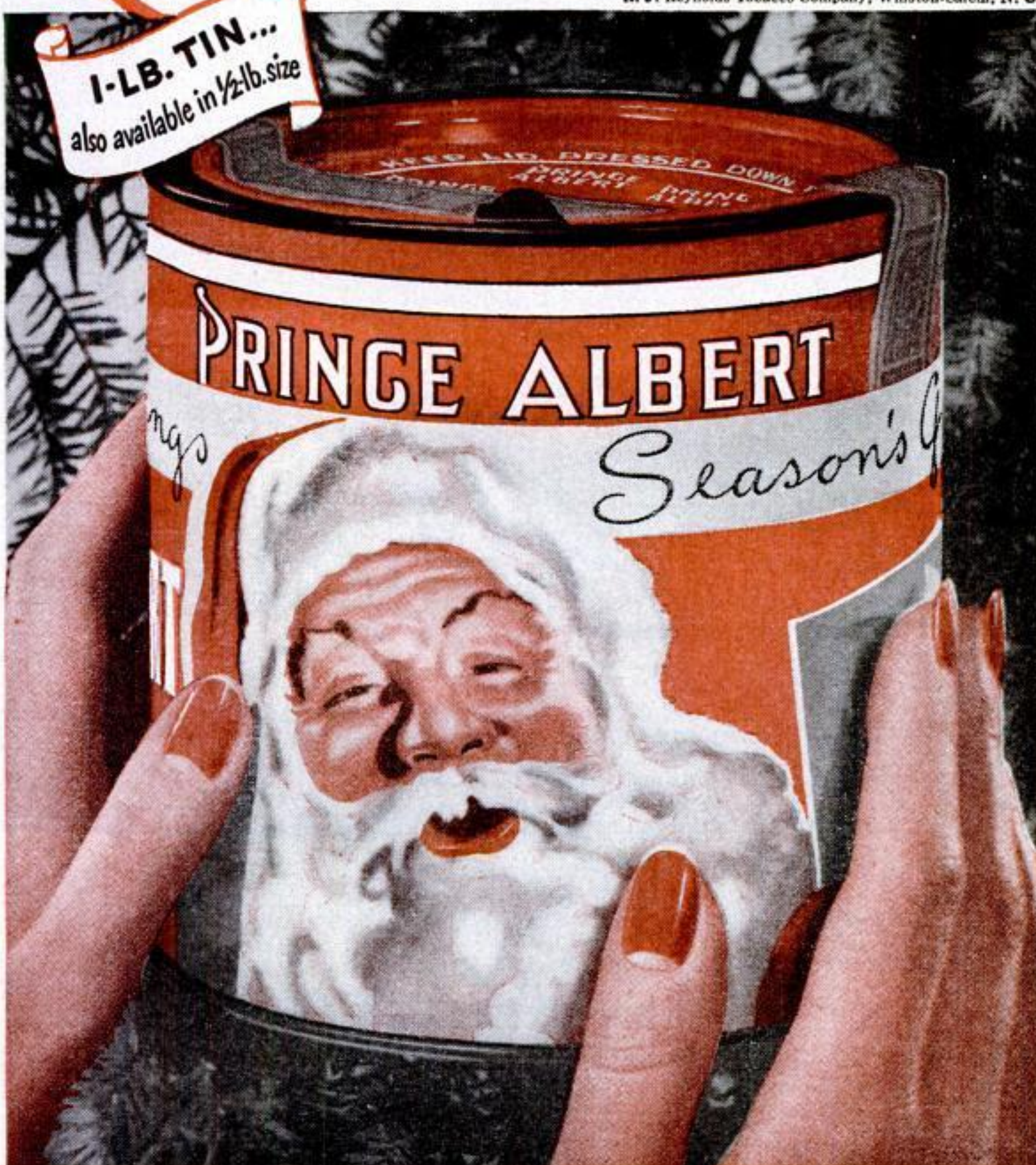


Look at this colorful, Christmas-wrapped pound tin of crimp cut Prince Albert Smoking Tobacco. It's all ready to say "Merry Christmas" to Dad, to Brother — to any man who enjoys choice tobacco — in his pipe — or in roll-your-own cigarettes.

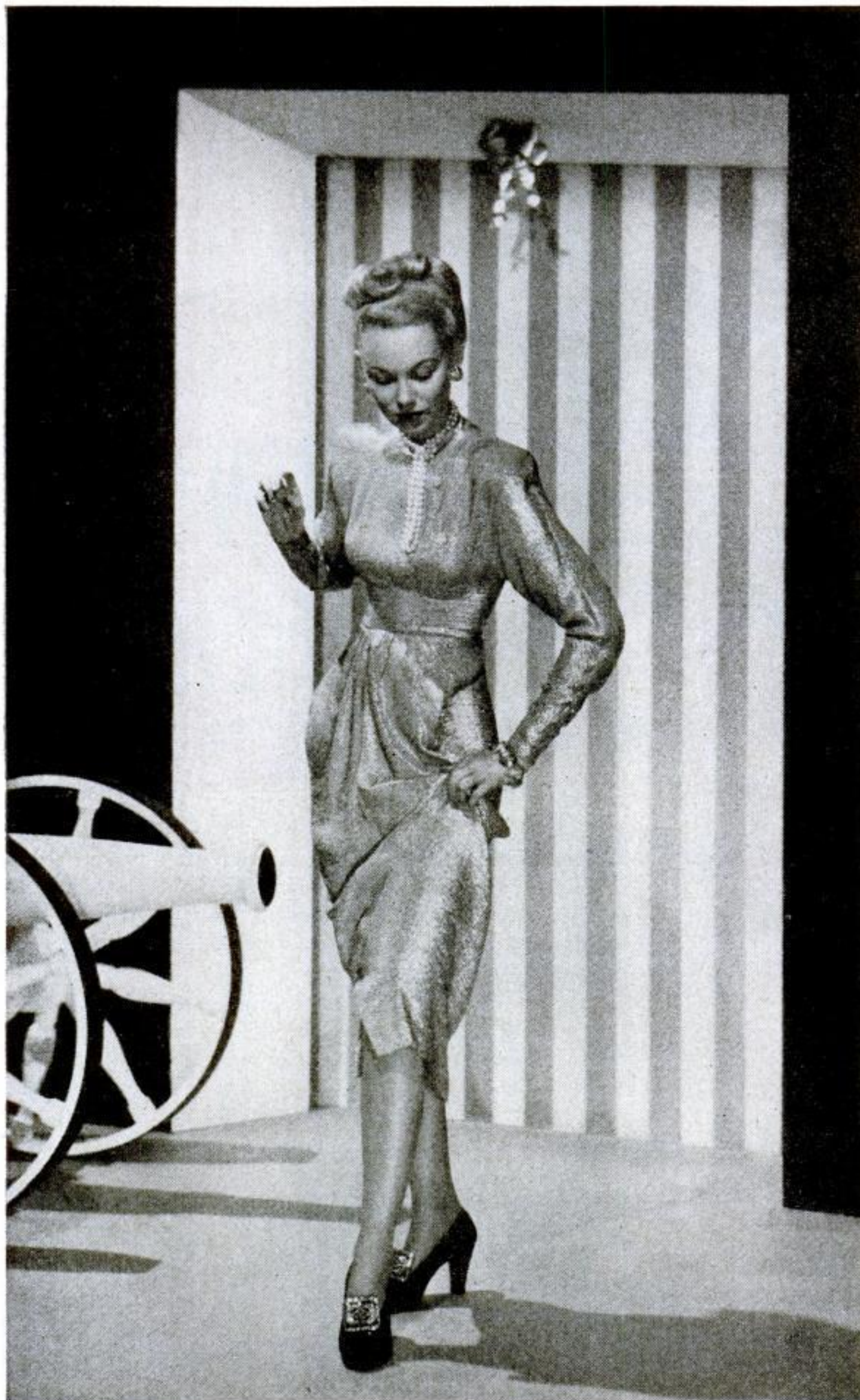
You're sure to please with crimp cut Prince Albert — because P.A. is rich tasting, mild, and easy on the tongue. Yes, you're sure to please with P.A.!

MORE PIPES SMOKE **PRINCE ALBERT** THAN ANY OTHER TOBACCO

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.



THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE



DRESS BY CEIL CHAPMAN

not just nylons...but **Cannon Nylons!**

WHAT GIFT gets more hugs than nylons? Answer: *Cannon Nylons*, pride-and-joy of Cannon Mills!

Every gal loves the sheer flattery of them—loves the mileage they give her, too. You see, each cobwebby pair's *triple-tested* by air pressure to guard against tiny flaws—then *sealed* in a holidayish, purse-size Cannon Handy Pack.

Put full-fashioned Cannon Nylons on *your* gift list. Available in three lengths—short, medium, or long. Glorious new shades!



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CANNON MILLS, INC. ★ Makers of Cannon Towels, Sheets, Blankets



LINA MEDINA (right) attends primary school, calls herself "Rosa."

LIFE'S REPORTS CONTINUED

on the lip of wild canyons, but after three and a half hours I came upon a cluster of reed huts. It was Ticrapo.

I quickly located Juan Barrera Jiminez, a sharp-featured wisp of a man who was justice of the peace and also related to Lina's mother by marriage. Barrera explained the difficulties that surrounded my assignment. Lina was indeed at the Ticrapo school with her two sisters. But from signing contracts to have her exhibited at fairs, the father had recoiled to the opposite extreme and drummed into her that she must never speak to any outsiders.

"Lina still does not know that Gerardo is her son, and she plays with him as though he were her little brother," he told me.

We picked our way to the school. In half shadow 60 girls of all ages sat on the floor or moved about chattering like jackdaws. Barrera took one of the teachers outside and confided to her the nature of my mission. She pointed out Lina to me and I quickly took a picture of her standing among her schoolmates.

Lina was a short, squat girl who seemed younger than her 14 years. Her features were rather coarse and her manner of keeping her eyes lowered and her hands clasped before her indicated that the burden of her past weighed heavily upon her. Though brought up to regard her child as a brother, the shard of village gossip reaching her must have had cutting edges. Though registered in school as Lina, she used the name Rosa in class. It was a pathetic attempt to escape where no flight was possible.

Later, at lunch, Barrera continued talking of Lina: "Of course the government ordered a criminal investigation as soon as her condition was known, but it got nowhere. When Lina's parents first learned that



before,
during and
after
holiday
parties...

Stale smoke, stale air, stale drinks... don't let unpleasant indoor odors spoil your holiday parties. Simply open several bottles of **air-wick*** before your guests arrive. There's nothing to burn... nothing to spray. At all better stores in the United States and Canada.

***air-wick** deodorizer and household freshener is fully protected by U. S. Patent... a trademark of Seeman Brothers, Inc., New York 13, N. Y.

Tune in "Monday Morning Headlines" Sunday, coast-to-coast ABC network, 6:15-6:30 PM, EST, following Drew Pearson. © 1947 SEEMAN BROS., INC.

air-wick

**kills all
indoor
odors**



PAT. NO. 2,326,672



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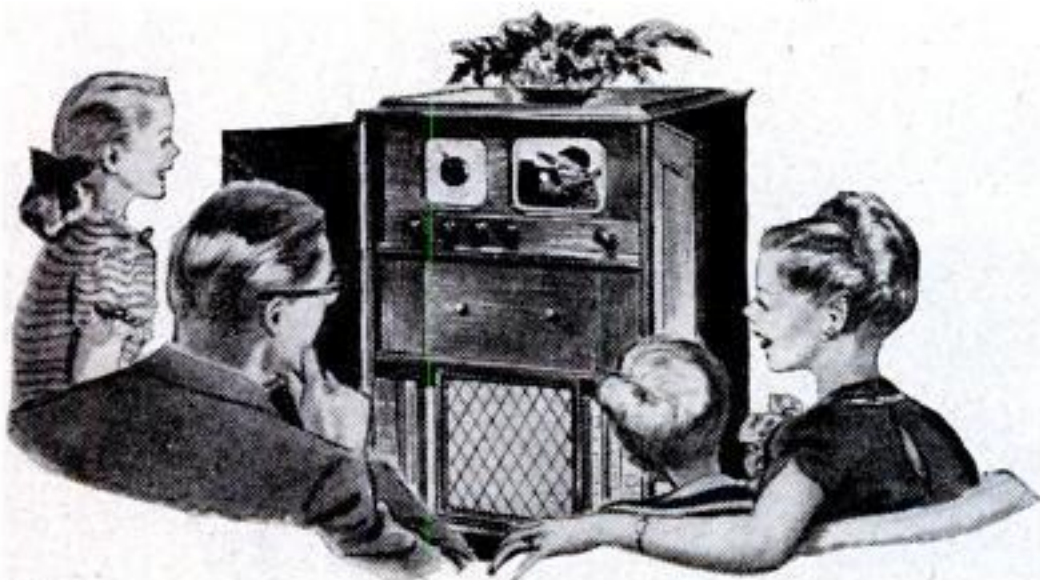
TELEVISION



natural clarity

natural tone

P.S.!!! "DADDY WANTS A G-E TELEVISION SET"



There's always a crowd around these G-E television receivers. You get three star features in one space-saving cabinet—matchless television, superb radio, flawless phonograph. A gift to live with!

Young and old are clamoring for "better-than-front-row seats" at the big events of '48. Best seats in the house, reserved year-round, will go to families who get G-E Electronic Television.

Many new television stations are expanding the networks. Soon this miracle of sight-sound entertainment will be enjoyed by many more millions. General Electric, with 20 years of pioneering experience, is the only company producing and operating all types of television units—studio equipment, transmitters, micro-wave relays for television networks, home television receivers. From this practical research come G-E television instruments with pictures of *natural clarity*—close-up action at longer reception range.

LEADER IN RADIO, TELEVISION AND ELECTRONICS
General Electric Company, Electronics Park, Syracuse, N. Y.

GENERAL  ELECTRIC
ELECTRONIC TELEVISION

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what an idea for a picture

Samuel Goldwyn's Academy Award winner, "The Best Years of Our Lives" was based on a great idea. Now he brings you still another great idea in a memorable new picture, "The Bishop's Wife."

It's a heart-warming picture in which Cary Grant plays an out-of-this-world guy with a worldly touch—that does wonderful things for some wonderful people (including Loretta Young, David Niven and Monty Woolley).

Look for "The Bishop's Wife"—it will touch you, too!

THE BISHOP'S WIFE



LIFE'S REPORTS CONTINUED

she was pregnant, they believed it an 'act of Providence.' One of their reasons for breaking with Dr. Lozada was his announcement that it had been an entirely normal conception. That plucked out the miraculous and left in its place a nasty scandal."

Barrera sought out two mules to take us to the Medina farm. It was 4 o'clock before we reached the isolated hut. Lina's mother, a cadaverous woman of 45 from whom the sap of life had long been pressed, told us that the father and boys were down by the river.

We found Gerardo alone, barefoot and in overalls, swinging his stick over his goats and scolding them in piping tones. He resembled his mother but showed none of her gloomy introversion. As bright as a whistle, his mind had not been set against cameras and strangers.

"Why are you so thin?" I asked him.

"Ah, señor, when you are out looking after your animals, you lose weight."

"And you don't go to school."

"A man has his work cut out for him. When my sisters finish school and come back to lend a hand with the animals, I will go to school." He has no inkling that one of these sisters is his mother.

The sun was behind the trees when we reached Ticrapo, and I set out on the dangerous road to Pisco at once. It was two hours before I came to the next village and dropped into a tavern. The man behind the counter knew all about me, for news travels swiftly and inexplicably in that abandoned region. "Ah, you are the American who photographed Lina Medina today. I remember the little angel with child when she was knee-high. But here I have another wonder." He reached into a pocket and produced a snapshot of a wizened, two-headed embryo.

"Nature in these hills," he sighed, "is not short on miracles."



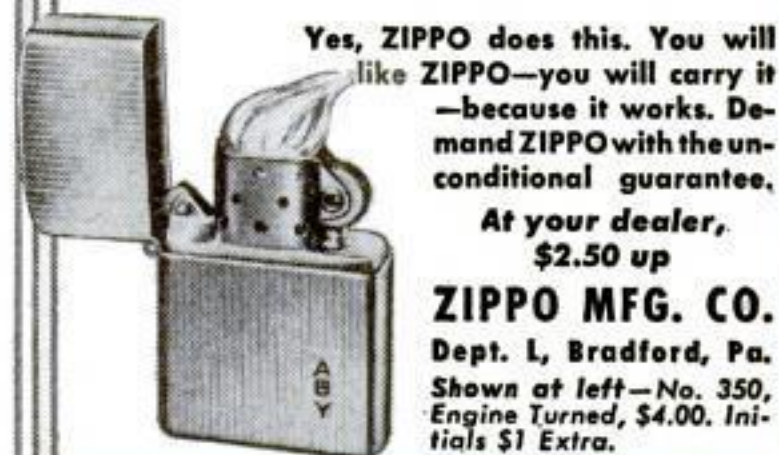
LINA'S CHILD, now 8, thinks his 14-year-old mother is his sister.

LIGHTS

NOT JUST ONE

BUT

ALL THREE



Yes, ZIPPO does this. You will like ZIPPO—you will carry it—because it works. Demand ZIPPO with the unconditional guarantee.

At your dealer, \$2.50 up

ZIPPO MFG. CO.
Dept. L, Bradford, Pa.
Shown at left—No. 350.
Engine Turned, \$4.00. Initials \$1 Extra.

ZIPPO
Windproof LIGHTER

COMPARE

THIS \$3.50

VENUS Hooded Pen

with any other pen
at any price!

Quick Dry!

Uses quick-drying (writes dry) or regular ink. Exclusively designed Venus Hood construction makes this possible!

Instant Starting!

Venus patented ink control under the hood traps and stores the ink, keeps the 14 Karat gold point moist—for instant touch and flow!

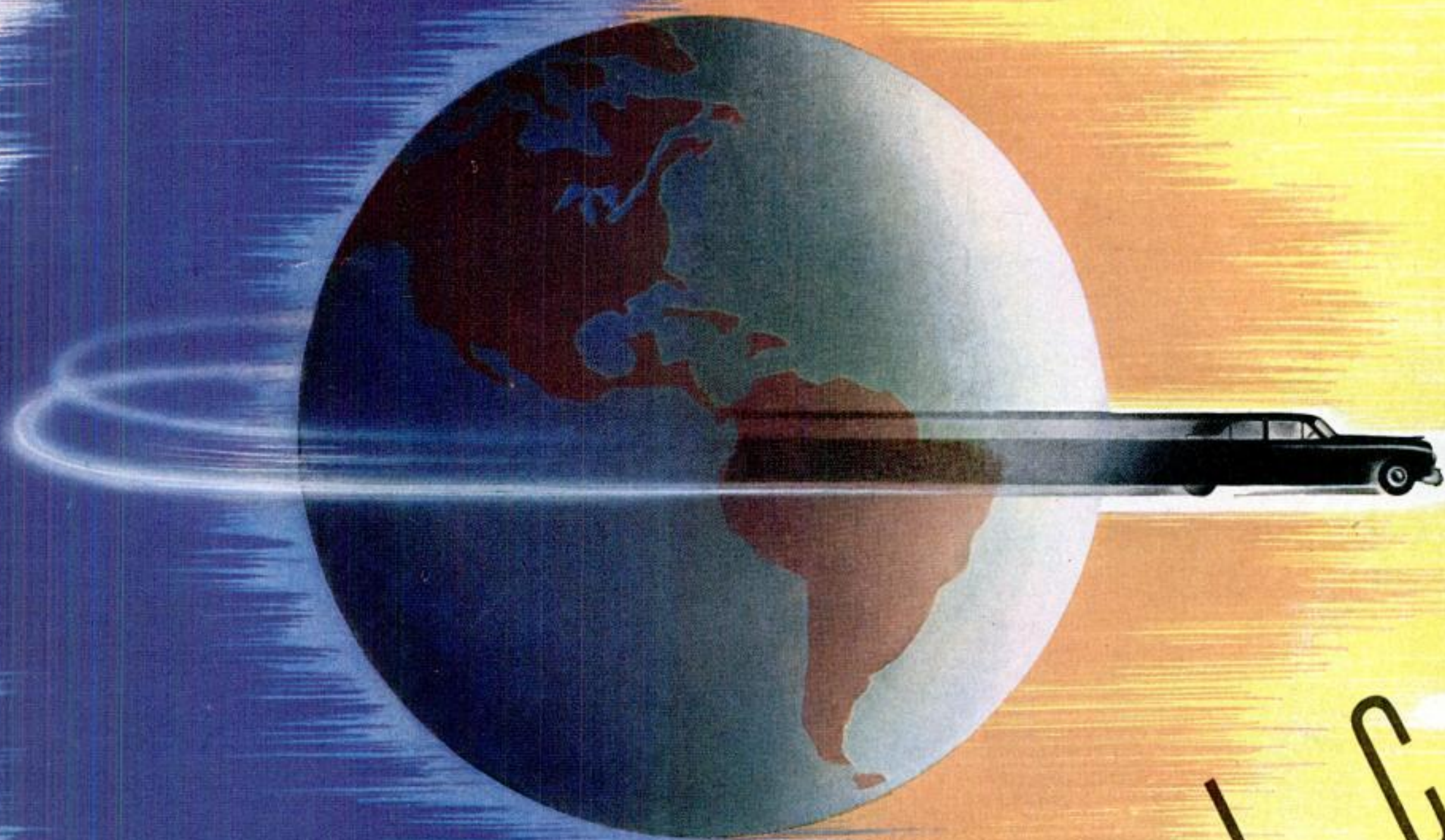
EXCLUSIVE
DESIGN

PATENTED
INK
CONTROL

only
\$3.50
No Tax

Every pen Pre-tested and Guaranteed by American Pencil Company—makers of famous Venus Pencils.

LEADING THE WAY INTO A NEW GOLDEN ERA...



FUTURAMIC

OLDSMOBILE

History is in the making at Oldsmobile. In celebration of the fifty years just past...in anticipation of even greater years ahead... America's oldest motor car manufacturer is now swinging into production on the first of an entirely new cycle of superlatively fine cars—the *Futuramic Oldsmobile*. Here is a car so new and exciting, it requires a brand new word—*Futuramic*—to describe it. A car with styling so daring and dramatic, it's just as modern as Oldsmobile's Hydra-Matic Drive. A car so advanced and ahead of the times it heralds the dawn of a new Golden Era in Oldsmobile's history. Watch for the 1948 Futuramic Oldsmobile at your Oldsmobile dealer's.

CELEBRATING OLDSMOBILE'S

GOLDEN ANNIVERSARY

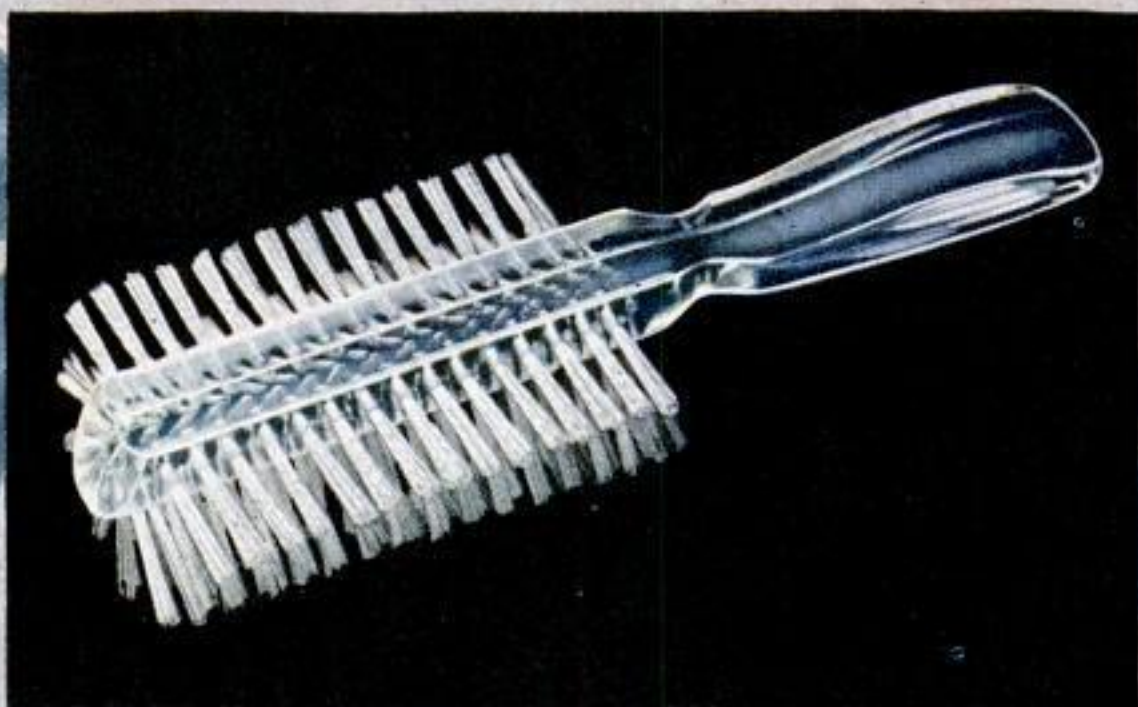
How to win kisses this Christmas



GIVE

Jewelite

BY PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC



DREAM BRUSH FOR YOUR DREAM GIRL! The new Jewelite Invigorator provides extra-wide bristle surface, more than 1000 individual Prolon bristles arranged in a half-circle. Available in clear crystal, ruby or sapphire. \$4.00



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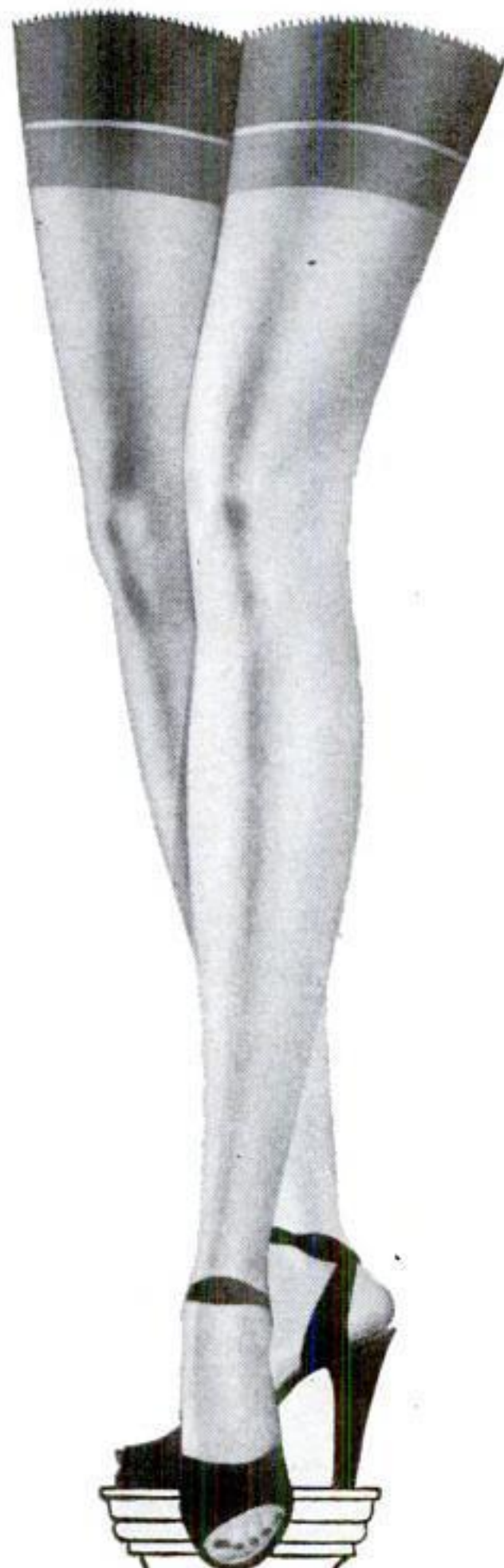


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LOVELY TO LOOK AT! A JOY TO USE! AVAILABLE IN CLEAR CRYSTAL OR SPARKLING JEWEL COLORS!



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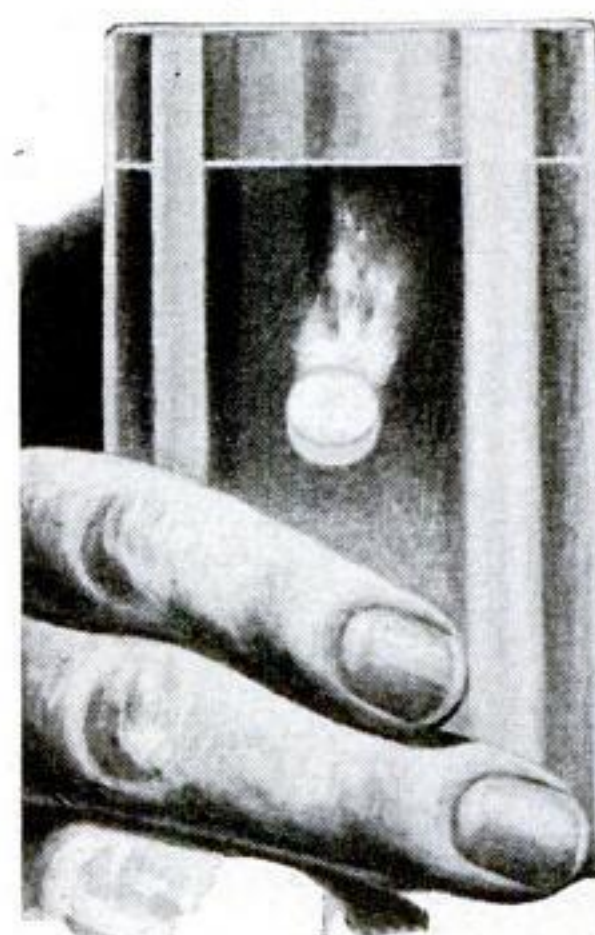
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in **TWO
SECONDS**

Within two seconds,
an expert drummer can
beat his drum at the
amazing rate of 1200 taps
per minute!

Test shows how fast Bayer Aspirin
disintegrates in your stomach!



And as this glass-of-water
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seconds after you take Bayer
Aspirin, it's ready to go to
work, to bring

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PAIN RELIEF**



Thanks to three steps taken in
manufacture . . . instead of
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quick relief from ordinary headache,
neuritic or neuralgic pain is important.

But its remarkable effectiveness and
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And records show that Bayer Aspirin's
single active ingredient is so effective

doctors regularly prescribe it for
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that mothers give it even to small
children on their doctors' advice.

Keep these points in mind whenever
you buy anything to ease pain. And don't
forget—no other pain reliever can
match Bayer Aspirin's record of relia-
bility . . . its record of use by millions of
normal people—without ill effect. So ask
for Bayer Aspirin—by name.

Always ask for
genuine

**BAYER
ASPIRIN**



ECSTATIC AT THE SOUND OF SANTA'S VOICE, PATRICIA GUINAN PROMISED TO LEAVE MILK AND CRACKERS FOR HIM ON CHRISTMAS EVE

SPEAKING OF PICTURES...

... THESE CHILDREN CALLED MU 8-2205 AND SANTA ANSWERED

This little girl is talking to Santa Claus and so may any other girl or boy who telephones MUrray Hill 8-2205 in New York between now and Christmas. This number connects with F.A.O. Schwarz's famous toy store, where a 29-year-old Santa, a Mrs. Claus and two assistant Santas for after-hour calls

have been assigned by the store to discuss important aspects of Christmas with the younger generation.

Dressed-up, department-store Santas have always been anathema to Schwarz's. Even the best actor, they felt, would disappoint children's expectations. But at the insistence of their customers, Schwarz's

unbent to the extent of an audible Santa this year. So far, the experiment has caught hold among both rich and poor (*opposite page*)—so much so that some callers want to talk all day. Santa handles this by jingling a few bells and saying, "That's Dasher and Dancer. They want me to feed them. Goodby."



ANN KERNAN, who is 7 years old, squirms with delight as she asks Santa for a wrist watch. Later she turned the phone over to her younger brother Bennie, 5, who wanted



a train, and then, making sure he could not hear and be disillusioned, whispered confidently to the LIFE researcher. "I have a secret," she said. "There is no Santa Claus."



CHRISTOPHER LANGE, son of Poland's U.N. delegate Oscar Lange, is nearly 8 years old and a firm disbeliever in Santa Claus. Truly a diplomat's son, he was polite to San-



ta but cool. Chris showed his official background by requesting the badge of the profession, a briefcase, for Christmas, later unbent enough to mention a paint set as well.



ELAINE JUNG is 6, wants a doll's house and carriage, also asked Santa to be sure not to forget her baby sister.



JIMMY O'BRIEN, 4, wants a bike and a sailboat. When Santa asked where he lived, he said, "You know where."



JO ANN WARD, 3, wants a doll and a boat, began with aplomb by saying, "Hello, Santa Claus. How you feel?"



Exciting **PRELL** REMOVES DANDRUFF IN AS LITTLE AS 3 MINUTES!

LEAVES HAIR *Radiantly* CLEAN *Radiantly* SMOOTH

FRONT PAGE NEWS! Prell, the new emerald-clear Radiant-Creme Shampoo with the marvelous patented ingredient, leaves your hair *sparkling* with radiance, and leaves it *free* of ugly dandruff! Doctors' examinations proved that Prell removes unsightly dandruff in as little as 3 minutes—that regular Prell shampoos *control* such dandruff.

And how hair *shines* after Prell, how smooth it is, how soft and caressable! Easy to *manage*, too—to arrange. Prell is extra convenient in that handy tube . . . no jars or bottles to break . . . and it's concentrated for economy. Get a tube of Prell today—see how *radiantly lovely* it leaves your hair.



Here's What the Rileys Say About Prell

RILEY: Dandruff's a mess on your coat or your dress. So we Rileys shampoo with Prell.

MOM: And "Prell'd" hair shines so—it just seems to glow. And *arranges* so smoothly and well.

JUNIOR: No jar that will slip or bottle to drip—That Prell tube is sure on the beam.

BABS: It's so economical, the lather's astronomical—That's Prell, the new Radiant-Creme!

Enjoy "The Life of Riley" Saturday Nights—NBC



*T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

SPEAKING OF PICTURES

CONTINUED



SCHWARZ'S PRESIDENT, Philip Kirkham, used to play Santa for the benefit of special customers' children by shouting good cheer up a dumbwaiter shaft in store. The first time he did it, employees thought he was a little daft.



SANTA HIMSELF and Mrs. Claus, who sometimes wear red coats to keep in character, answer calls at the Schwarz workshop. Santa is always hearty but careful to make children no promises, thus saving trouble for their parents.



COMMITTEE OF THE WHOLE (neighborhood)

When a new Dodge comes to its permanent home the whole neighborhood is often its reception committee. People troop out from doors, peer out from windows, pop up from nowhere—full of excited admiration and noisy congratulations. Each new Dodge delivery becomes a little local triumph shared and enjoyed by all.

It goes on everywhere as Dodge breaks down barriers to all the different automobile markets and delivers a quality of style and performance not known before.

Dodge

SMOOTHEST CAR "AFLOAT"
Lowest Priced Car with Fluid Drive



FRESHLY *Minted*

Ever see a dewy-fresh, fragrant bed of mint like this? Probably not — because this is *special* mint, with the sparkling clean, cool flavor you can only find in Clark's Tendermint gum! Clark's fine row-mint is gathered at the peak of early-morning freshness, when nature seals in its true mint-essence. Ask for *freshly minted* Clark's Tendermint — *naturally*, it's better!

 **FOR TASTE** Clark's



Now! Clean, Wax and Polish Standing Up ...with new Bruce Doozit!

The wonderful, back-saving new Bruce Doozit is here! Used with famous wax-rich Bruce Floor Cleaner, the Doozit whisks away dirt and dullness... leaves wood floors and linoleum spotlessly clean and lustrously beautiful.

Magic Pad Does the Work!

The Doozit's amazing cleaning and polishing power is in the pad. That's what makes it so easy to use. Just pour a small amount of Bruce Floor Cleaner on the wood or linoleum. A few effortless strokes of the Doozit do the rest. Doozit pads are easily replaced and economical.

Bruce Floor Cleaner Protects and Beautifies!

Famous Bruce Floor Cleaner combines safe, dirt-loosening agents with a rich non-slip wax base to give floors a complete beauty treatment in a single application. Because it contains no water, Bruce Floor Cleaner is ideal for every kind of wood and linoleum floor. It's marvelous for cleaning and polishing woodwork and furniture, too.

*Bruce Doozit \$1.89—Extra Pads 19¢ each At leading stores everywhere

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E. L. BRUCE CO., Memphis, Tenn.
World's Largest Maker of Hardwood Floors

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

THE OPERA

Sirs:

Your pictures and article about "society's" antics at the opening of the Metropolitan Opera (LIFE, Nov. 24) brings to mind this quotation from Holmes:

"Not all the pumice of the polished town
Can smooth the roughness of the
barnyard clown."

WILLIAM BUNTON

Evanston, Ill.

Sirs:

If you label these people "society itself," it probably gives them added encouragement. Just think what your publicity will goad them on to next season.

JOHN K. ROBINSON

Chicago, Ill.

● The management of the Metropolitan is already worrying about next season. On Nov. 27, George A. Sloan, chairman of the board, issued a statement deploring the antics of those "who went to extreme ends to get themselves photographed."—ED.

Sirs:

It was with utter amazement that I read about the smoking of a big, black cigar at the opera by my sister, Mrs. Cleon Throckmorton. She and I have been going to the opera since we were little girls of 8 and 9, when our father, the music critic Algernon St. John Brenon, took us to hear *Parsifal*.

Thereafter we were taken regularly by our parents to the opera as part of our education. We wore long, white kid gloves, bangs and white dresses with pink and blue sashes. We were never allowed to go into the refreshment room save at Christmastime, for a holiday ice.

We have always felt going to the opera to be something of a rite, and it was with a feeling akin to guilt, even in later years, that either my sister or myself entered the refreshment room for a discreet cup of coffee, much less a cigar. Besides, when you said Mrs. Cleon Throckmorton was smoking a cigar at the opera, she was in Bermuda.

AILEEN ST. JOHN BRENON

● LIFE's apologies for mixing its Throckmortons. The cigar-smoking lady was not Mrs. Cleon, but Mrs. Antoinette D.T. Throckmorton of New York City.—ED.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

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To see the world
To eyewitness great events

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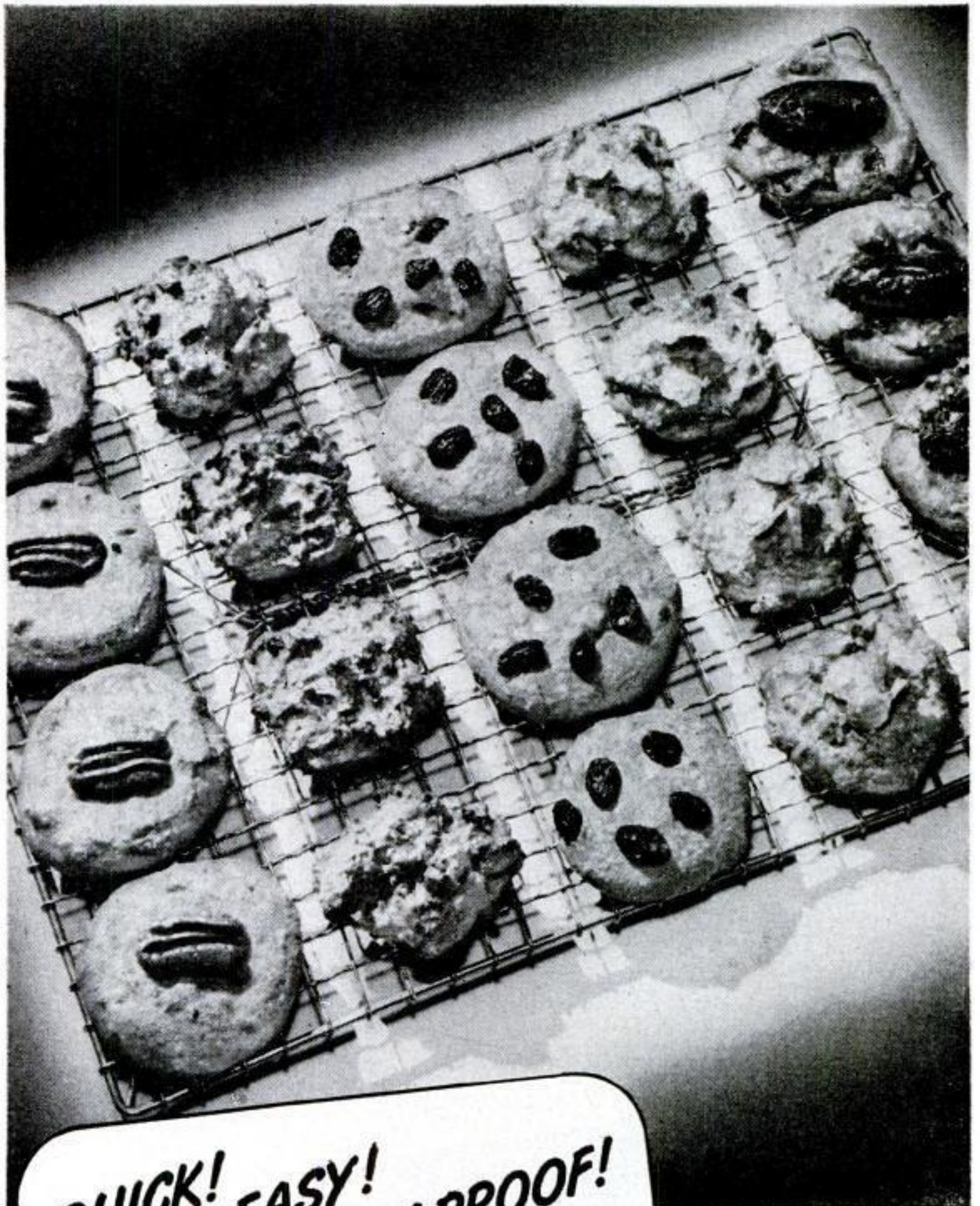
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take none of your eggs or butter!



QUICK! EASY! FOOLPROOF!

Magic 5-Way Cookies

1½ cups (15-oz. can) Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk
½ cup peanut butter
Any one of these 5 ingredients:

- 1 cup chopped nut meats
- 2 cups bran flakes
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Mix Eagle Brand, peanut butter, and any one of the five ingredients listed. Drop by spoonfuls on greased baking sheets. Bake in moderate oven (375° F.) 12-15 minutes, or until done. Remove from pan at once. Makes about 30 Magic cookies.

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2. Magic Nuggets
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4. Magic Fluffs
5. Magic Date

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**Brands
are
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...AND SO IS **Jockey BELLIN!**
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Bellin is the streamlined, double-support Jockey with built-in Y-Front for mild masculine support and wide Lastex "re-strainer" band. Bellin firms and trims sagging waistlines . . . makes you stand straighter, feel better, look trimmer. Available in the short model only.



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KENOSHA WISCONSIN

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● Back again, and going like "hotcakes" . . . So great has been the increase in demand, brands have become a victim of their own popularity.

Shelves left empty by the overwhelming swing to brand buying have accentuated the shortage. Actually, buyers . . . still bitter over shoddy substitutes shoved their way during the shortage of brands . . . have learned that brand buying is best.

Today, "shortage" means only a short wait. Because of its popularity the best may be hard to get, but it's always worth the effort. At most, your favorite brand asks of you only a "short wait."

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

CONTINUED

THE WINSLOW BOY

Sirs:

It might be of interest to you and your readers as a sequel to "The Case of the Winslow Boy" (LIFE, Nov. 24) to note the following facts.

In 1914 George Archer-Shee and myself were subalterns in the 1st Battalion, South Staffordshire Regiment. We embarked at Southampton, sneaking over to Zeebrugge, Belgium at night, and began our long trek to Antwerp where we moved up and down fooling the Germans into thinking we were a force many times our size arriving to bolster our thinning lines.

The history of the movements of our division and how it was gradually cut to pieces by several German army corps has been recorded officially. On the night of Oct. 30, 1914 the South Staffords were again in the front line, and by this time Archer-Shee and myself were the only two remaining officers in the entire battalion. Late that night we received a visit from the brigade commander, Brig. General Lawford, who told us that until the remaining troops came up to dig in behind us, we were the only line between the Germans and Calais. "Hold on till all's blue," were his last words.

During the afternoon's terrific onslaught George and I realized we were "for it" and, seeing an old gun emplacement ahead of us which might give us an all-around fire advantage, we decided to advance into it. Crawling with our men we made our way through a hail of shell and machine-gun fire. I reached it with a Sergeant Lamb and a few men. I then saw that George had been hit and was lying in an exposed position outside. I crawled out to him and George died in my arms during my efforts to put a tourniquet on his leg and thrust an emergency bandage on a hole under his arm.

CAPTAIN HUGH WILLOUGHBY (ret.)

1st Battalion,

South Staffordshire Regiment

Little Neck, N.Y.

INVULNERABLE MAN?

Sirs:

It appears to us that Dajo of the "Trinity" ("The Invulnerable Man," LIFE, Nov. 24) possesses the ability to pass a sword through his abdominal cavity by means of a tube which may be detected by observing the X-ray closely. How about it?

ERNEST W. LOPEZ
RICHARD H. WILEY

Dover, Del.

● At the time of the experiment, Mirin Dajo was observed by several prominent Swiss doctors, some of whom are now in the U.S. They testify that there was no tube and that the sword actually passed through Dajo's body.—ED.

PRETTIEST SUBDEB

Sirs:

Your article on the lovely Pamela Curran (LIFE, Nov. 24) was most gratifying. In these days of schoolgirl fads it is pleasant to find a young lady still dedicated to the simple niceties of graceful living. I hope that you will continue to chronicle the doings of this unspoiled girl.

JOSEPH A. LEE JR.

Greenwich, Conn.

You'll get Longer-Lasting Relief, or Double Your Money Back!

with

AMAZING NEW CHEWING GUM COUGH DROPS

ONLY
COUGH-LETS
GIVE YOU THIS
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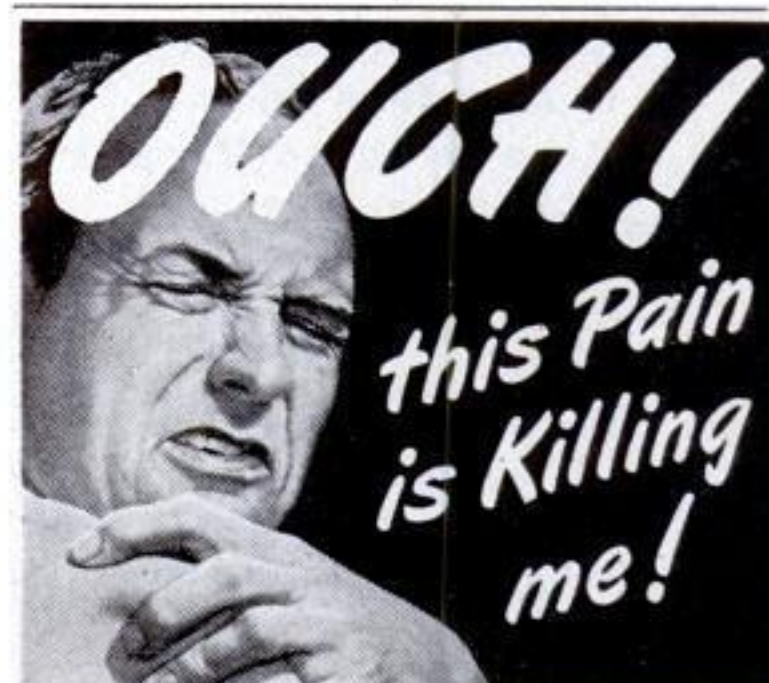


1. TASTY MEDICATION (Cough-lets X Formula) soothes!
2. CHEWING keeps your throat moist longer!



*Use at least half a box of Cough-lets. Then if you don't agree they give you longer-lasting relief than ordinary cough drops, send us the box with the unused contents, and a letter stating your reasons, and we'll cheerfully refund double your purchase price.

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New SLOAN'S BALM proved far more effective than other Leading Balms!

Here's faster relief from the aches and pains of rheumatism, neuralgia, lumbago, sciatica. Just pat on SLOAN'S Instant BALM. No rubbing. No fussing. Yet SLOAN'S BALM relieves much faster . . . penetrates deeper . . . gives longer-lasting relief. Has a clean, pleasing scent. Get a tube today—only 75¢ at all druggists.



SLOAN'S INSTANT BALM
SLOAN'S—Famous Name in Pain Relief

CONTINUED ON PAGE 26

RKO's PIC-TOUR OF THE WEEK



"WAR PARTY"

JOHN WAYNE charges in *War Party*, which also stars **HENRY FONDA**, **SHIRLEY TEMPLE**, **PEDRO ARMENDARIZ**. Cast of thousands includes **Ward Bond**, **George O'Brien**, **Victor McLaglen**, **Anna Lee**, **Irene Rich**, **Dick Foran**. An Argosy production, directed by **JOHN FORD**.



"NIGHT SONG"

IN LOVE with music and **MERLE OBERON**, **DANA ANDREWS** momentarily forsakes the one to embrace the other. Scene from RKO's *Night Song*, poignant drama set against background of symphony and swing. Star cast includes **ETHEL BARRYMORE**, **HOAGY CARMICHAEL**.



"MOURNING BECOMES ELECTRA"

SLANDEROUS accusations by **ROSALIND RUSSELL** against his mother, bring mad gleam to eyes of emotionally unstable **MICHAEL REDGRAVE** in RKO's *Mourning Becomes Electra*. Star cast includes **RAYMOND MASSEY**, **KATINA PAXINOU**, **LEO GENN**, **KIRK DOUGLAS**.



"THE MIRACLE OF THE BELLS"

"ME, TOO," says **FRANK SINATRA** as **VALLI** bestows birthday kiss on Cameraman **Charles Burke**, between scenes of RKO's *The Miracle of the Bells*. Film version of Russell Janney's best-seller also stars **FRED MacMURRAY**. Produced by **Jesse L. Lasky**, **Walter MacEwen**.

**THESE BIG RKO PICTURES WILL
SOON BE SHOWN AT YOUR THEATRE**



How to act like a Millionheiress on Christmas!



\$\$\$\$\$ can't buy a cleaner-shaving razor—or sweeter-shaving blades—than Gem.

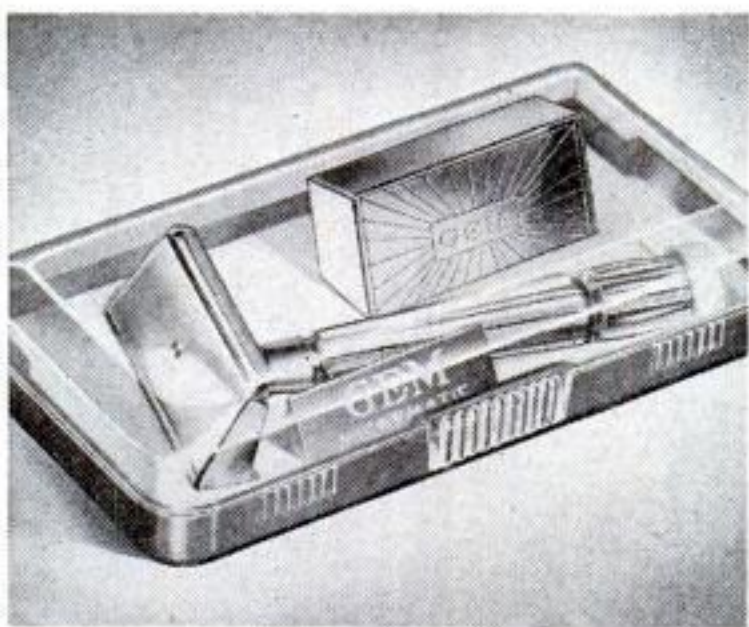
So give him one of these looks-like-a-million, shaves-like-a-million, Gem Gift Sets. And when he nestles his Gem-smooth face against yours, just think of the wonderful things a very little money can buy!



Gem De Luxe Gift Set. Contains luxurious Nylon-Lucite shaving brush easily worth six dollars... gold-plated Gem 'Guiding Eye' Razor... and three gold-plated sheaths of Gem Blades. All packed in swank, leather-like gift box. **\$8.45**



Gem Outdoor-Print Blade Set. 21 Gem Singledge Blades, individually wrapped. Full-color sports painting on hinged cover. **\$1.00**



New Gem 'Guiding Eye' Razor Set. Gold-plated Gem 'Guiding Eye' Razor in ultra-modern, crystal-clear case. With sheath of Gem Blades. **\$1.95**



Gem Sport-Print Gift Set. Contains gold-plated Gem 'Guiding Eye' Razor... gold-plated sheath of Gem Blades... and four extra 25¢ packages of Gem Blades. In handsome box with full-color sports painting on hinged cover. **\$2.95**



Gem Junior Hunting-Print Set. Famous Gem Junior Razor, plus two 25¢ packages of Gem Singledge Blades. Full-color "hunting dog" sports painting on hinged cover. **99¢**

Price adjusted in Canada.



Take '5 o'clock Shadow' out of his life with GEM

Gem Division, American Safety Razor Corp., Brooklyn 1, N. Y.

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

CONTINUED

Sirs:

All that girl knows about life is that it can be delivered weekly.

ROBERT E. GREENE

University of Colorado
Boulder, Colo.

Sirs:

You say that Pamela is only allowed to go out "with a handful of accredited Yale men"... Ever since the re-birth of the Whiffenpoof Song everybody has gone Yale crazy....

IRWIN WEISMAN

University of Maryland
College Park, Md.

Sirs:

I am, incidentally, very pleased to note that somebody has begun accepting Yale men.

F. ELLSWORTH BAKER JR.

Harvard University
Cambridge, Mass.

DR. NEWTON

Sirs:

In your editorial about the Methodist Church (LIFE, Nov. 10) you say, "The Methodists, to be sure, are not the only Protestant church to bear the cross of fellow-traveling. If they have their Dr. Harry Ward, the Baptists have their Louie Newton...."

Is it your intention to make the charge that I am a Communist? And what is your basis for saying that I am a fellow traveler?

LOUIE D. NEWTON
President

Southern Baptist Convention
Atlanta, Ga.

●LIFE based its remark on quoted statements by Dr. Newton on his return from Russia a year ago last August. Then, Dr. Newton was partially quoted as saying, "Religiously, we should regard Russia as our great ally. It is a virgin field for freedom... because Russia never knew freedom of religion until the present regime...." But after studying Dr. Newton's more recent speeches, in which he discusses ways of combating Communism through positive Christianity, LIFE now believes that the doctor is neither Communist nor fellow traveler.—ED.

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Menu and recipe tested and priced
by A&P Test Kitchen.



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LIFE'S COVER

Among the prettiest showgirls in New York's nightclubs are (from left) brunette Dawn McNerney, red-haired Thana Barclay and blond Joy Skylar who all work in the Latin Quarter. Dawn, 22, amuses the other girls backstage by imitating stars like Lena Horne. Thana, also 22, was named after her mother's favorite poem, *Thanatopsis*. She is married to a song plugger named Duke Niles and owns a dachshund named Bagel. Joy, 21, likes to date singers and comedians but hates actors. "All actors can talk about," she says, "is themselves."

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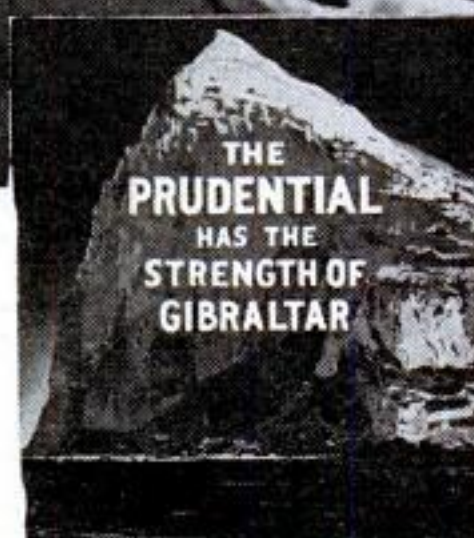
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RIFLES ARE STACKED NEATLY IN EMPTY STREET ACROSS FROM NATIONAL ASSEMBLY AS FRENCH TROOPS KEEP WATCHFUL EYE ON COMMUNIST INSURRECTION

FRANCE BREAKS THE RED OFFENSIVE

Along the wintry boulevards of Paris last week were rows of stacked rifles (*above*) and a rubble of broken Communist dreams. More than a month ago the French Reds, with Moscow guidance, had decided to make an open show of their power to disrupt the country. By the end of November a firecracker string of strikes and riots had brought France close to chaos and had forced the fall of the Ramadier government. But last week their show of power was about over.

The architect of their defeat was the balding, little-known premier who came to power as a result of the crisis the Communists had created. In his first week in office Robert Schuman called up

thousands of troops and cracked down hard on Communists in government service (*LIFE*, Dec. 8). Then he asked the French Assembly for emergency powers to get France back in running order. To the Red cry of dictatorship, Schuman had a convincing answer: "A state of insurrection exists in France."

For five tense days the Assembly debated Schuman's plea. The Reds staged a sit-down strike in the Assembly at one point, a filibuster later. They stepped up violence throughout the country and called for bigger strikes. But Schuman did not waver. Slowly the tide began to turn. Thousands of Frenchmen, interested in more wages but not a

purely political strike, began surging back to work.

Then, in the early morning of Dec. 4, the Assembly voted 413 to 183 to give Schuman the powers he sought. More troops were called up and given authority to fire if necessary for protection. Despite new Red outcries the "fire" order got overwhelming Assembly backing.

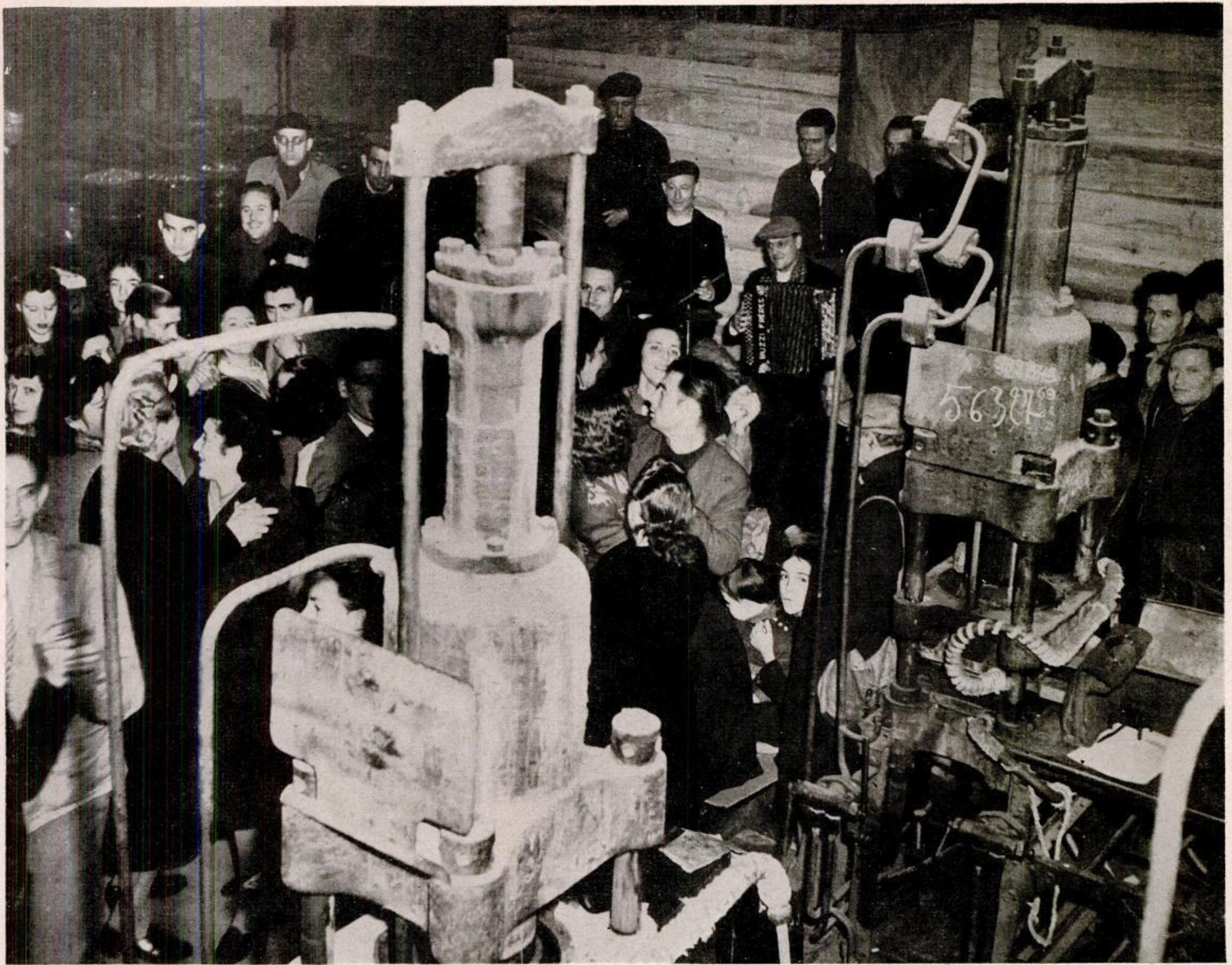
To millions of Frenchmen it had become clear that the Red offensive was not so much a protest against injustice as an invitation to revolution. To the Communists it became clear last week that the French people, however hungry they might be, were not ready to trade their disorganized but free government for a Russian-dominated police state.

ON PAGE 119: PART TWO OF DUKE OF WINDSOR'S STORY OF A ROYAL BOYHOOD



TROOPS JOIN MOBILE GUARDS in a battle against postmen who had seized the central postoffice in Nice. The strikers refused to leave the building peacefully and after police and mobile guard units failed to evacuate them, the Senegalese regulars (in hel-

mets) were called into action. Their orders were to "clear the streets," and they did so, using their gun butts on recalcitrants. The Communists were much more violent in some provincial cities such as Nice, Valence and Marseille, than they were in Paris.

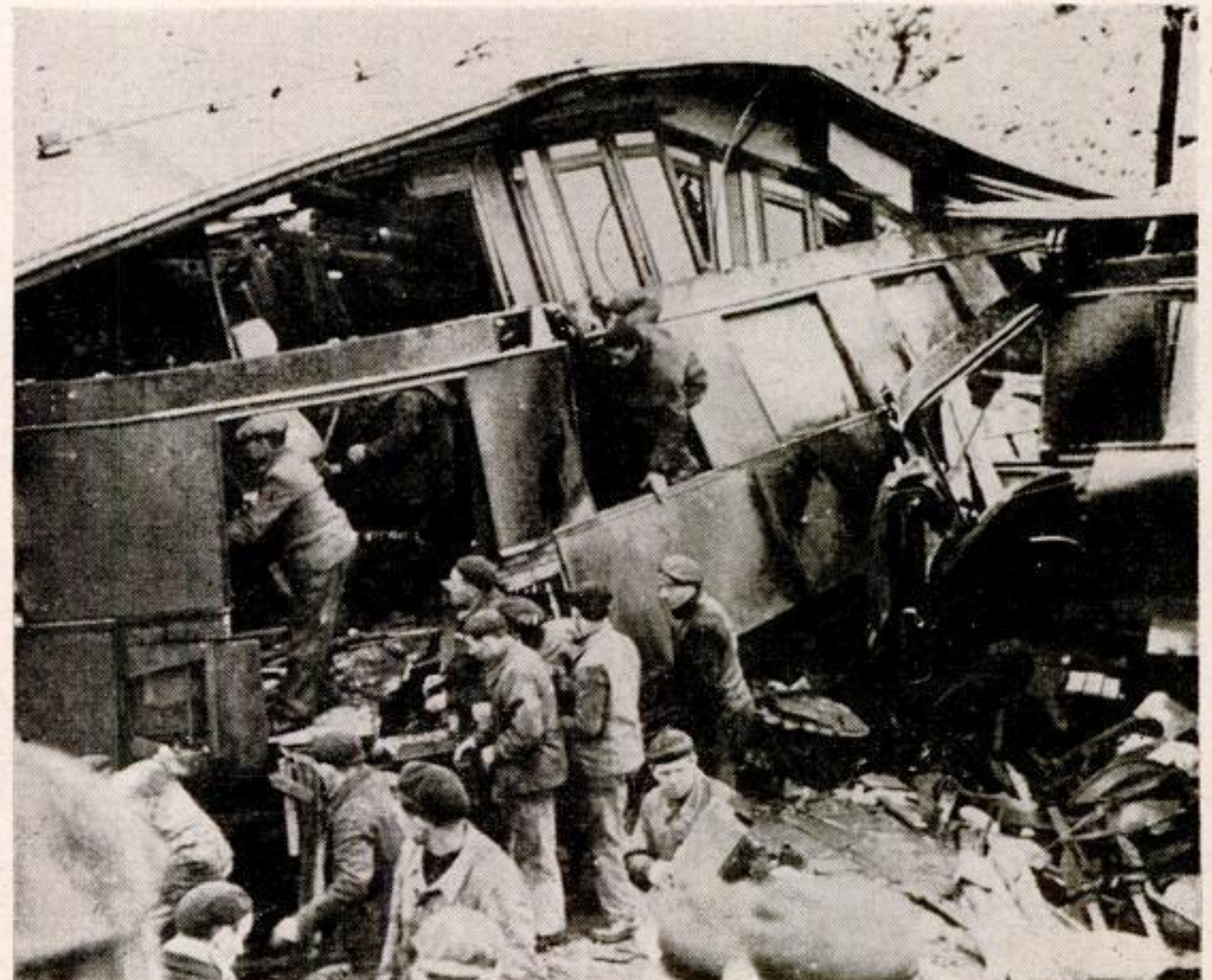


STRIKERS DANCE exuberantly around a big molding press in a factory near Paris which makes Bakelite electrical equipment. Workers seized the plant after quitting their jobs. The sit-down strike technique, which originated in France, was widely used

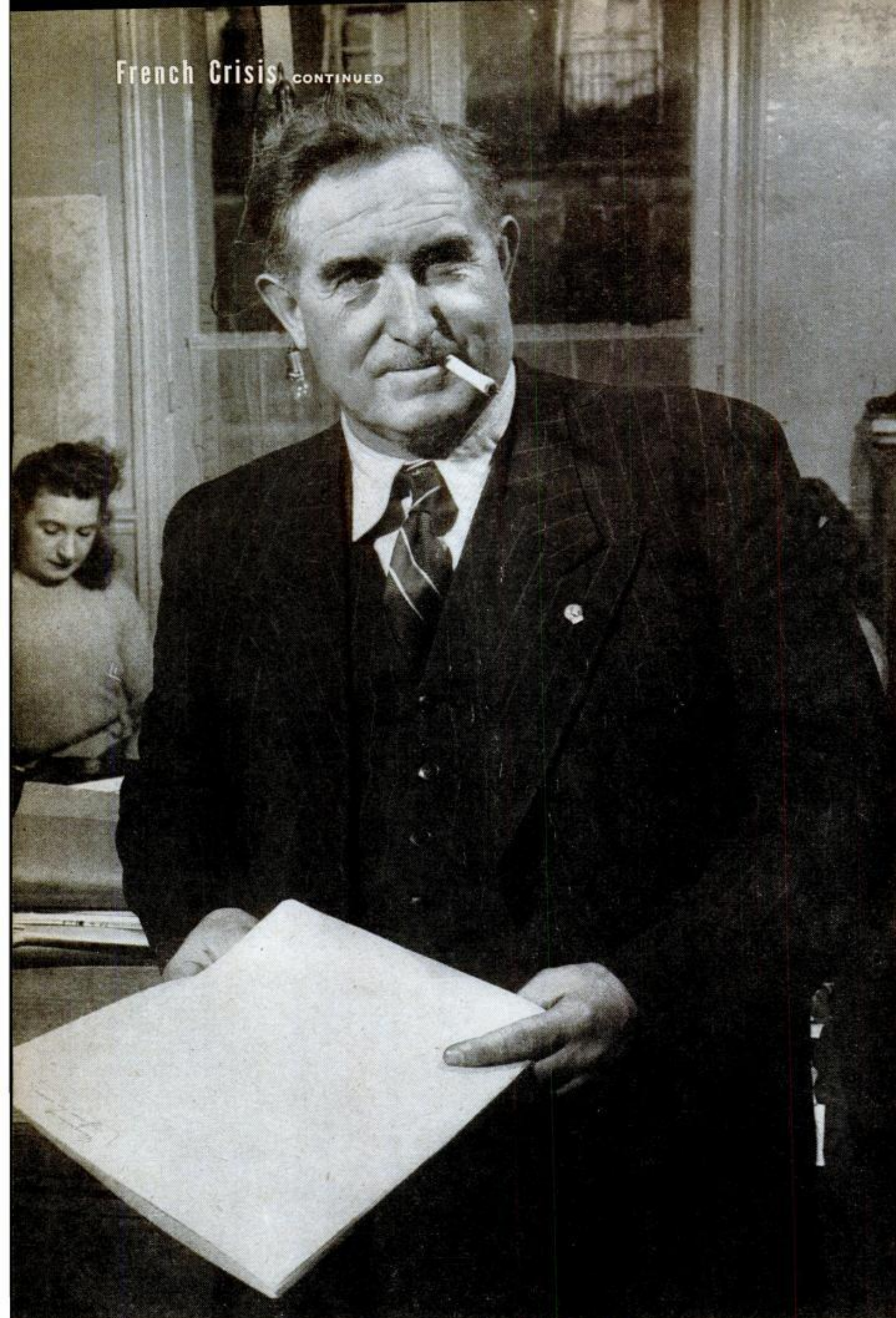
and had an official Communist counterpart in the temporary seizure of the National Assembly by Red deputies. Strikers here improvised an orchestra composed of an accordion and a cymbal and danced partly for morale's sake and partly to keep warm.



STRIKER EXHORTS other workmen at meeting as mobile guards close in. Under Premier Schuman's emergency laws such incitement to strike has been banned. That move, plus some pay raises for disgruntled workers, has lessened the number of strikes.



SABOTAGE took place when trains were derailed like this one near Arras. As many as five French trains were wrecked in a single day after the railway workers returned to their jobs in defiance of Red edict. This wreck killed 20 people and injured 40 more.



COMMUNIST LABOR LEADER Charles Garcia obeyed the party command and called his 600,000 transport workers out on strike. Last week many of them were straggling back to work.



"RETURN FROM MOSCOW" cartoon shows Duclos and colleague as porters for Thorez (right).

THE COST TO FRANCE

It was heavy, but the republic is still free

While the strikers battled in the streets, the Communist politicians (below, right) were fighting their own battles in the government. Their objective was apparently not outright seizure of the government but rather an attempt to slow France's recovery to such an extent that the Marshall Plan would be of little help. France lost about 1.8 million tons of coal, which alone amounts in value to about 10% of the interim aid fund now being considered by the U.S. Congress. Auto production went down nearly 50%, textile production almost 30%. And during the four weeks France lost an estimated \$16 million every day.

The Communists failed because trade-union leaders, like Charles Garcias of the transport federation (left), overestimated the workers' willingness to accept the direction of Communist Boss Maurice Thorez, who made a special trip to Moscow for instructions (above). Their strategists underestimated the determination of Premier Schuman. And their resounding defeat, while still temporary, proved the opposite of what the Reds had intended: the people of France, by showing the difference between violation of civil rights and measures necessary to stop insurrection, answered the critics who said that France was not worth the money the U.S. is called upon to furnish to help her recovery.



PREMIER SCHUMAN, tired but determined, hurries out of a political conference to go to National Assembly.



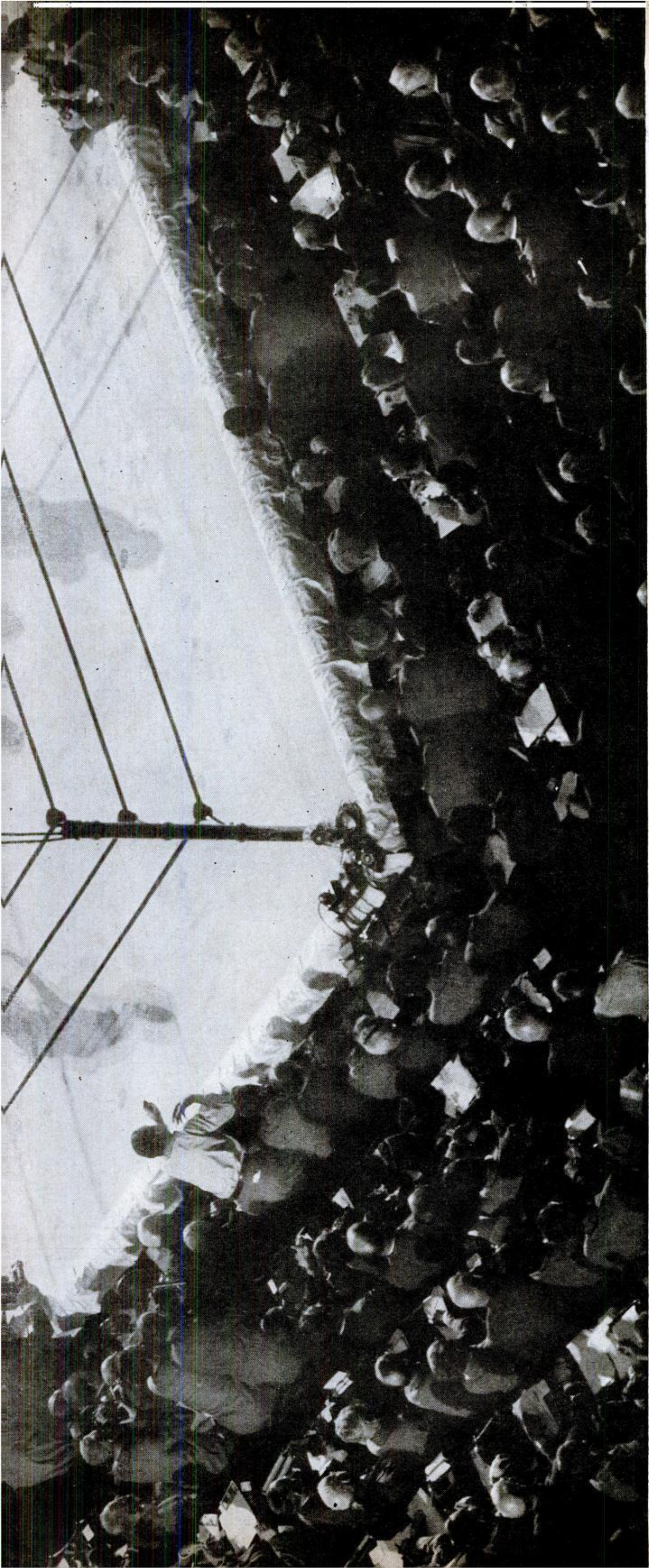
COMMUNIST ASSEMBLY MEMBERS, expelled by guards, leave after a seven-hour sit-down strike. In cen-

ter is Raoul Calas, who advocated mutiny of the French army. On his right is Jacques Duclos, Communist leader.



A PARIS SCAVENGER PICKS THROUGH THE LAYERS
OF ROTTING GARBAGE IN CENTRAL MARKET AREA
WHILE CITY COLLECTORS STAY OUT ON STRIKE





IN ONE OF THE MOST REMARKABLE PRIZEFIGHT PICTURES EVER MADE, PHOTOGRAPHER GJON MILI CAPTURES THE ATMOSPHERE OF A CHAMPIONSHIP BOUT AS THE CROWD WATCHES CHAMPION LOUIS HIT THE CANVAS

THE CHAMPION'S CROWN TOTTERS

As Joe Louis began the 24th defense of his heavyweight title in Madison Square Garden last week, the same crackling tension swept over the crowd. He came out of his corner sleek and fit, his muscles rippling loose and easy, his fists cocked in that old implacable attitude which once led a sportswriter to describe him as "an executioner in wine-colored gloves." For nearly two minutes he stalked his prey—a battle-worn second-rater named Joe Walcott—and then lashed out with one of his old lethal flurries.

An amazing thing happened. In the exchange of punches not Walcott but Louis went down. As the crowd shouted its bewilderment, he got up at the count of two and, dead-pan, resumed his stalking as if nothing had happened. But in the fourth round it happened again. There was another flurry near the ropes. Louis went down again. This time the crowd,

after its initial shock (*above*), caught on. Joe Louis, who had once had the fastest and deadliest fists in the world, was being beaten to the punch—by a nobody whom he once cuffed around as a sparring partner.

The champion recovered from the knockdowns and, mostly using his left hand, jabbed his way back into contention. But at the end of the 15 rounds Jersey Joe Walcott—who had been held in such low regard that wags were suggesting before the fight that he sell advertising space on his shoe soles—was still on his feet, and many of the spectators thought he had won. The judges, always loath to vote against a champion, thought otherwise and let Louis keep his title. But win or lose, the bout marked the finish of a brilliant era in boxing. The incomparable Louis, who had always relied on a young man's speed and timing, just didn't have it any more now that he was 33.



LOUIS LOOKS BADLY BATTERED AFTER THE FIGHT



WALCOTT IS UNMARKED EXCEPT AROUND THE EYES



ARAB STABS JEW in a Jerusalem doorway during a street fight while three other Arabs watch. In retaliation

for this and other attacks in the wake of the U.N. decision bands of angry Jews stormed back into the Arab

quarter with guns and torches, touching off savage riots which soon turned the Holy Land into a battleground.



JOYFUL ZIONISTS Abba Hillel Silver (*right*) and Marcus Wulkin embrace at U.N. headquarters after vote.

BALM TO THE JEWS, GALL TO THE ARABS

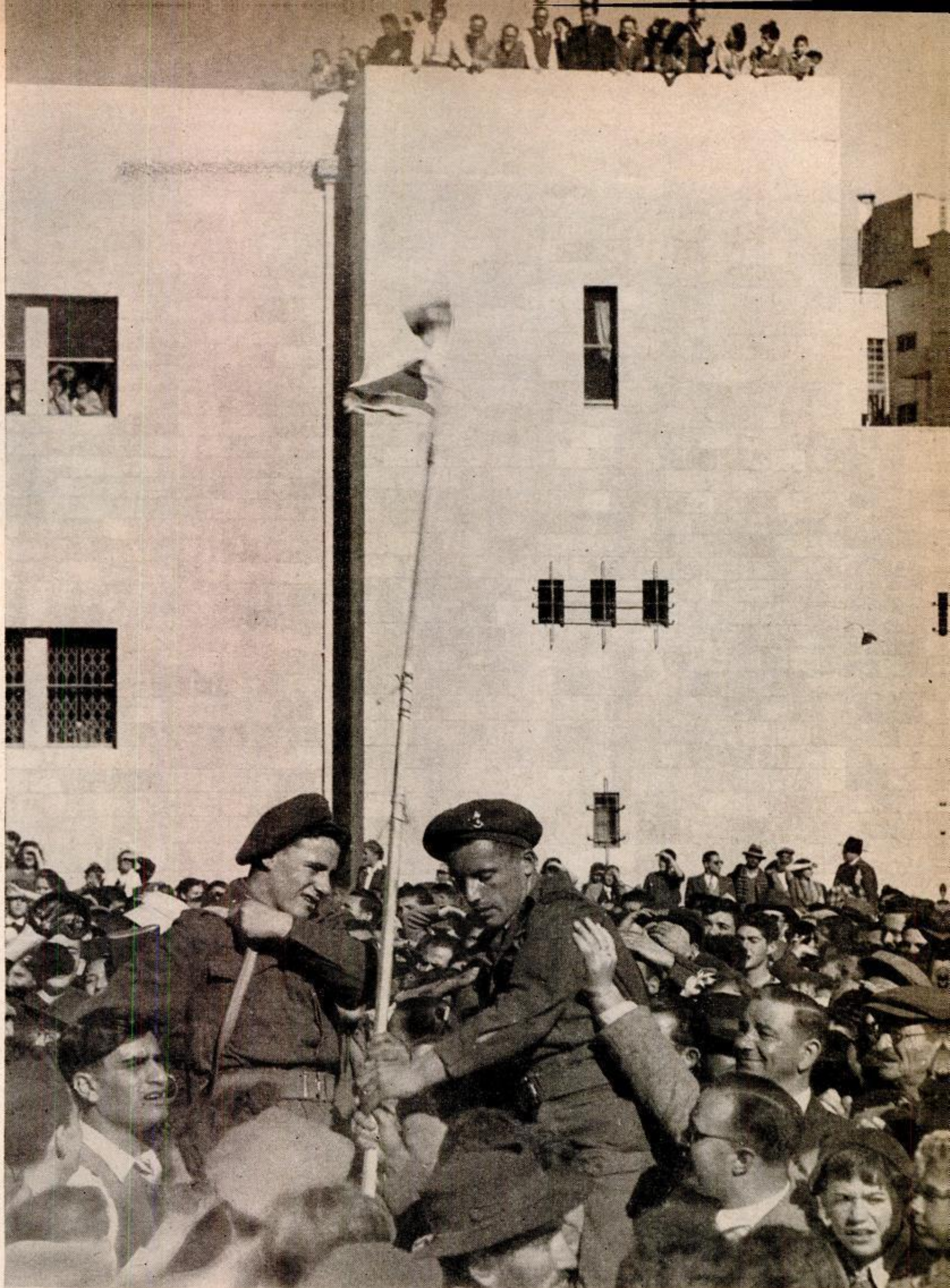
Partition brings call for holy war

The United Nations' decision on Nov. 29 to divide Palestine into Arab and Jewish states quickly filled the Near East with rage and exultation. David Ben-Gurion and other Zionists triumphantly prepared to form a new government on the framework of the Jewish Agency. Members of the underground Haganah came out into the open with their weapons and arm bands as a well-trained militia. Jews fell upon each other's necks and wept with joy.

But what was balm to Israel was gall to the Arabs. Bitter riots swept Cairo, Baghdad and Jerusalem, although crusty Ibn Saud of Arabia kept his own followers in check by remarking, "There will be no riots here without the approval of the king." British troops struggled hard to keep order, cheered not a bit by rumors that Russia, anxious to extend its influence toward Suez, would be pleased to help. Meanwhile the threat of a holy war, demanded by the Moslem elders at El Azhar University in Cairo, hung like a blood-red cloud over the Near East.

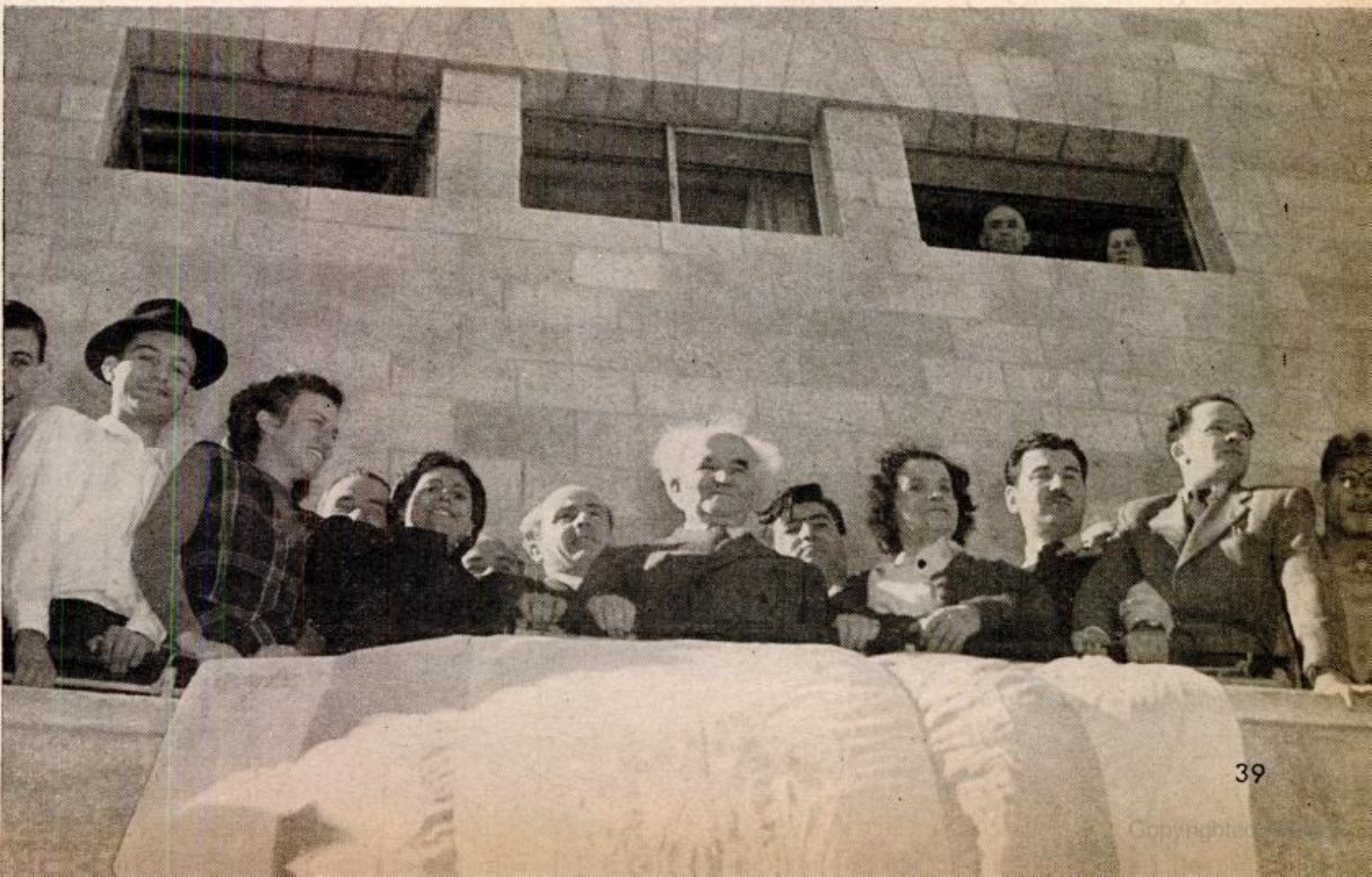


DEFIANT ARAB leader, Saleh Harb Pasha, waves a pistol and copy of the Koran at Moslem rally in Cairo.



BRITISH TROOPS (*above*), friends now instead of enemies, carry the Jewish flag at a celebration at Jewish Agency headquarters where thousands turned out to

cheer white-haired David Ben-Gurion (*in center, below*), who will in all probability become the first premier of the new Jewish state when the U.N. plan becomes effective.





COMMAND PERFORMANCE in Petrillo's office is meekly attended by radio officials. Seated at left: Mark Woods, president of ABC. Standing: Vice President

Frank Mullen of NBC (*second from left*); Frank White, of CBS (*fourth from left*); President Niles Trammell of NBC (*fifth*); Director Theodore Streibert of MBS (*sixth*).

PETRILLO STANDS FIRM

As Dec. 31 deadline approaches, he refuses to lift his ban on records

James Caesar Petrillo, the cocky little dictator of the American Federation of Musicians, is afraid of no man. But he does have one abiding fear. He hates to shake hands because he might pick up bacteria, and after visitors have left his hotel room he quickly throws all towels, doilies and antimacassars into the laundry. In fact when these photographs were being made in New York City last week, he nearly went frantic because LIFE's photographer rested a camera on his bed. "Take that damn camera away," he shouted. "It's full of germs!"

Despite his one weakness Petrillo runs his union about the way Louis XIV ran France. He permits his members to pay him \$46,000 a year plus an automobile and an \$18,000 expense fund. In dealings with management he never seeks an audience but graciously grants one (*above*). His high-handed pro-

nunciamentos have kept the blood pressure of U.S. editorial writers over the danger point for years—while he, loving publicity whether good or bad, has gleefully collected and preserved their insults.

Last week Petrillo, busy meeting with recording-company and radio officials, was engaged in a characteristic rhubarb. On the ground that phonograph records, played by radio stations and in juke boxes, are throwing musicians out of work, he had ruled that no records could be made after Dec. 31. In a further protest against "canned" music, he had hinted that he might pull his men off all stations and networks when their contracts expire Jan. 31. At the end of a hectic week of conferences, during which recording companies worked overtime to beat his deadline (*below*), nobody had induced him to retreat the width of a phonograph needle on either threat.



IN HIS HOTEL ROOM at The Waldorf-Astoria, where he keeps year-round quarters, Petrillo gets a manicure and haircut. He tipped manicurist and barber 50¢ each.



IN HIS OFFICE, an elegant snugger on 34th floor of the General Electric Building, Petrillo confidently discusses his newest battle with the recording companies.



BEATING THE DEADLINE, a weary group of musicians works late into night at Victor's New York studios. In foreground are Bandleader Russ Case (*left*) and Croon-

er Perry Como. Photograph was made as band and singer listened to a playback during the hectic job of building up a backlog which record makers say will last until 1950.



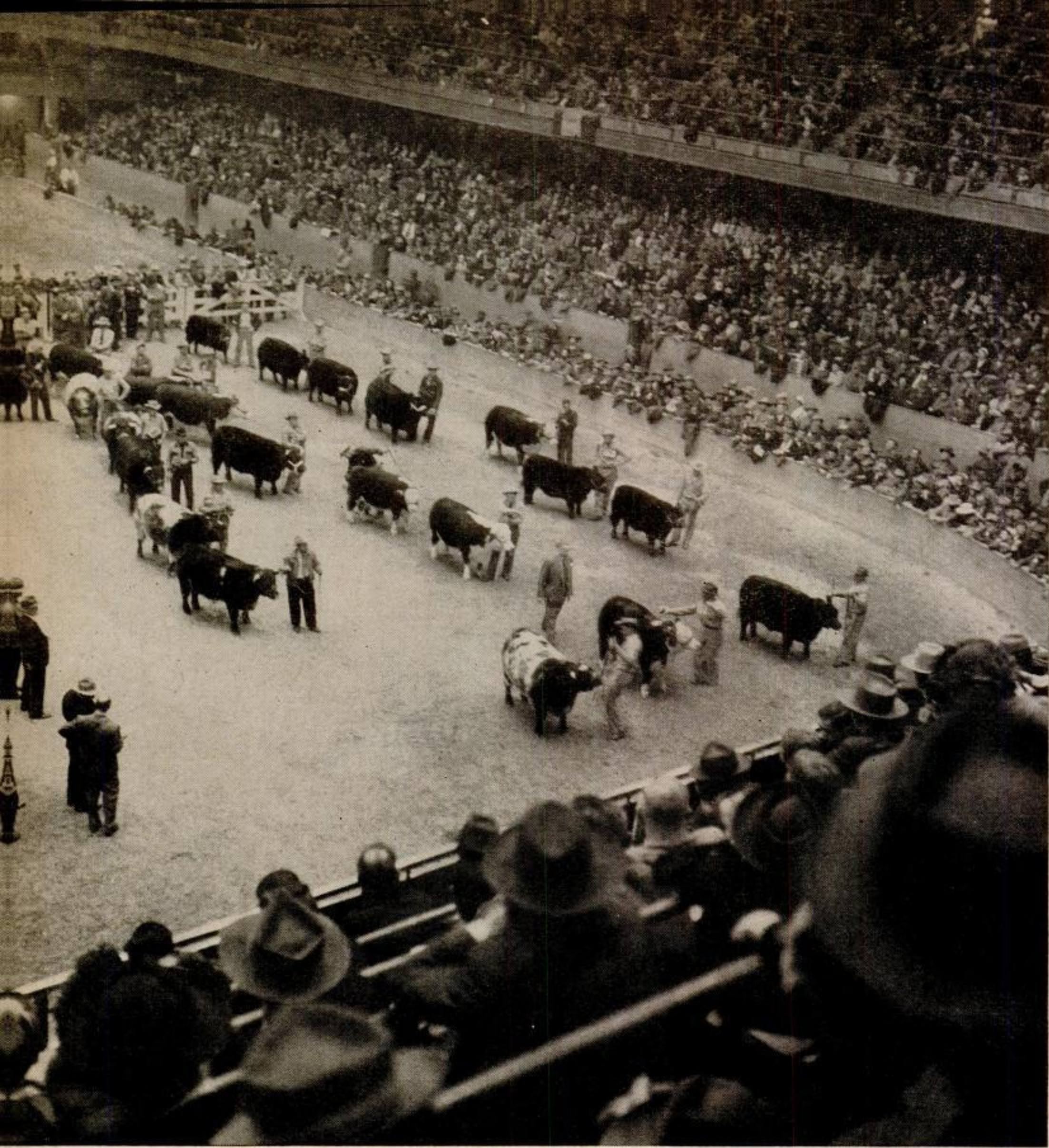
IN A BAR of Waldorf-Astoria man-about-town Petrillo relaxes over a beer with his assistant, Rex Riccardi. He is also a familiar figure in Luchow's famed restaurant.



PETRILLO FIDDLES on a visit to New York City's Local 802 headquarters. The boss borrowed the viola of Sergei Kremenetsky (*left*) who plays with the United Na-

tions Symphony Orchestra. Petrillo managed to scrape a few notes out of the instrument but had to confess that his talents are mostly confined to the trumpet. Man at

right is an ex-musician who now works as a peddler in the headquarters hall—a fate which Petrillo predicts for more members if his fight against “canned” music fails.



STOCK SHOW On Dec. 2 in Chicago, judges at the International Livestock Exposition reduced the field of prize steers to the 23 animals above. Then, as grand champion they

picked a Shorthorn named Big Boy (*front row, left*), owned by Claude Millwee of Fort Cobb, Okla. Big Boy was soon sold at auction for \$8,800 (\$8 a pound), \$2.50 a pound below last year's record price of \$10.50.



NEW ZEALAND FIRE On Nov. 18, near the end of a dull shopping day in Ballantyne's department store in Christchurch, New Zealand, fire broke out



JOB HUNTERS On Dec. 2, in New York City, 3,500 men lined up to apply for jobs as laborers at \$41 a week, which is not much in New York these days. But the city

was not hiring new men, it was merely replacing provisional job holders with men holding Civil Service seniority. While most of the 3,500 waited in vain, observers saw a gloomy portent in the lineup.



LOS ANGELES SMASHUP On Dec. 1, on rain-wet Arroyo Seco Parkway in Los Angeles, the traffic flowed at its usual helter skelter clip until two



in the basement of the building. At first Ballantyne's 300 employees, told that the fire brigade was on its way, went calmly about their business. But then suddenly the entire one-acre ground floor of the huge

building erupted in flame. Frantic workers bolted for the exits but found them already clogged. The firemen sent streams of water into the flaming interior from all sides (*above*), but their help arrived too

late. Five days later 41 unidentifiable bodies were buried together in Christchurch's Ruru Lawn Cemetery, beneath a marker erected to commemorate the worst fire disaster in New Zealand's 107-year history.



automobiles collided on the freeway. One by one, following cars braked and skidded to a stop without mishap. Soon the line of vehicles stretched out for five blocks while thwarted motorists leaned angrily

on their horns. Then at the rear of the column one driver's brakes slipped and he rammed the car ahead of him. Quickly eight other cars followed suit, injuring seven people and creating a mess (*above*)

which was like the remains of a snake smacked head-on into a wall. But even this mess was relatively tidy compared to the legal tangle which would ensue if one of the motorists decided to sue another.

A NEW POLICY FOR GERMANY

ITS STATUS HAS CHANGED, AND WE MUST REVERSE SOME OF OUR ATTITUDES

Sarah Shofstall is a teen-age American girl from Columbia, Mo. She is the oldest of three daughters whose father is with the U.S. Military Government in Frankfurt, Germany. Like other Americans in Germany, these girls kept beefing about their rough life: powdered eggs in the dessert! So their father figured out a scheme. He offered them \$25 apiece if they would move in with German families of comparable social standing and stick it out for two weeks, eat only German rations, attend German schools, play with German kids.

Austerity and misery on all sides sent the youngest two scampering back to the military compound within a few days. But Sarah saw it through. She went around with a German girl friend, warded off wolves in GI clothing and existed on the thin soup, black bread and occasional meat that comprise the German basic ration of 1,470 calories a day. She was glad enough to get back behind the 13-foot fence where there are warm baths and a U.S. Army supermarket. But collecting her \$25 she remarked to her father, "I don't think money is the only thing I got out of this."

The Changed Status

If more Americans could duplicate Sarah's experience they might feel something other than a taxpayer's irritation at the more than \$160 million we spend a year to feed these enemies. They might feel, with Herbert Hoover, that it is nothing short of a disgrace to the U.S. flag that it must fly over so much wretchedness and despair. But our flag does fly there. Germany is our problem; and this is exactly the moment we must face up to it.

This is the moment because the London meeting of Marshall, Molotov, Bevin and Bidault has opened a whole new prospect in Germany. Behind us, dead and discredited, lies the Morgenthau Plan to turn Germany into a farm. Behind us lies Yalta with its deal to give Poland the only part of Germany that had a food surplus. Behind us is Joint Chiefs of Staff Order 1067 for the administration of Germany, with its overemphasis on denazification. Behind us lies Potsdam, where almost every idea that anybody ever had about Germany went into the pot to boil up the present witches' brew.

The U.S. did not want failure at London, did not want a Germany divided for all the foreseeable future. So, quite rightly, Secretary of State Marshall refused to accept even as much moral responsibility for that split as would be implicit in his submission of a pre-conference plan for a new western Germany.

But now the U.S. can come forward with such a plan in the best of conscience. And we must do so, for Germany is clearly no longer just an enemy nation that we are temporarily occupying until a settlement is ironed out. There is to be no German settlement.

Germany is the place where the Communists will most energetically try to break through to what they think is the declining West. If the Communists decide to resort to arms it may very well be with the arms of General Von Paulus and his German officers, the losers of Stalingrad who from prison became the spokesmen of a pro-Russian Germany.

From our standpoint Germany is the out-

post from which a working and prosperous West, assisted to become so by the Marshall Plan, can strive to level the Russian-erected barriers to the food, raw materials and markets of the East. Spearhead of Communism, outpost of democracy; that is plainly Germany's new, post-London status.

So our approach to the Germans and to Germany must also change. We must now look upon occupation as an indefinite process. The starkest reason for this is that we cannot move out until we know beyond doubt that the Russians will not move in. Since we must continue our occupation of Germany, there is every reason to improve it. First must come a change in the occupiers' attitude. Few friends will be found for a "soft" German policy, yet the fact is that an old war is ended and a new one begun.

Winston Churchill said, "There must be an end to retribution . . . a blessed act of oblivion." That is assuredly the Christian thing to do. It is likewise the practical thing to do, however much the Communists and fellow travelers among us scream. It is particularly true as applied to our denazification program. All the principal Nazis have been tried or soon will be. The interminable and melancholy parade of minor Nazi party cardholders before the bar should now be brought to a close.

"Papierkrieg"

It is time to turn all our efforts from punishment for the past to education for the future. This education has two main parts, one economic, the other political. Politically we must broaden the responsibility of the German people into something more mature than the beer and gymnast societies that Germans have rallied around before. Clearly the way to do this is to encourage political organization and give such organization ascending power. We must not repeat the mistake of the Weimar Republic in expecting German democrats to run before they can walk. But our object should be to relax our direct controls and gradually assume an inspecting and overseeing position. This is especially true in such affairs as currency reform and inflation controls.

The Army still runs too much of German life in too much petty detail. Its regulations have suffocated the German economy in red tape. FORTUNE has called this the *Papierkrieg*, the U.S. industrialist Lewis H. Brown (*Report on Germany*) calls it a holdover of Schachtism. Whatever its name, it is a mess. A recent illustration: one firm accumulated 3 pounds of paper forms to export 2 pounds of repair parts.

Potsdam saddled us with a reparations policy which finds us dismantling German fertilizer plants while simultaneously pouring our own scarce nitrates into Europe. There are now earmarked for dismantling in the U.S. zone 155 more German factories, some of them destined for Russia. Since the Russian refusal to account for her own dismantlings in eastern Germany was the original abrogation of Potsdam's reparations clause, we should stop these dismantlings at once. As for those plants destined for transfer to France, Belgium, Holland and other Western countries, only one criterion should rule: where can each plant best serve the needs of Europe as a whole?

The No. 1 problem in Germany is to give German abilities a safe motive for going back to work. Instead of holding down German production with removals and artificial ceilings, we should now give it the green light. German industrialists, and also foreign owners of German property, should be told they can resume full-scale operations with every hope of profit. And German workers should have every expectation of full employment. We must liberate German productive capacity from the indecision, restrictions and red tape that have kept it a shambles.

This represents a very sharp reversal of past and current U.S. policy. To give the "go" signal to Germany is to cause danger signals to flash in all those other European countries, East and West, that fear German resurgence as they fear scarcely anything else on earth.

Internationalize the Ruhr

Unlike some American screams against forgiveness for the Germans, these European fears are legitimate. The Germans have betrayed the West before and they have allied with the Russians before. They may do it all again. So we must answer that danger and allay that fear. The best answer to it is a daring but hopeful creative idea, originally French, long advocated by John Foster Dulles, more recently espoused by Walter Lippmann. This idea is to place the Ruhr, the hair of the German industrial Samson, under permanent international controls.

What kind of controls? That remains to be worked out. It has been suggested that the Port of New York Authority, which administers interstate facilities on a nonpolitical basis, may provide a model. Ruhr coal is already successfully distributed by a European Coal Organization. Similar allocating authorities could put all Ruhr resources under command of Europeans to serve all Europe. This plan would not only relieve the fear of German rearmament; it would also promote the Marshall Plan objective of getting Europe to think and act as a unit instead of as a nest of small sovereignties—an objective which is by far Europe's best hope in the long run. This plan would also prove to be a powerful magnet for drawing back into the Western orbit those Eastern European countries that need the products of the Ruhr.

Here, then, is a four-point program for Germany: 1) We must recognize that western Germany has assumed a new status, an outpost for the struggle between democracy and Communism; 2) The German political base must be broadened and matured; 3) German industry must have a green light; 4) International controls must be placed over the resources of the Ruhr.

These four steps, taken quickly, will at least correct the present drift toward utter stagnation. Only by making German industry part of a self-supporting Western Europe can the U.S. taxpayer hope to get the starving German off his back. And those 48 million Germans can incalculably speed the resurgence of all Europe as a place where people eat with something more than caloric arithmetic in mind, sleep safely and dream dreams that sometimes come true.

CHESTERFIELDS OF COURSE—
THERE'S LOTS MORE SMOKING PLEASURE TO THEM

—SAYS *Alan Hale*

FEATURED IN WARNER
BROS. TECHNICOLOR
PRODUCTION
"MY WILD IRISH ROSE"

A Hale and Hearty
Good wish—
More ABC's to You

A ALWAYS Milder
B BETTER TASTING
C COOLER SMOKING

— THAT MEANS *They Satisfy*

Always Buy **CHESTERFIELD**

BULOVA

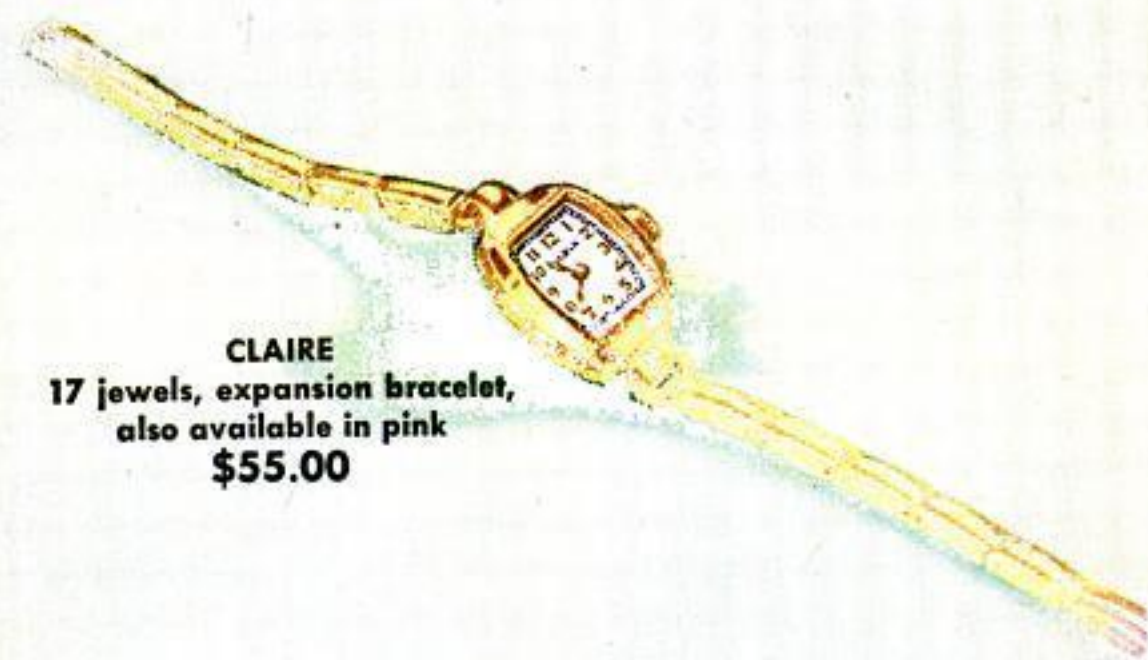
Truly the Gift of Enduring



JANET "A"
17 jewels, also
available in pink
\$29.75



GODDESS OF TIME "F"
17 jewels, \$37.50



CLAIRE
17 jewels, expansion bracelet,
also available in pink
\$55.00



HER EXCELLENCY "K"
21 jewels, \$59.50



HER EXCELLENCY "A"
21 jewels, also
available in white
\$49.50

FROM
"Her Excellency" Group
21 Jewels



HER EXCELLENCY "T"
21 jewels, 2 diamonds,
14 kt. gold.
Also available in white
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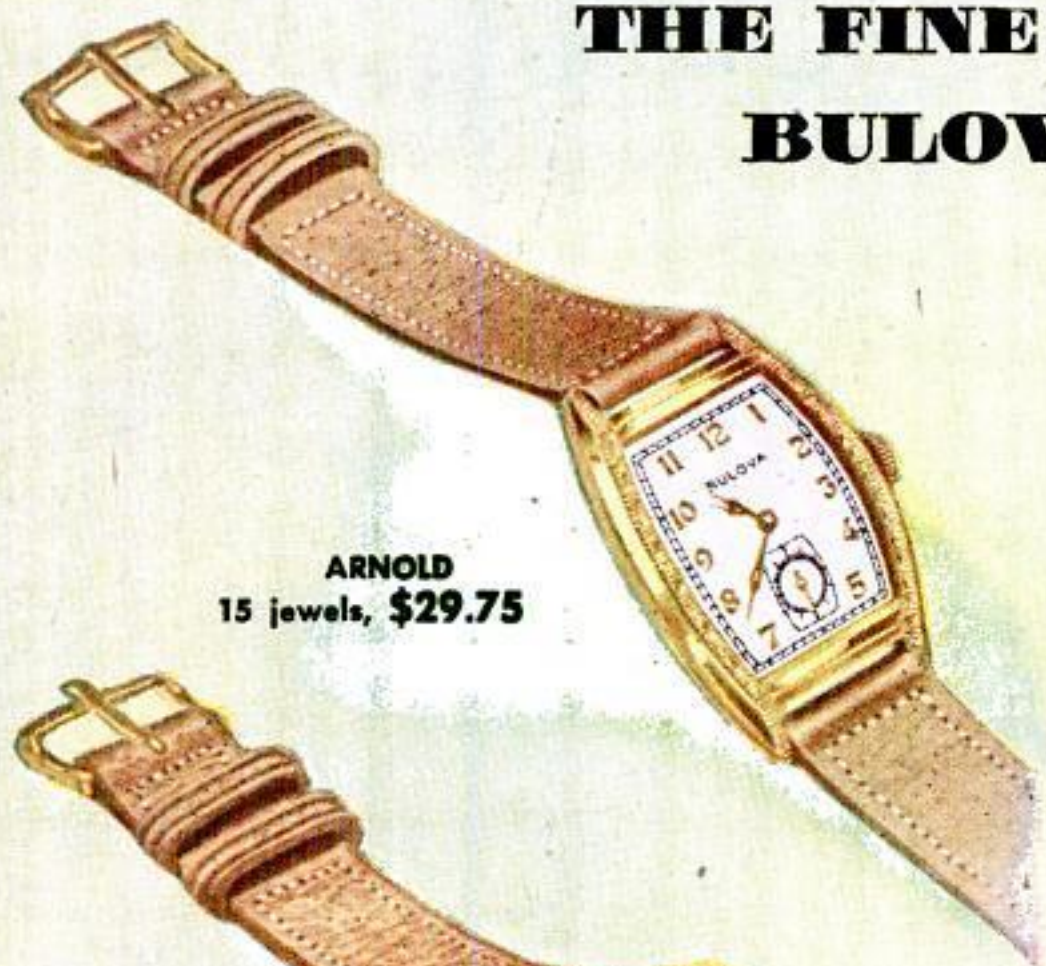


DUCHESS
17 jewels, 8 diamonds,
14 kt. gold, \$350.00

Beauty and Value!

For Her... For Him... Forever

THE FINEST WATCHES IN BULOVA HISTORY



ARNOLD
15 jewels, \$29.75



SENATOR "A"
17 jewels, \$39.75



FRANKLIN "A"
17 jewels, also available
in white and in pink
\$42.50

At Christmas...

more Americans give BULOVA than
any other fine watch in the world!
For BULOVA gives more brilliant
styling, more lasting dependability
. . . more of everything for your
money!

This Christmas—for Her . . . for
Him—Give BULOVA, the "Gift of
a Lifetime"! At better jewelers'
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*America's Greatest
Watch Value*



HIS EXCELLENCY "AA"
21 jewels, also available
in white and in pink
\$52.50



CLINTON
17 jewels, \$55.00



HIS EXCELLENCY "SS"
21 jewels,
expansion bracelet
\$71.50



DUNCAN
21 jewels, 14 kt. gold
\$135.00

AMERICA RUNS ON BULOVA TIME



Perhaps I can make it up to her...

MY WIFE'S a pretty wonderful person.

Not many women would have been as patient as Fran has been. I wasn't earning much when we got married. And for quite awhile afterward, I wasn't exactly what my Grandmother would have called "a good provider."

Nobody ever did a better job of getting along with second-hand furniture and meat loaf and bargain-sale clothes than Fran did. Somehow, she could rave over somebody else's new sofa or curtains or party dress—and do it without even looking wistful.

It hurts a woman, though—not to be able to do things nicely. I remember one night when Fran *must* have felt a little low—the night I brought my boss home, and our knives and forks didn't match. She deserved a medal for the way she carried that one off.

Things are a little different, now. And this Christmas, I'm giving her something better than a medal. I want to watch Fran's eyes when she opens her package and finds the International Sterling she's always wanted.

It's beautiful, all right. And I feel good, knowing that International Sterling is the real thing...solid silver through and through. Sure, we'll be proud when our friends see our table.

But mostly, it's for *us* I want the finest sterling. To use every day, and hand down to our grandchildren.

I like to think it will say *for* me all the things that, somehow, I never can get past my throat.



The most meaningful gift a man can give a

woman is lovely International Sterling.

Whether he fulfills her dream of owning the finest silver by starting a set in her favorite International pattern . . . whether he adds matching pieces to a set she's begun . . . he says in effect, "For you . . . only the best."

All International Sterling Silver...the artist-designed table-silver patterns, the beautiful holloware bowls and trays...is *solid silver through and through*—for a lifetime of satisfaction.

Every International dealer is happy to give helpful suggestions...help in the choice of the perfect International Sterling gift. Stop in!

All patterns on this page are made by The International Silver Company in the U.S.A.

TUNE IN to *The Adventures of Ozzie and Harriet*, Sunday 6:00 p. m., E. S. T., CBS.

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PEOPLE

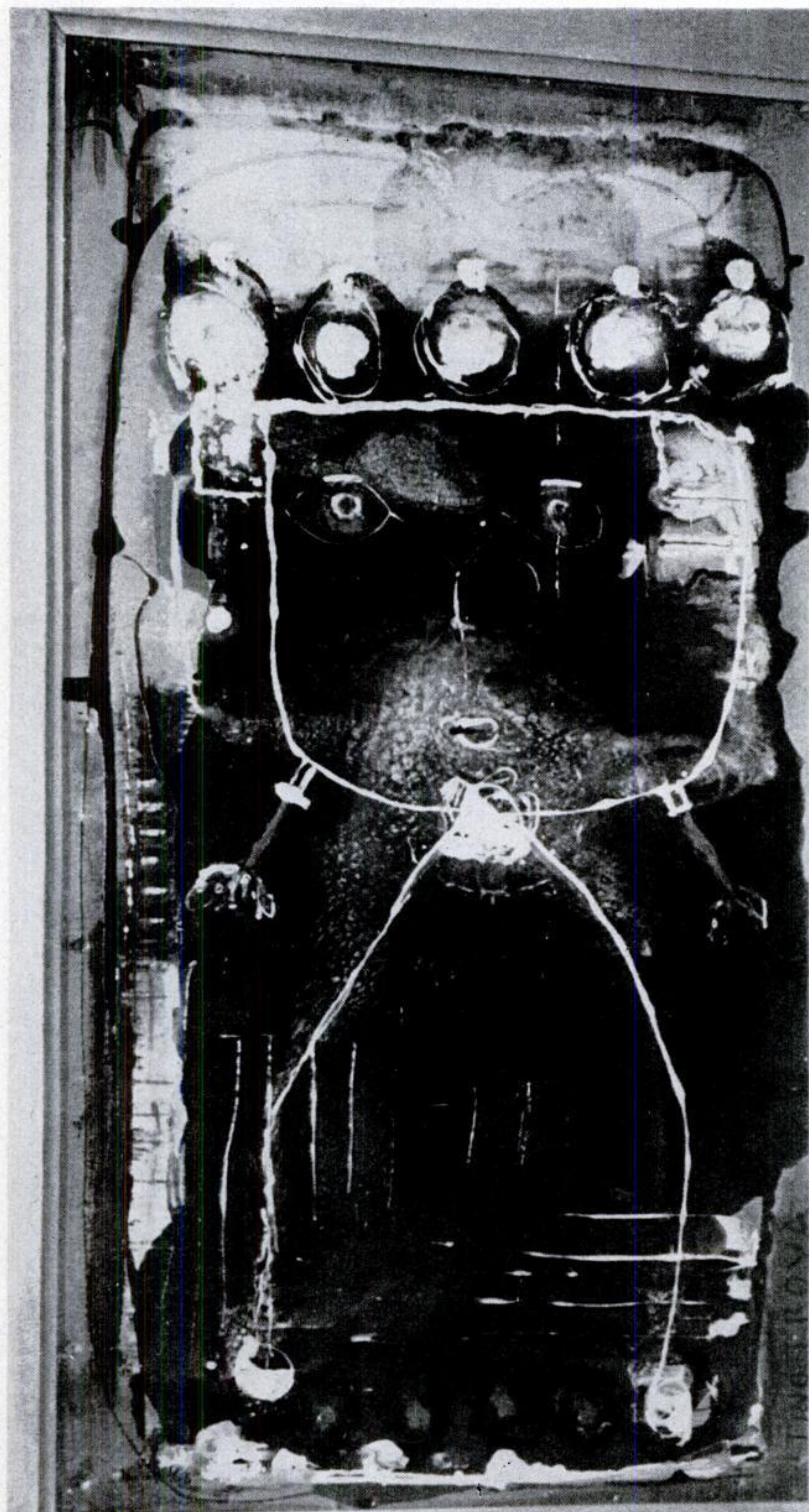
WINDOW-TRIMMER'S PAINTING BAFFLES CRITICS IN ST. LOUIS

Ernest Trova (*below*) is 20 years old, lives with his parents and earns his living by decorating the windows of a St. Louis clothing store. For recreation he writes poems that few can understand, paints pictures that are about as eloquent and belongs to a cult of artists called Samists. Contrary to what most people would assume, Samists do not derive their name from a deity named Sam but from the initials of the cult's creed: Solitary Automatic Mood.

Last week, as the Missouri Art Exhibition opened in St. Louis' City Art Museum, Samist Trova found that in one of his Solitary Auto-

matic Moods he had created an interesting portrait from furniture enamel, tar and a board. He called his portrait *Roman Boy*, priced it at \$2,700 and hailed it as Samistically "perfect." The exhibition judges did not go quite that far but did select it for exhibiting over the works of better-established artists.

While Trova's portrait caused some understandable scratching of heads, other (non-Samist) entries moved people to outright anger. The head of the St. Louis Artists' Guild pronounced them obscene and said, "If they belong anywhere it can only be the walls of an outhouse."





THIS ALL-AMERICAN TEAM may not be the best of the many that flourish at this time of the year, but it is impressive and assembled in one place, as such teams rarely are. It was gathered in New York City for a party under-

written by Pepsi-Cola's publicity-wise President Walter S. Mack Jr. (*extreme right*). The line (*kneeling, l. to r.*): Paul Cleary, Southern California; John Ferraro, Southern California; Earl Banks, Iowa; Charles Bednarik, Pennsyl-

vania; Steve Suhey, Penn State; George Savitsky, Pennsylvania; Bill Swiacki, Columbia. The backfield (*standing*): Bobby Layne, Texas; Clyde Scott, Arkansas; Tony Minisi, Pennsylvania; Bob Chappuis, Michigan.

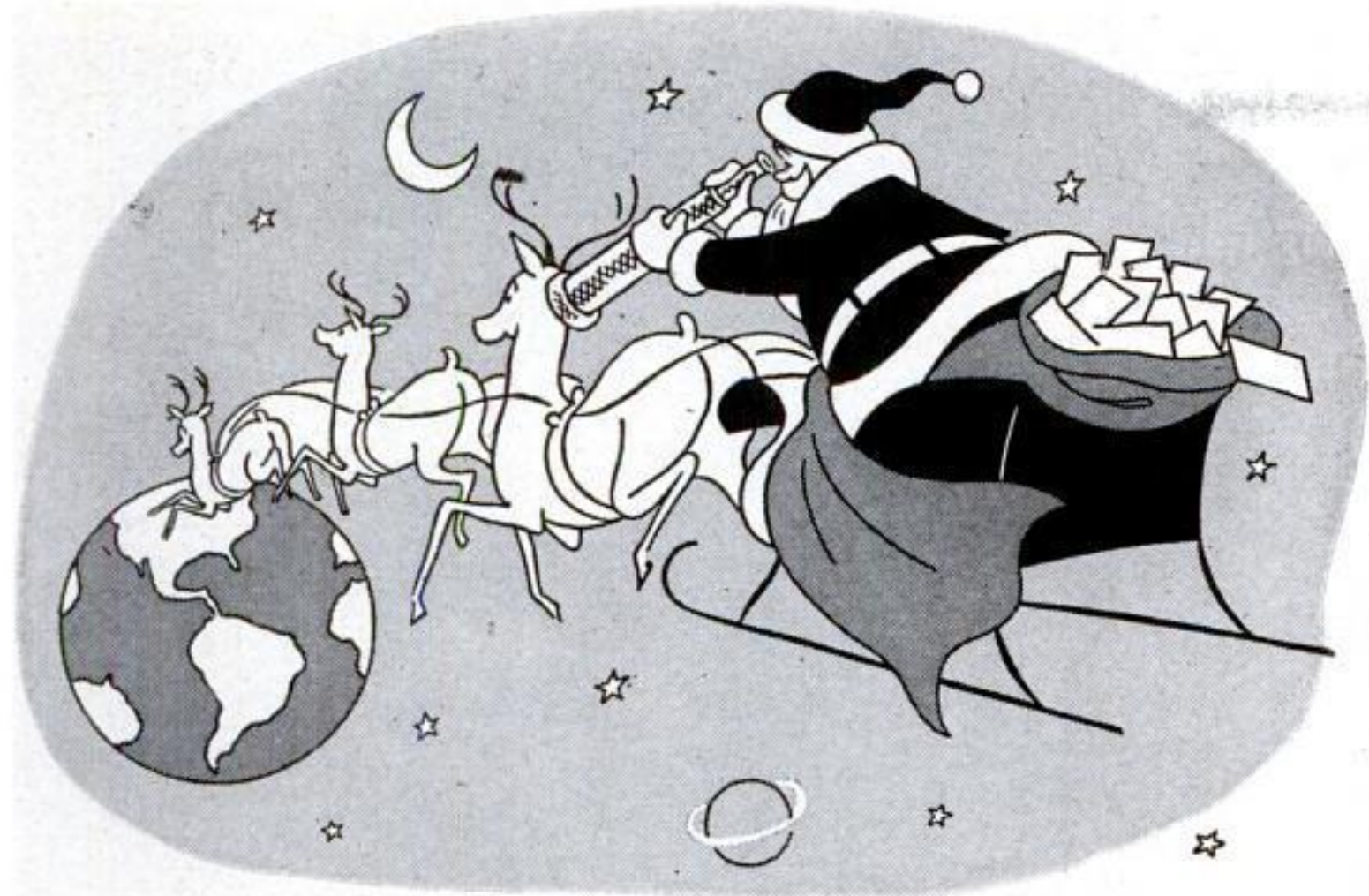


CHIANG KAI-SHEK makes out his ballot Nov. 23, during first Chinese election since founding of republic in 1912. Election was for delegates to a National Assembly which will shortly name the first president of China. Before election Chiang had announced he was not running for the Assembly, but he was elected anyway.



MADAME CHIANG fills out her ballot. She voted for a Democratic Socialist candidate for the Assembly instead of the candidate from her husband's party, the Kuomintang. Voting was not by secret ballot in a booth because many illiterate Chinese had to have help. Thus even the Chiangs voted with an audience.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 52



1. "Peace on earth, good will to men," said Santa. "They sure need it. I wonder if there's anything that I can do to speed it."



2. "Of course there is!" he cried with joy. "I'll slip these invitations in all the Christmas stockings of the whole United Nations."



3. "I'll ask them to the Statler, it's one place that fills the bill, For there the air is always full of friendship and good will."



4. "And round the Statler's festive board we'll toast the Christmas Season, We'll pledge ourselves to build a world of fellowship and reason."



5. "And from the nations of the world . . . and from the Statler, too, Will rise a Merry Christmas wish—Good Will and Peace to You!"



HOTELS STATLER IN BOSTON • BUFFALO • CLEVELAND
DETROIT • ST. LOUIS • WASHINGTON

STATLER-OPERATED HOTEL PENNSYLVANIA HOTEL WILLIAM PENN
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STOP COUGHS SAFELY WITH
Soothing
GLYCERINE
 —plus

Why "dose" a cough with strong drugs that upset your stomach? If your cough is due to a cold, Pine Bros. Glycerine Tablets will stop it quickly and safely. They spread a moist, soothing film of glycerine over your dry, cough-torn throat and relief comes fast. . . . Use them freely. They can't harm you. 5 pleasing flavors.

WON'T UPSET YOUR STOMACH

10¢
U.S. ONLY
 PINE BROS., INC., PHILADELPHIA



SEASCAPE by 7-year-old Winston Churchill (above) was finished Nov. 30 as a birthday gift for 73-year-old Winston Churchill, the boy's grandfather and an amateur artist himself. The painting, done with advice from grandfather, shows the *Queen Mary*, slightly telescoped to fit the youthful artist's canvas.



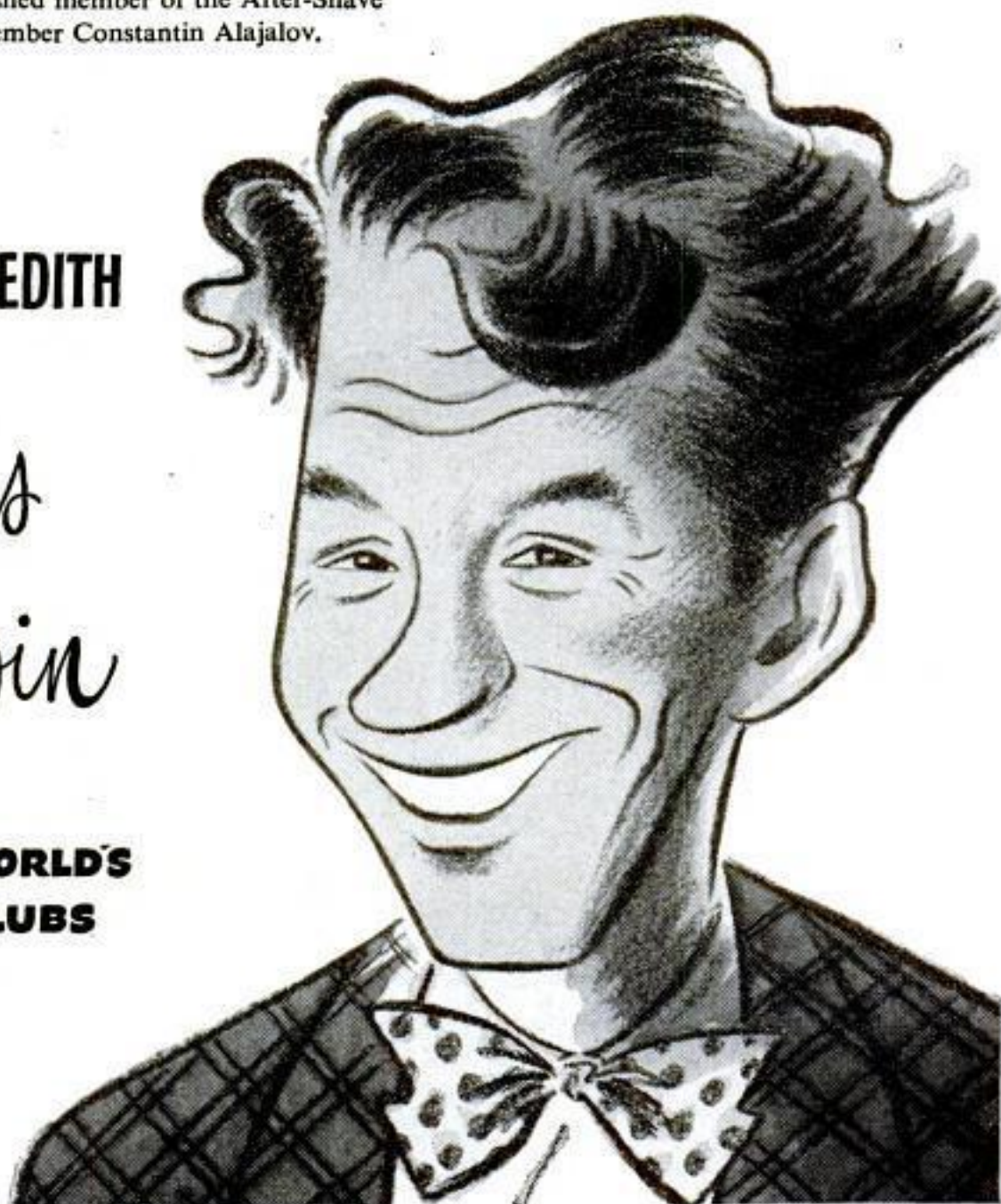
LANDSCAPE dispute swirled about Karl Olsen (above) and a scrawny elm standing on his property next to the Cleveland, Ohio Municipal Airport. Since the tree blocks a proposed blind-landing approach to the field, it has to come down. For his elm—and the six-acre property—Olsen demands \$40,000.

Burgess Meredith, distinguished member of the After-Shave Club, as sketched by fellow-member Constantin Alajalov.

BURGESS MEREDITH

*Invites
you to join*

**ONE OF THE WORLD'S
FOREMOST CLUBS**



Take Burgess Meredith up on his invitation to join the Aqua Velva After-Shave Club. Aqua Velva is a bright exclamation point at the end of your shave. Its exhilarating briskness gives you a healthier glow . . . its scent is clean and fresh. It's good before and after electric shaving, too. Get Aqua Velva today—and join the distinguished members of the Club.

A FEW OF THE MEMBERS

Wilfred Pelletier John Erskine Norman Rockwell
 Major George Fielding Eliot Sir C. Aubrey Smith



Twice-welcome gift

This handsome table model 68R3 tunes in *both standard and FM radio* with the richness of the famous "Golden Throat" tone system. The smoothly simple classic-modern cabinet is finished in finest, selected walnut veneers. There are built-in antennas for both FM and AM, automatic volume and 3-point tone control, even a place to plug in a record player! It's up to the minute in styling and performance!

Tune in Robert Merrill, singing "Music America Loves Best" . . . Sundays, 2 PM, EST, on NBC.

ONLY RCA VICTOR MAKES THE VICTROLA

"Victrola"—T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



Just whisk on a disc

This compact little phonograph, model 63E, plays either 10" or 12" records. Has the "Silent Sapphire" pickup—no needles to change! It's lightweight, easy to carry, with plenty of volume for dancing, fine tone for your more serious, "symphony moods." And—it's the least expensive electrical phonograph that boasts the famous RCA Victor trade mark . . . "Victrola."

Christmas Merry Makers

for many Happy New Years!



The "Golden Throat" RCA Victor's exclusive 3-Way Acoustical System recently made radio history in dramatic tests of tonal fidelity—the "Golden Throat" Demonstration. Read about it in an illustrated booklet, free, at your RCA Victor dealer's.

Gay as a holly berry

This tiny table set points to many bright listening hours. It's the 75X11, only 10 inches long with top and enclosed back of smooth walnut-plastic. The novel, clear-plastic dial-face and pointer glow when the set is on, make station selection easy. Big 5-inch speaker brings you standard radio programs with the clear, true tone of the famous "Golden Throat." See also the 75X12 in dainty, ivory-finish plastic.



RCA VICTOR
DIVISION OF RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA





FOR PLEASANT MOMENTS— Can you tie this?

*Here's the height of hospitality and the peak of good whiskey taste . . .
your Perfectly Marvelous meeting molded to the mellowness of PM!*

*Just offer a charming toast, proffer a gift of gardenias,
and thou'lt be a Prince, Man! (Can you tie that?)*



IF IT ISN'T

PM

IT ISN'T AN EVENING

National Distillers Products Corporation, New York, New York
Blended Whiskey. 86 Proof. 70% Grain Neutral Spirits.



ONE WHEEL OF HIS MIDGET RACER JUMPS A FOOT ABOVE THE TRACK AS BOB DISBROW SKIDS AROUND A TURN AT 40 MPH AND PREPARES TO ACCELERATE TO 70

MIDGET RACERS

**Reckless drivers in their tiny cars
now draw 30 million fans a year**

The poker-faced man in the picture above is one of the 3,500 drivers in the U.S. who like to spend a few evenings a week splitting their ear drums, befouling their clothes and risking their lives in midget automobiles. Their sport is midget-auto racing, a spectacular performance which attracts 30 million fans a year and has recently acquired an indoor variation.

Midget-car racing may not be the smelliest indoor sport, since blowing systems sweep the fumes

out of the arenas. But it is certainly the noisiest. Yet two evenings each week some 7,000 people swarm into New York City's Kingsbridge Armory, where these photographs were taken, to watch and hear the tiny cars roar down the track, squeal around curves and thump into each other (*next page*). The reason, of course, is a morbid streak in the sports public. Practically all U.S. midget drivers have been injured at least once, and 41 men have been killed in their little cars this year alone.



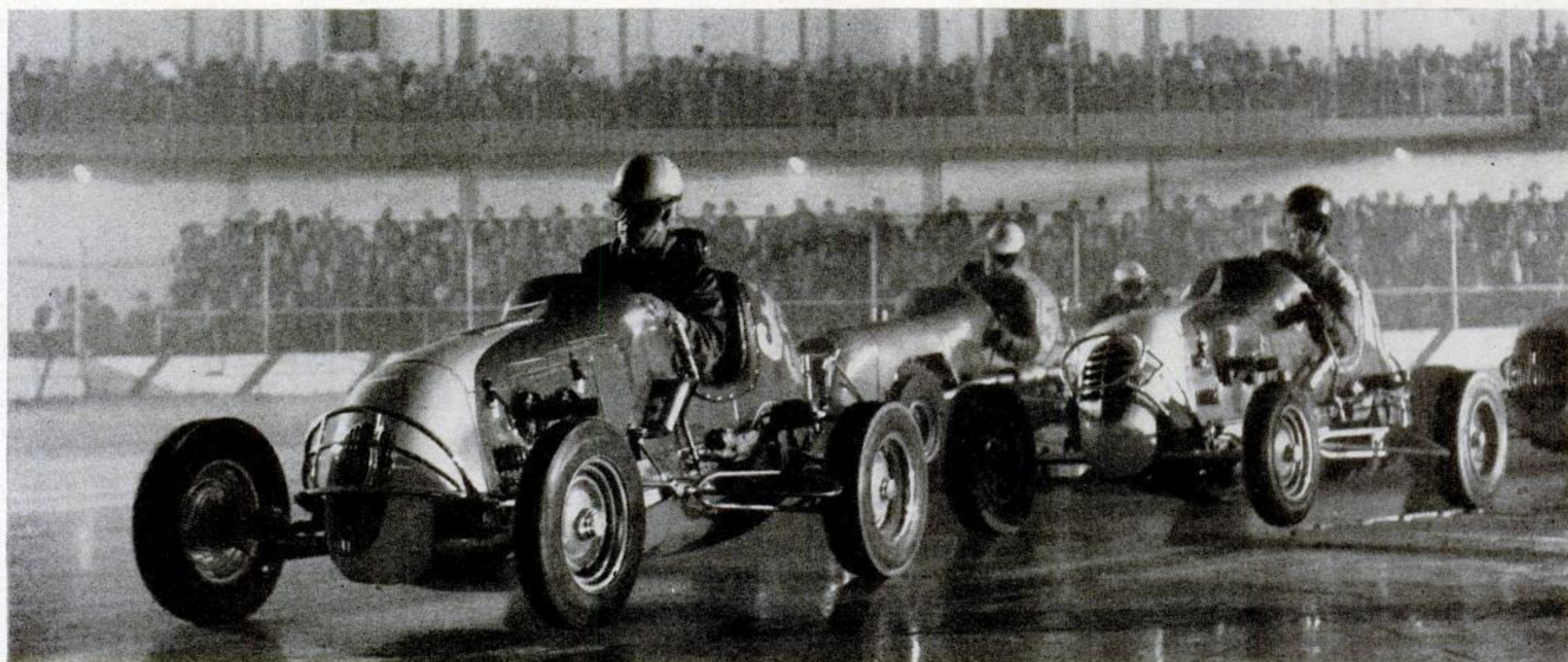
THE ARMORY is filled with noise and glare. In the background drivers are lined up for a start. There are eight races on each program, including a long one of 25 laps (5

miles). Total prizes amount to \$1,250 nightly, of which the car owners usually take 60%, the drivers the remainder. A good driver makes approximately \$5,500 a year.



MASS COLLISION piles up five cars on the unbanked turn and stops the race as two cars (background) scoot safely around the wreck. Thanks to skillful driving, nobody

was injured. Pit attendants untangle the cars, and drivers and crews are allowed five minutes to make their emergency repairs and get back on the track for a second start.



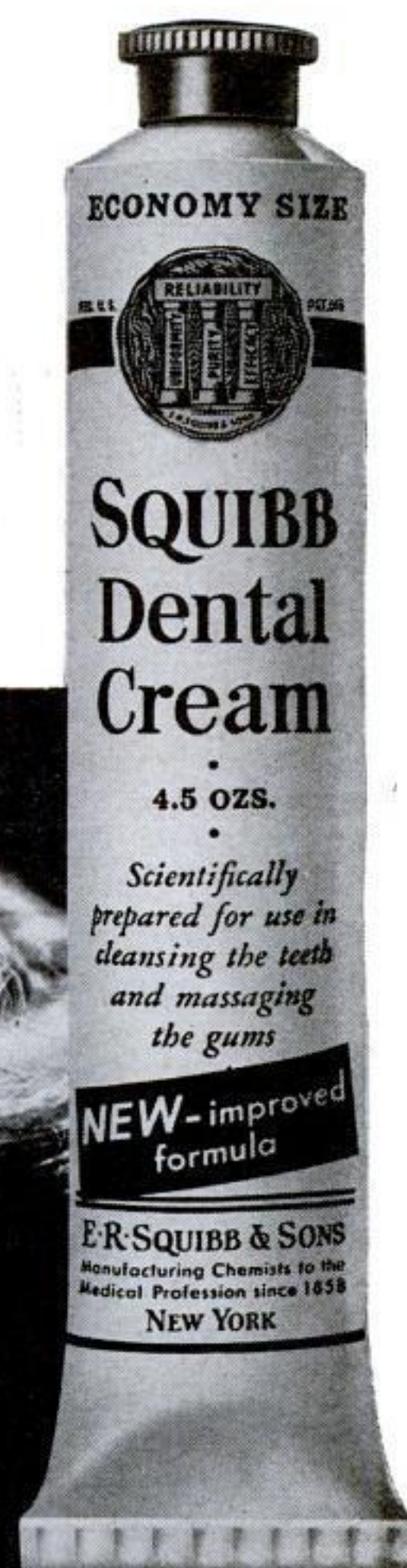
HUGGING THE INSIDE, three midget drivers slide around a turn. This is where races are won and lost. Approaching a turn, drivers apply brakes, then attempt to pass

on the inside by picking up speed faster than their rivals. Concrete surface of track is highly polished, has a thick coating of gray enamel which reflects the armory lights.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 58](#)

NEW IMPROVED

SQUIBB DENTAL CREAM



action keeps on longer after brushing

Tonight unwrap a tube of the new improved Squibb Dental Cream. Feel a new experience in longer mouth refreshment. Notice how it stays with your brush. Feel how its refreshing action stays longer on the job. It's alkaline. Natural, not synthetic, oils give the flavor. Stays soft in the tube, won't harden, even with the cap off. Make a note to try the new improved Squibb Dental Cream today.

it's alkaline

For Santa the Best Is None Too Good!



I WHEEDED Jim into playing Santa at young Jim's party . . . and believe me, a couple of hours of that howling mob of uninhibited four-year-olds would wear *anybody* down!



SO I START TO fix him some Borden's Instant Coffee. "Aw, baby," Jim says, "What are you *giving* me?" "Coffee," I say, "All coffee . . . not a mixture. And no pot, no grounds, and mmm . . . such flavor!"



"DONNER AND BLITZEN, it's Christmas," he pleads. "Please, honey, make me a cup of old-fashioned ground coffee." He sighed straight from his shoes and went to collapse on the living room couch.



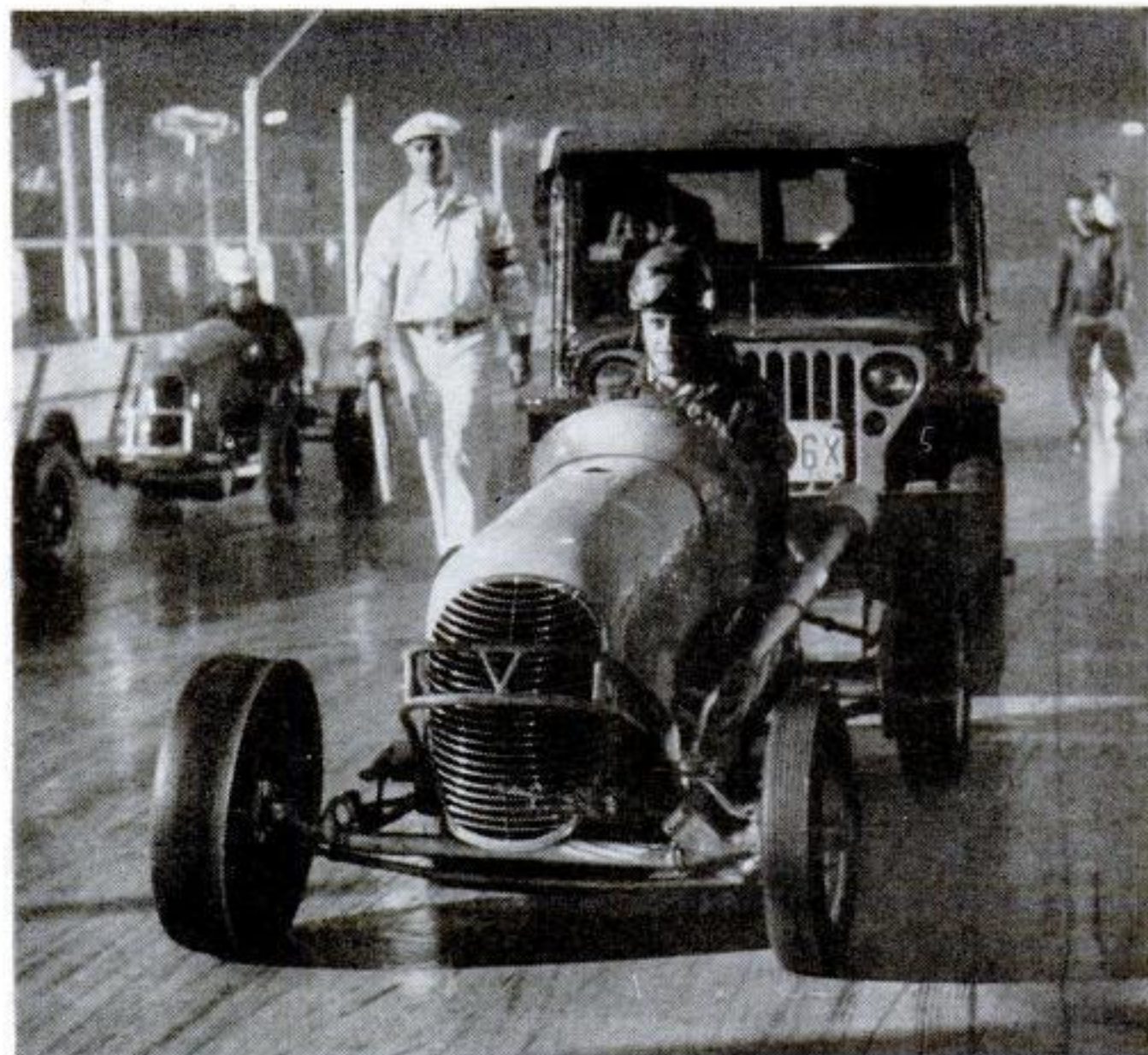
QUICK LIKE A FLASH I made him a cup of Borden's. I took it in to him, and watched for the expression I knew was coming. Sure 'nuff, he beamed from ear to ear. "Aaaah! This is *real* coffee!" "Yes, dear," I said, "It's Borden's." He grinned and said, "Well, Mrs. Smartypants, you put one over on me, and darned if I don't *like* it! I thought I knew all about instant coffee . . . but I didn't know Borden's."

Money back if BORDEN'S doesn't beat your favorite coffee!*

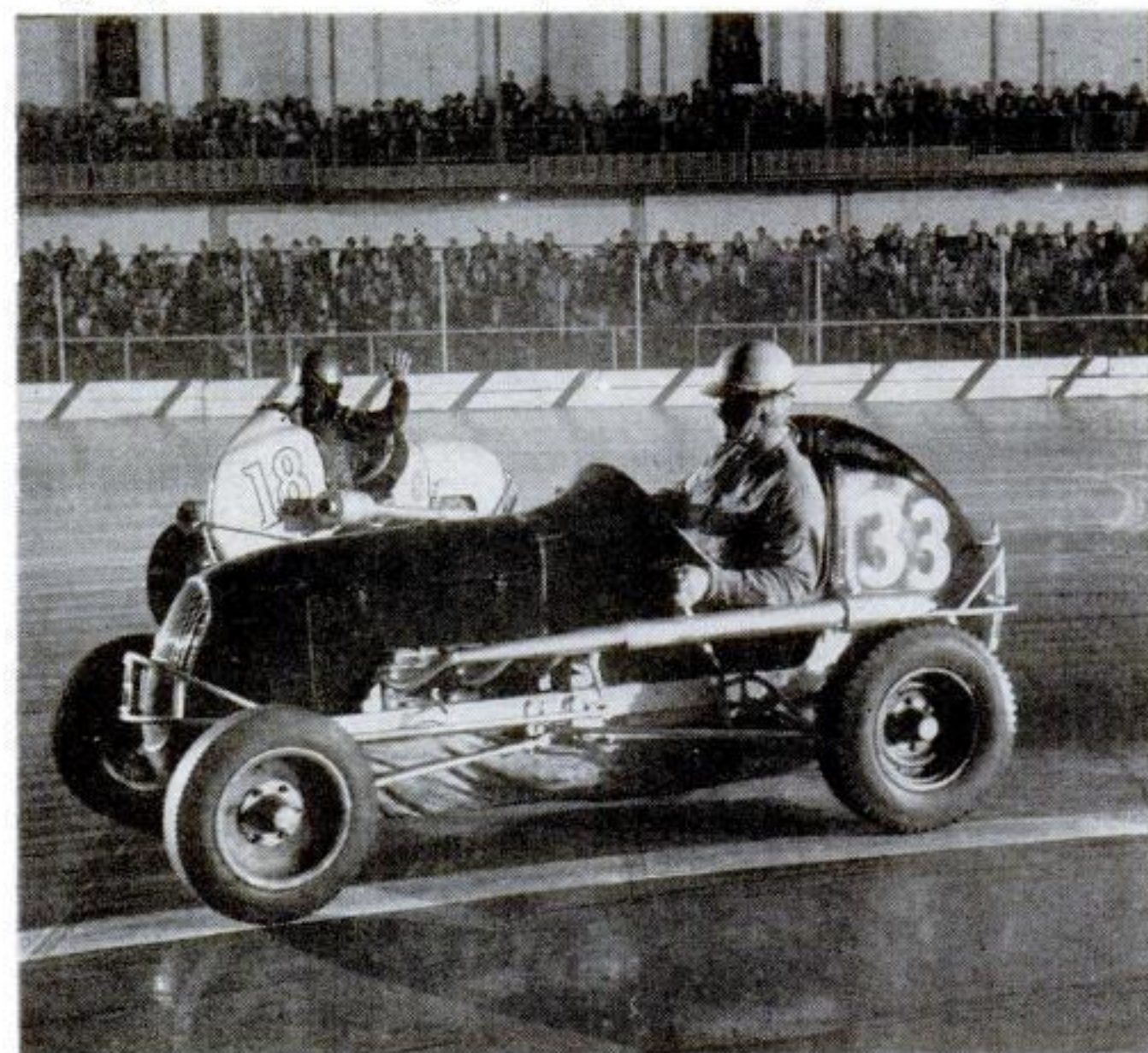
AMERICA'S FASTEST SELLING PURE INSTANT COFFEE

* Use at least half a jar of Borden's. Then, if you don't agree it tastes better than any coffee you ever used, send us the jar with the unused contents, and we'll refund your money. The Borden Co., 350 Madison Ave., N. Y. 17, N. Y.

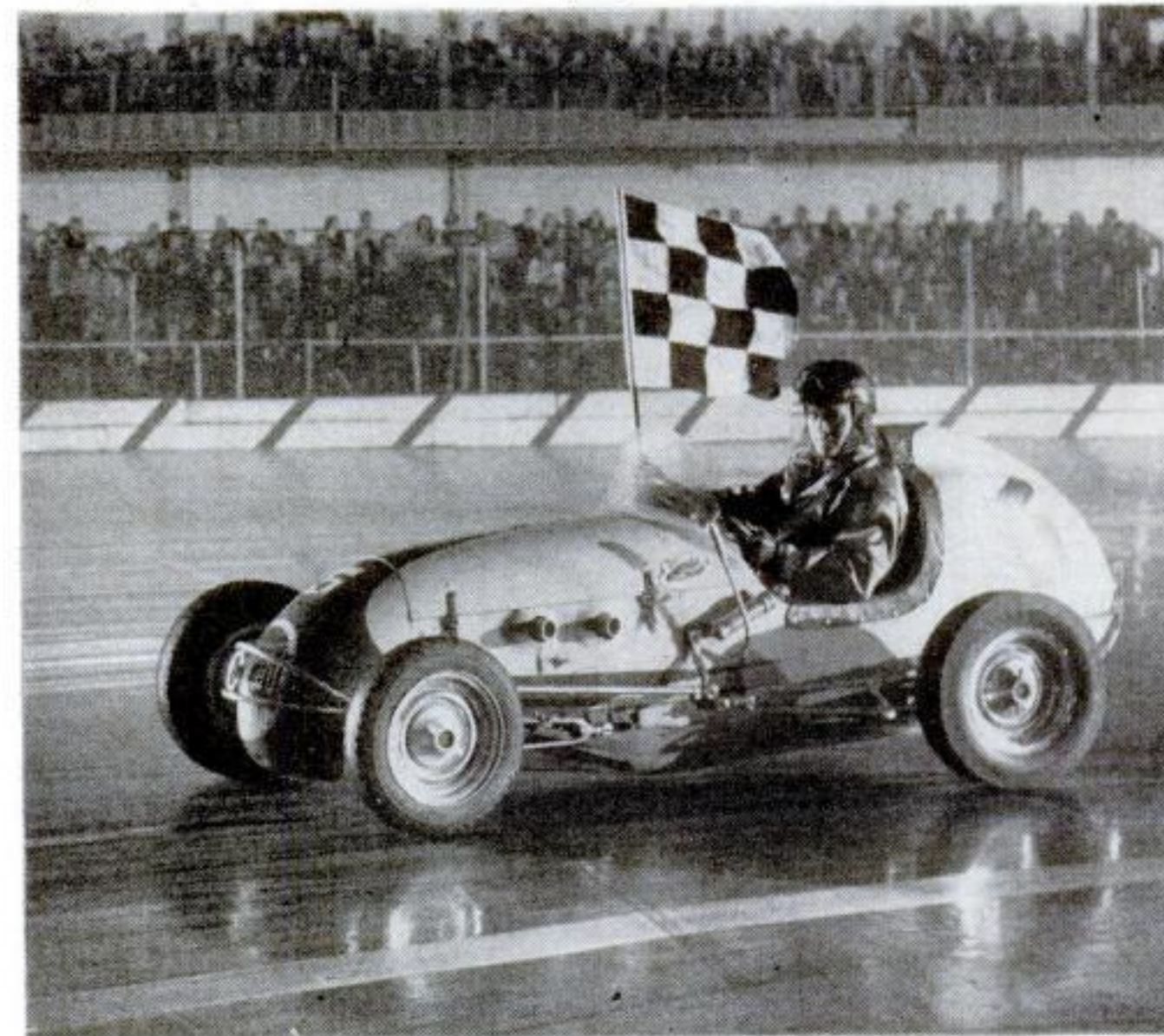
Midget Races CONTINUED



JEEP STARTS CAR by pushing it. Cars never have self-starting equipment. They weigh from 800 to 850 pounds, are 40 inches off ground at highest point.



DISTRESS SIGNAL is given by Russ Klar (background), raising hand as car spins. Drivers will be ordered not to pass one another until track is cleared.

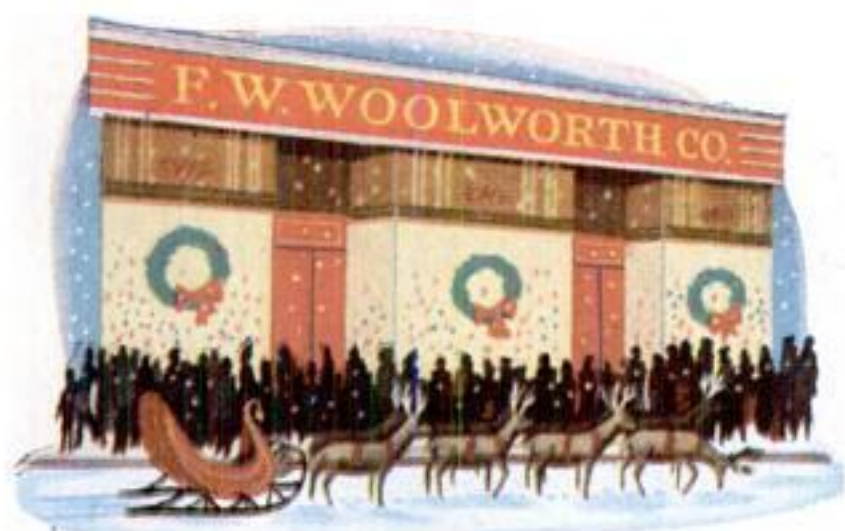


THE WINNER circles track with checkered flag after finishing a race. He is Ted Tappett, the armory's leading midget racer, who holds the track record.

WOOLWORTH'S

is where Santa goes for

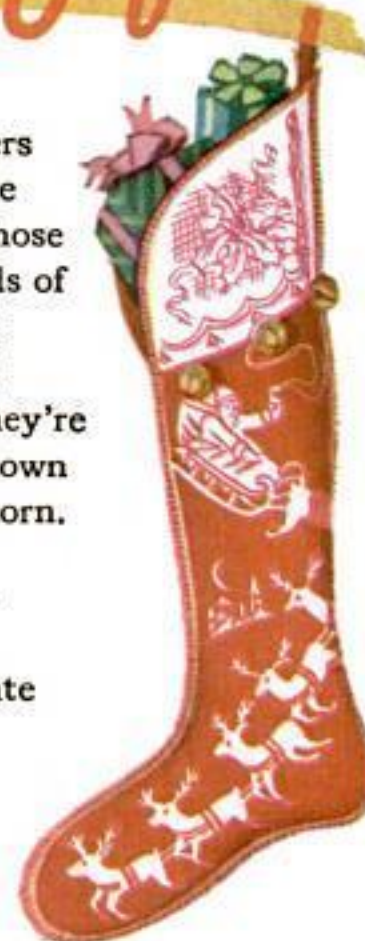
stocking gifts



For 68 years Woolworth's has been headquarters for stocking gifts—*personal* things he and she will use with pleasure every day, such as those displayed on this page . . . You'll find hundreds of these usable, welcome little gifts at your nearest Woolworth Store. Conveniently displayed and easy to select even at the very last minute, they're on our counters now, waiting to add their own friendly good cheer to his and her Christmas morn.

F. W. WOOLWORTH CO.
AMERICA'S CHRISTMAS STORE

In every principal city . . . in every state



BLUE-BIRD POWDER PUFFS—Luxurious deep velour pile, dainty pastel shades . . . Packaged in an attractive transparent box holding three-inch, ribboned puffs, 3 for 25¢



HINDS CREAM—3 oz. Beauty Bottle of Hinds Honey and Almond Fragrance Cream . . . makes her hands feel softer, smoother, instantly . . . enriched with lanolin, it will soothe, lubricate her lovely skin. 25¢*



VICTORIA-VOGUE COSMETIC BAG with gift card—Lovely Celanese moire taffeta bag, 7" x 4 3/4", with zipper top, peach lining . . . holds cosmetics, cigarettes, purse . . . smart shades of black, navy, red. 50¢



RONNI GARDENIA PERFUME—Captivating fragrance to set the scene for romance, gain her affection, capture her thanks. Also exquisite Lilac, delicate Lily of the Valley, exotic Rare Orchid; 1/4 oz. each. 10¢*



GILLETTE BLUE BLADES—He'll look, feel, be sharp . . . get slick, quick shaves with these double-edge Gillette Blue Blades . . . more smooth shaves per blade. Package of 5 for 25¢



FAWN POWDER JAR—Lovely reproduction in fire-polished glass . . . a decorative powder or candy jar, 5 3/4" tall, holding a drum of Lander's luxuriously fine, triple-sifted body dusting powder. 29¢*



PERFUME ATOMIZER—Of glass and gold-toned aluminum, this modern, streamlined 1 oz. perfume atomizer makes a lovely, useful dressing table ornament . . . and will please her all year 'round. 59¢



MAYBELLINE MASCARA—Her eyes will light up with pleasure when she sees this smartly styled package of her favorite . . . Maybelline Mascara. In solid or cream form. Shades . . . black, brown, blue. 25¢*



FLAME-GLO LIPSTICK—She'll thrill to the bright excitement of her favorite shade of keep-kissable Flame-Glo Lipstick . . . in a smart metal gold-tone case festively banded with red. 25¢*



PACQUIN'S HAND CREAM—Snowy-white, flower-fragrant hand cream to smooth her hands . . . shielding and guarding them against work and weather . . . generous jar in Christmas box. 47¢*



DRENE SHAMPOO—New, improved—with hair-conditioning action . . . favorite of Hollywood stars, will add sparkling highlights to her holiday coiffure . . . make you her favorite, too. 3 oz. bottle. 49¢



SITROUX TISSUES—Anyone will find lots of practical uses for this handy gift . . . Dainty Vanity Box of 440 soft, strong 2-ply tissues to use for hankies, cleansing and dozens of ways. 34¢

© 1947, F. W. Woolworth Co.

* plus tax



Seagram's Seven Crown

Blended Whiskey, 86.8 Proof, 65% Grain Neutral Spirits.

Seagram-Distillers Corporation, New York

"Only the finest is fine enough for



*Christmas...give **Seagram's** and be **Sure** of the finest"*

*"Don't do it, Santa—
we've got GOOD NEWS!"*



That tower of "A" cards by Santa is from men who want Arrow Shirts for Christmas!

And good Claus had *despaired* of filling orders when we rushed in—bearing more Arrow Shirts than we've had in *years*! So: If you want any particular Arrow Shirt or Shirts for Christmas—with any particular Collar styles—drop a hint to the family! \$3.25 up.

Yes, more Arrow Shirts are becoming available *daily*. Ditto ARROW Ties, Handkerchiefs, Sports Shirts, and Shorts.

P. S. All Arrow Shirts have THE Arrow Collar; THE Mitoga trade-mark to insure a "body-tapered" fit, and THE Sanforized label ("fabric can't shrink more than 1%").

Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.



Look for the
Arrow Trade-mark

ARROW SHIRTS

P. S. "Merry Christmas,
men!"



AT NEW YORK'S COLONY BAR A YOUNG LADY DISPLAYS TWO PETTICOATS—TAFFETA AND ORGANDY—BENEATH A CEIL CHAPMAN DRESS



PETTICOATS

WOMEN REVERT TO AN OLD DEVICE TO GIVE A RUSTLE AND SWIRL TO NEW CLOTHES

Petticoats are back. Already fashionable women on both coasts are wearing as many as two and three at a time to help accentuate the season's narrowed waist and ballooning skirt. Smart designers who up to now have occupied themselves only with dresses and suits are being forced into the petticoat business, a conversion which requires something less than brute force since the new petticoats sell at from \$6 to \$50 apiece and in time their customers may find that they need a wardrobe of six or eight.

The renaissance of the petticoat has followed logically the advent of the longer skirt. Since the amount of femininity on public display has been somewhat lessened, a rustling petticoat is calculated by some of its purchasers to

compensate the male through the substitution of fancy fringes of lace and an intriguing sound.

Big stores are showing petticoats with most of their newest dresses as a natural and essential accessory. Taffeta has proved especially popular since, being a stiff material, it provides a high amount of both rustle and bustle. Organdy, starched or quilted cotton and batiste are also in strong demand. Some new petticoats are so handsome and so finely made that they can be and are worn as skirts for day or evening wear. Fashion proponents point out one other merit of the new attire, although somewhat shamefacedly. The chic new petticoat has one sturdy, old-fashioned quality: it helps keep its wearer warm.



THREE PETTICOATS create great fullness and rustle. Outer one, by Claire McCardell, is quilted and can be a separate skirt. Below it is a cotton one, below that a checked gingham.



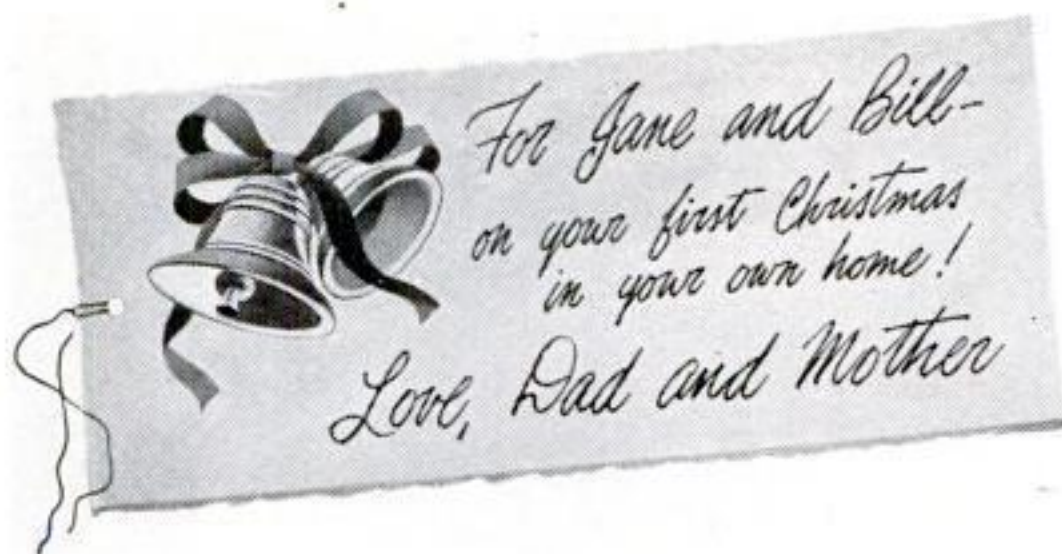
WHITE ORGANDY petticoat by Eye-Ful has border of matching organdy with green dots, is intended to be glimpsed under the skirt. Cost: about \$9.



BLACK TAFFETA petticoat by Eye-Ful (about \$15) has a white cotton ruffle with eyelets. The bra worn above it is extended and boned to the waist.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 66](#)

Merry Cleaning to All!



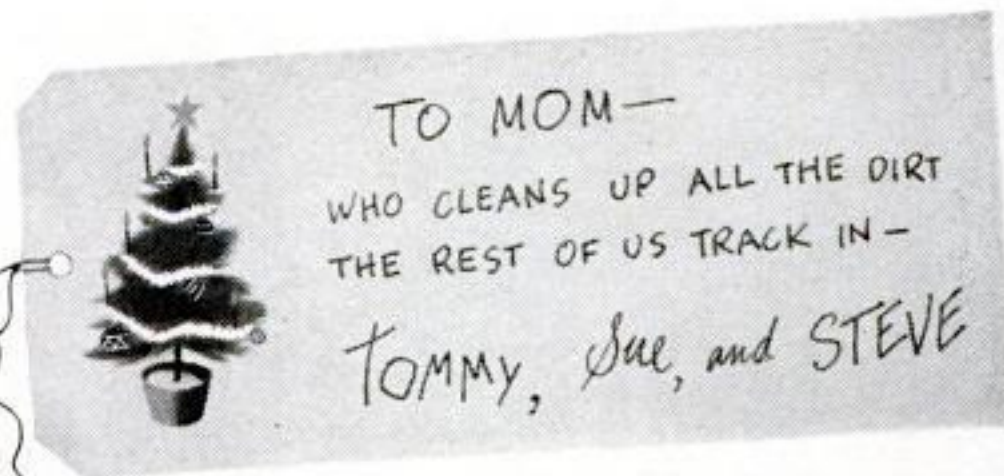
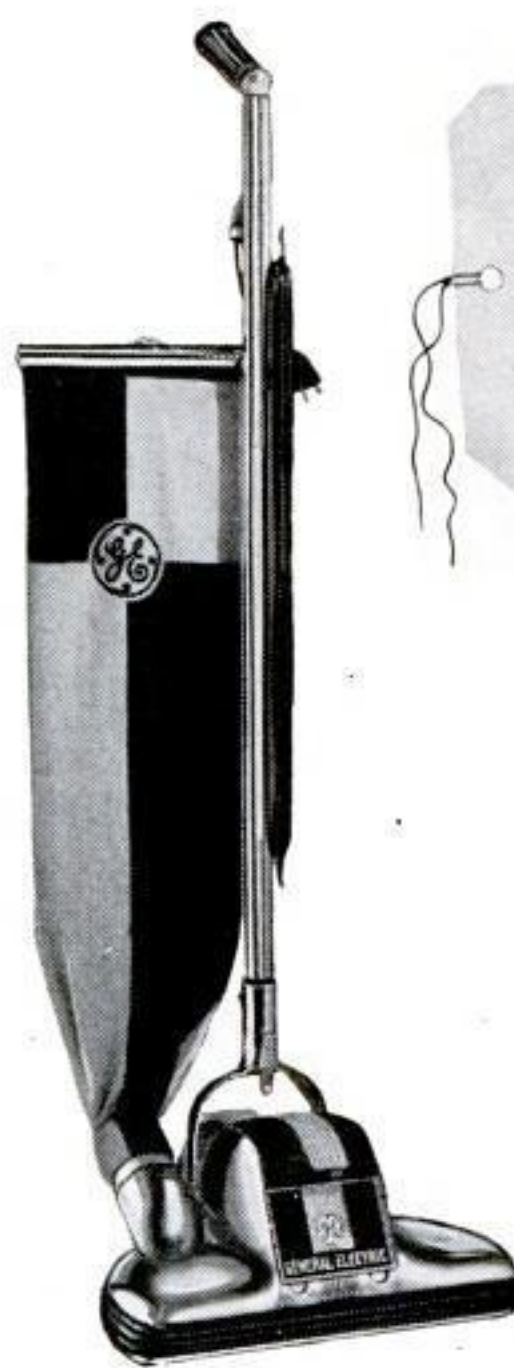
For De Luxe Cleaning Ease—a De Luxe General Electric!

So lightweight—so easy to carry! A smooth-gliding beauty that almost runs by itself.

And oh, what superb cleaning power! Fully tufted brush coaxes out stubborn dirt quickly, gently.

Two-speed motor gives extra convenience—low for scatter rugs, light, daily pickups; high for thorough weekly cleaning. Exclusive toe-tip control adjusts nozzle to individual rug pile.

A value beyond compare—at \$74.95!



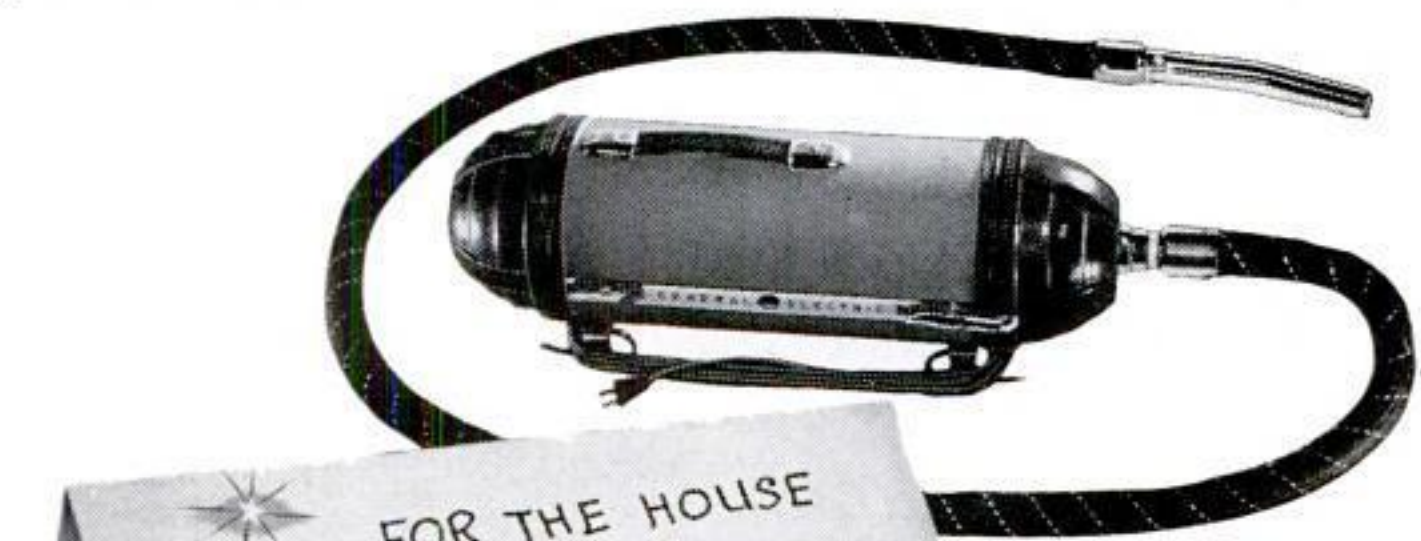
Handsome, Streamlined Machine—with powerful single-speed motor.

Has practically all De Luxe features except high-speed, low-speed control.

- Fully tufted brush—gets all the lint and grit
- Accordion-top bag—so easy to empty
- Spotlight to search out dust
- King-size bumper
- Handle that can be lowered for low-furniture clearance

So many conveniences! Plus the proved dependability only General Electric can offer!

All for \$64.95!

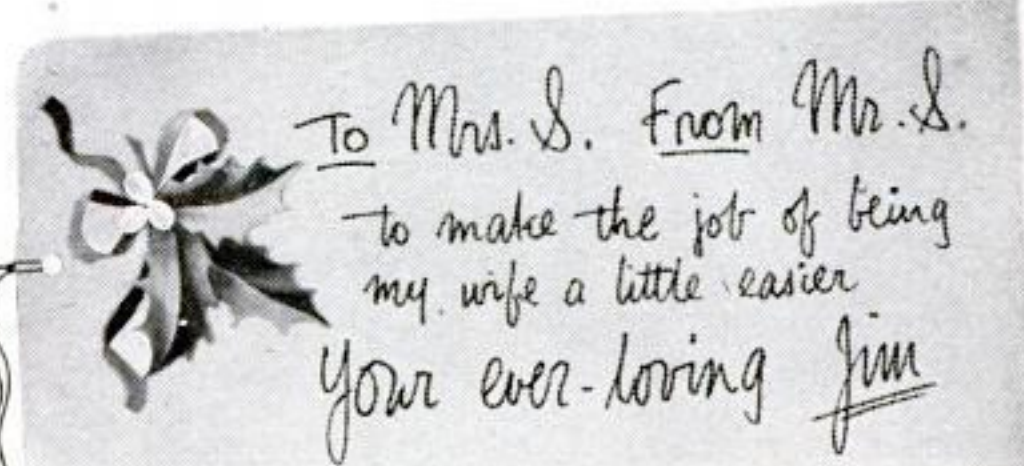


General Electric "Airflo"—new tank-type model for faster cleaning, easier cleaning, all around the house!

Nine work-saving attachments fit on featherweight cleaning tube. Reach everything from lint under the sofa to dust along the molding.

Cleans rugs, upholstery, draperies, floors, walls—dusts books, radiators, lamp shades, Venetian blinds—sprays liquid wax, insecticides, light lacquers—even mothproofs closets!

Complete house-cleaning unit—\$74.95!



Sturdy, Economical, Dependable—a low-priced wonder with many high-priced features!

- Modern styling—lightweight construction
- Newly designed rotating brush—lures in dirt the first time over
- General Electric motor—never needs oiling
- Dustproof bag with special napped lining—dirt trap to eliminate spillage

A wonder buy at \$54.95!

Your General Electric Retailer has all these models now. He'll be glad to demonstrate them—let you try them for yourself. You'll find his name in the Classified Directory under "Vacuum Cleaners." General Electric Company, Bridgeport 2, Conn.

Prices subject to change without notice.



VACUUM CLEANERS

Approved by Underwriters' Laboratories, Inc.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

NO NEED TO MISS

Winter fun

Yes . . . you can keep your feet warm and dry this winter, and step out in flattering style and cozy comfort! Wear famous Ball-Band rubber footwear. Your feet will be smartly protected to outsmart the weather. You'll guard your health, save your shoes and hose . . . and have more winter fun! Why not, today, have all the family fitted at the store that displays the Red Ball trade-mark.

**Rubber-Fabric
Woolen Footwear**



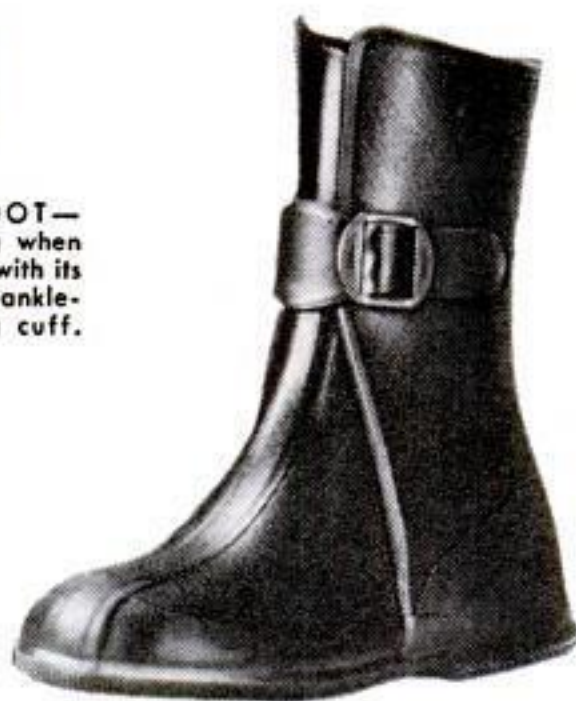
REG. U.S.
PAT. OFF. 1901



SHEBOYGAN BOOT—Zero means nothing when you wear this boot with its warm lining and ankle-hugging shearling cuff. Brown or black.



MEN'S BLACK SLIDE FASTENER—Light, flexible, comfortable, good looking . . . 10" high . . . worn inside or outside trousers.



BEVERLY GAITER—Warmly lined . . . waterproof to the top . . . easy for young hands to put on and take off.

Look for the Red Ball trade-mark
in the store
and on the sole of the shoe



Ball-Band

MISHAWAKA RUBBER & WOOLEN MFG. CO., Mishawaka, Indiana

Petticoats CONTINUED



STOCKROOM of a Seventh Avenue dress manufacturer in New York is currently filled with some 600 petticoats which will presently be sold with dresses.



IN DRESSING ROOM at Adele Simpson's showrooms models have to put on two petticoats before donning the new designs they model for spring buyers.



Hospitality in your refrigerator

Christmas time is hospitality time. For refrigerator for visitors, for your family, friendly visits and unexpected guests, *the* and for yourself.

pause that refreshes with ice-cold Coca-Cola

provides a gracious welcome. There's more

Coke now, so keep an ample supply in your

* * *



Listen to *The Pause That Refreshes On The Air* with the Songs of Ginny Simms and the Music of Percy Faith and his Orchestra... Sundays 6:30 P.M. EST Columbia Network.



COPYRIGHT 1947, THE COCA-COLA COMPANY

Let Birds Eye do most of the work over the Holidays!

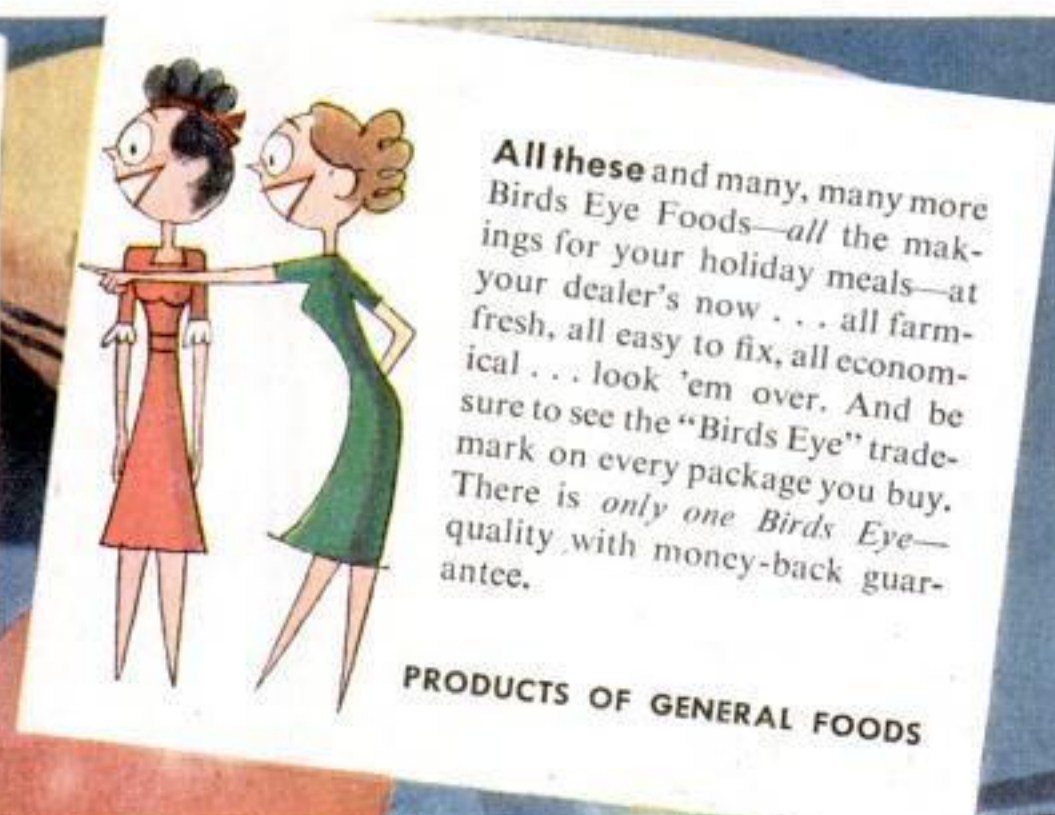


Birds Eye Pumpkin Pie Mix

No cleaning, cutting, peeling, with Birds Eye Pumpkin Pie Mix.

It's a smooth blend of sunny-flavored, *cooked* pumpkin and sugar and fragrant spices.

YOU simply add milk and eggs, and get the grandest filling you ever poured into a pie shell! Easy directions on the box for baking.



Sweet and Tender Birds Eye Peas

All shelled, washed, ready to cook. And every last pea *perfect*; its sweet, dawn-fresh flavor protected by quick-freezing right to your table!



Gay and Flavorful Birds Eye Mixed Vegetables

All in one box—five garden-fresh vegetables—all cleaned, cut up, mixed, ready to pop in the pot! Green beans with snap... sweet, sweet peas... delicate, green Limas... tender carrots... corn that's bursting with milky goodness.



Ready-to-heat Birds Eye Squash

No cutting, no scooping, *no mess*. Just heat and eat the wonderfully smooth purée of tender, succulent Birds Eye Squash. You'll love its farm-fresh flavor!



IN RINGING POSITION, MRS. ARTHUR SHURCLIFF HOISTS A TINY, SOUVENIR BELL TO CONTRAST WITH BIG, LOW E BELL FROM 2½-OCTAVE SET OF ENGLISH HAND BELLS

BELL RINGERS

Every Christmas Eve Boston hears some highly specialized tinkling

Among the most contented and least-known music lovers in America are tiny amateur groups which regularly practice the fantastically complicated old English art of hand-bell ringing. Most of them (more than 100) now belong to an organization called the New England Guild of Hand Bell Ringers whose members hold an annual convention every winter and happily ply their art the rest of the year at home (*next page*). Head of the tinkling company is a Bostonian named Mrs. Arthur

Shurcliff (*above*), whose most notable bell-ringing exploit occurred in 1902 when she became the first American to ring a full peal of changes (a three-hour ordeal) on English church bells. But change ringing, rarely practiced in the U.S., is as tuneless as it is loud. When Boston objected to this sort of thing in local churches, Mrs. Shurcliff turned to quieter hand bells. This Christmas Eve, as usual, she and her Beacon Hill bell-ringing friends plan to bundle up and go out and serenade the neighbors.

*Looking
for
something?*



Use the
YELLOW PAGES
of your
Telephone Directory



CAMBRIDGE SURPRISE

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A black and white photograph of four people standing on the steps of a brick house at night. From left to right: a woman in a dark coat and hat holding two mugs; a woman in a dark coat and hat holding two mugs; a woman in a patterned coat and headscarf holding two mugs; and a man in a dark coat and hat holding two mugs. The house has a brick facade, a large arched doorway, and a window with a metal grille. The number '66' is visible on the wall above the steps.

ON A WINTER NIGHT Mrs. Shurcliff and her little band of bell ringers solemnly serenade their Beacon Hill neighbors. On Christmas Eve they perform in doorways to avoid the crowds which traditionally parade the streets.



Famous Queens

BY FAMOUS MASTERS
ANNE BOLEYN

Engraved by H. T. Ryall
from the original of Holbein

HIGHLAND 86.8 PROOF

"The royal name
in Scotch"

QUEEN

Blended Scotch Whisky

IMPORTED BY
McKESSON & ROBBINS, INC., NEW YORK

**what
is
the
perfect
Christmas
present
for**



The answer, of course, is **LIFE** . . . and you may use the order form bound into this issue to give a year of **LIFE** to Mother and the rest of the family, too, at Special Christmas rates.

The Only Razor

EVER CREATED TO MAKE
LEGS LOOK MORE BEAUTIFUL!

Never before a razor like this! One glimpse at Eversharp's new Fashion Razor—and all ordinary razors appear old-fashioned! It's the quickest aid to that well-groomed look since the invention of lipstick!

... It's the first and only woman's razor ever designed at just the right angle to slick away unwanted hair on legs and underarms—even if you **don't** use cream or lather. No scraping. no roughened skin. **Positively does not promote hair growth or coarseness!** Leaves skin cleaner, smoother, sleeker than you ever thought possible.

... The only one with Automatic Blade Changer*. You can't nick your fingers. No blade handling. Nothing to unwrap! So easy to clean!

The only razor smart enough for your dressing table! Get your Fashion Razor today... for yourself, for gifts!

*CLICK, CLICK! A push, a pull changes blades. The only woman's razor in the world with Automatic Blade Changer!



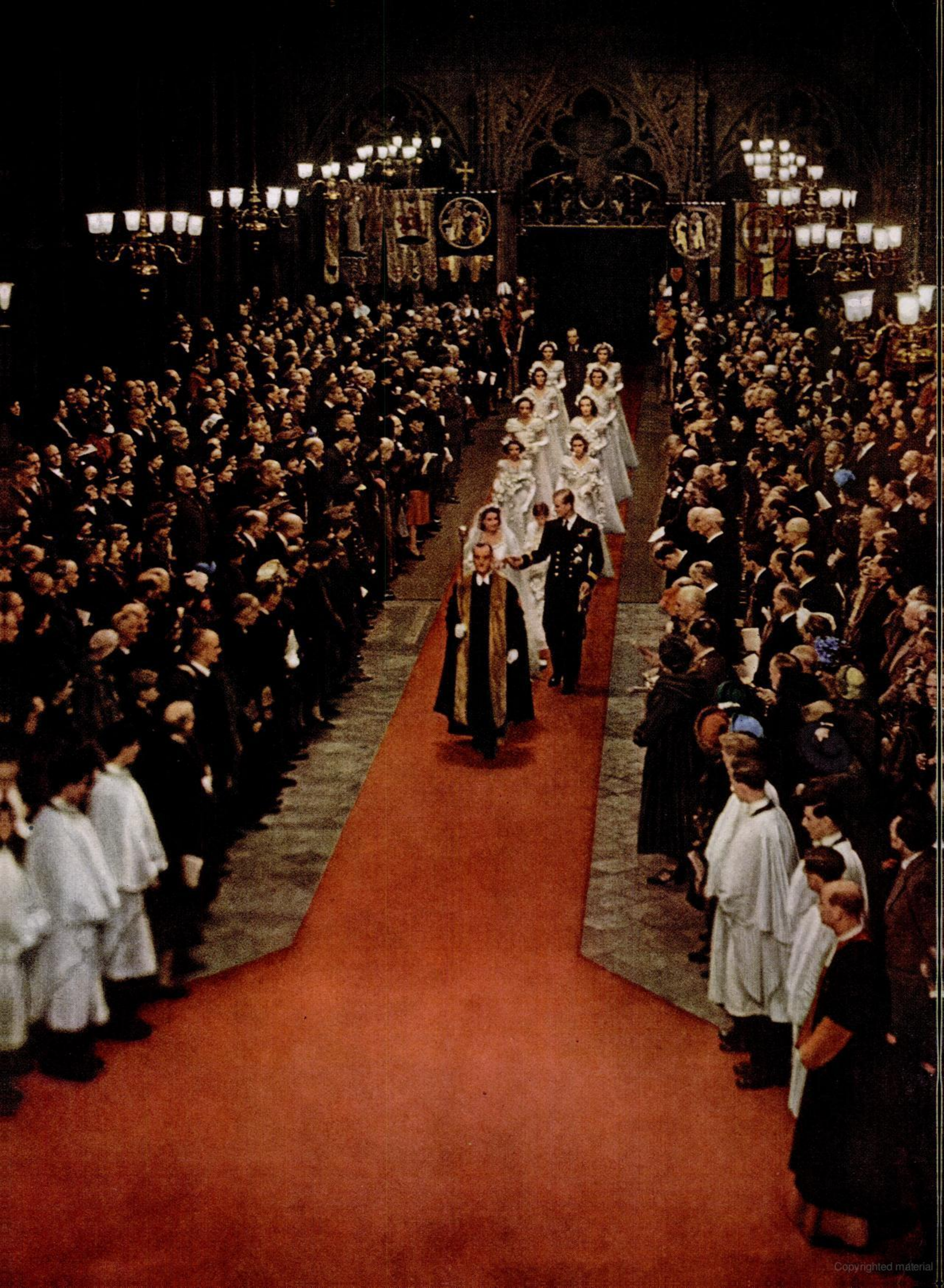
Only \$3.95, with 10 blades.

P. S. LEGITIMATE LARCENY! It's smart to snatch your husband's Eversharp-Schick Injector blades for your Fashion Razor!



Ballerina-length Evening Costume by Hattie Carnegie

new... dazzling
Fashion Razor
BY **EVERSHARP** SCHICK



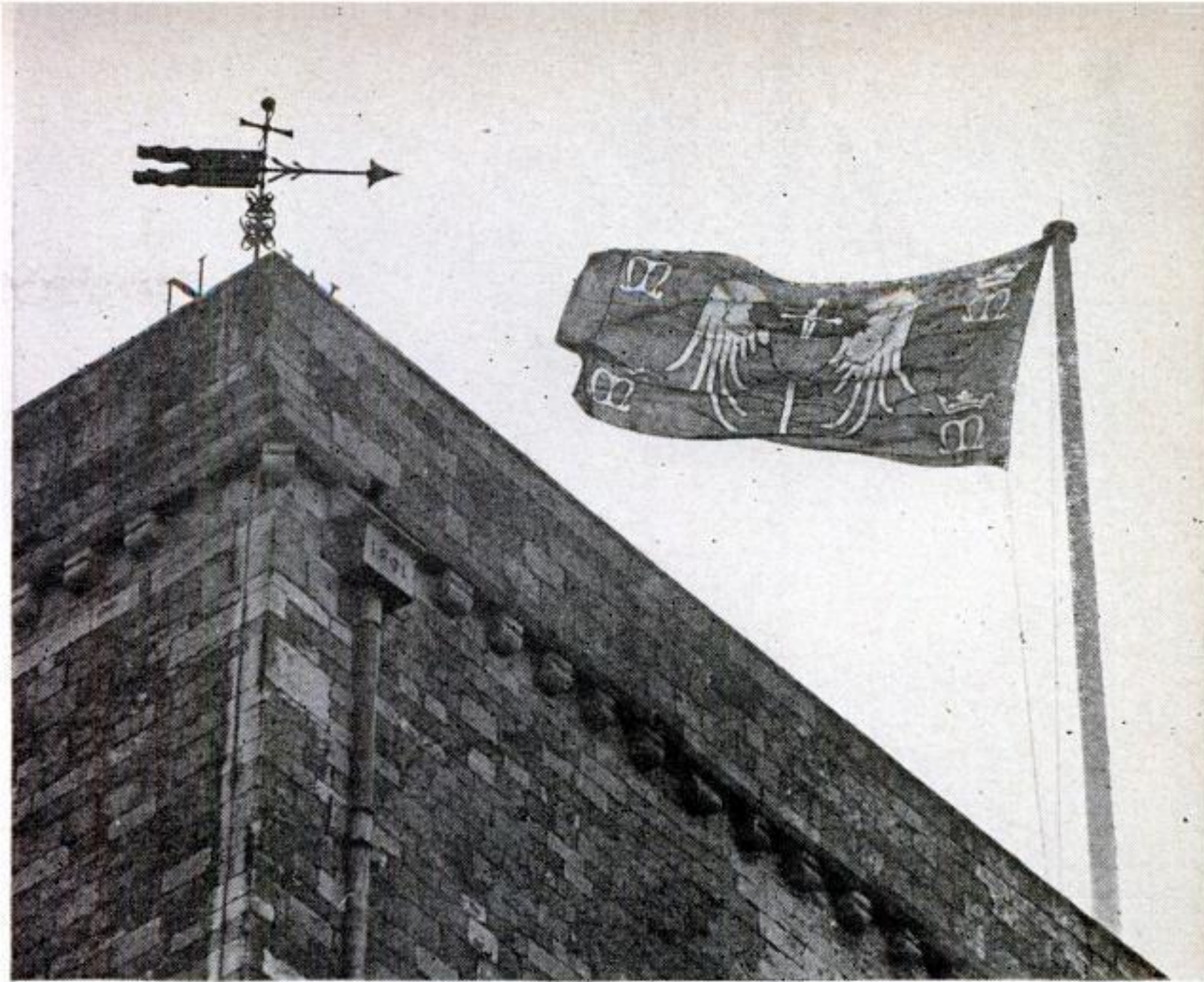
ROYAL HONEYMOON

After wedding pomp, the lovers are alone at last

The wedding of Princess Elizabeth and Prince Philip had been royalty's best show for the British people since the coronation. Unfortunately for the royal lovers, however, the show did not end with the procession of the bridal party out of Westminster Abbey after the ceremony (*opposite*). At Broadlands in Hampshire, their first honeymoon retreat, "Lilibet" and Philip found themselves besieged.

Before their arrival reporters swarmed among the servants and wrote descriptions of their bedchamber. Then photographers pictured them hiking, riding and playing with Crackers, Elizabeth's Welsh Corgi (*below*). When they visited the ancient abbey church, 10,000 curious and adoring subjects trampled over the old tombstones (*next page*).

After a wild week of this sort of thing the royal couple fled to Birkhall, an 18th Century house in Scotland and issued a brief statement thanking "the millions who gave us this unforgettable send-off in our married life." The British people finally took the hint. Elizabeth and Philip were alone at last.



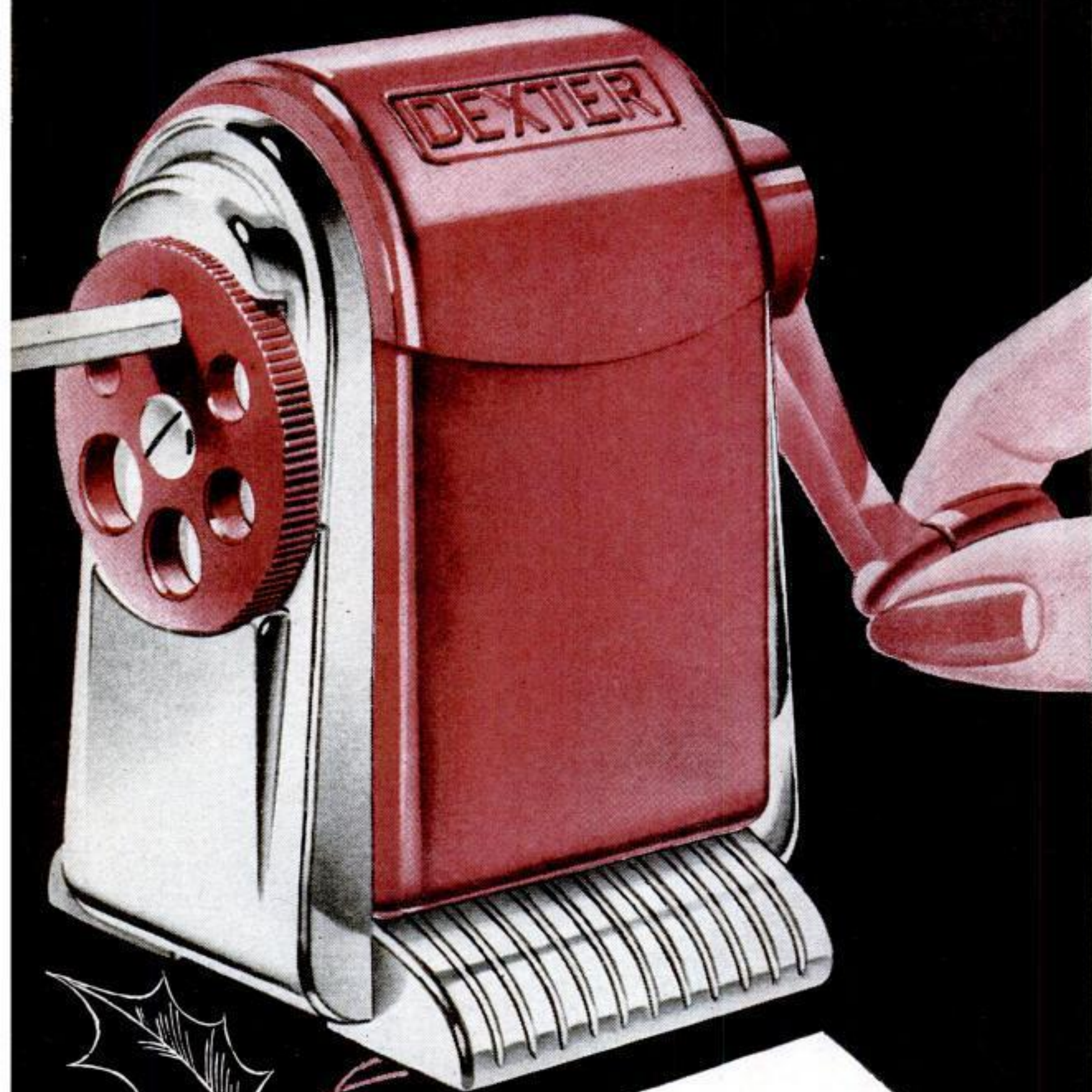
STANDARD WITH PIERCED HEART SIGNALS COUPLE'S VISIT TO ROMSEY ABBEY



← **IN SPECTACULAR DEPARTURE** from the Sanctuary of Westminster Abbey after the wedding ceremony, Elizabeth and Philip walk hand-in-hand down the aisle, followed by the pages, bridesmaids and the best man, the Marquess of Milford Haven.

FUN AT BROADLANDS with Elizabeth's pet dog was one of the couple's honeymoon diversions. They also hiked over part of the 6,000 acres of the Mountbatten estate, occasionally went horseback riding. One day was spent in pheasant hunting.

For Lasting Appreciation



Give an Apsco Pencil Sharpener

For a most welcome, beyond-the-usual gift choose the Apsco Dexter Deluxe—the world's finest pencil sharpener. Rich in appearance . . . precise in results . . . sure to be used daily.

Handsomely styled in maroon with highly polished nickel plate. A smart, ever-needed accessory for the home or private office.

Apsco

Pencil Sharpeners

AUTOMATIC PENCIL SHARPENER CO.
World's Largest Producer of Pencil Sharpeners
ROCKFORD, ILLINOIS • LOS ANGELES • TORONTO

Makers of the famous Apsco

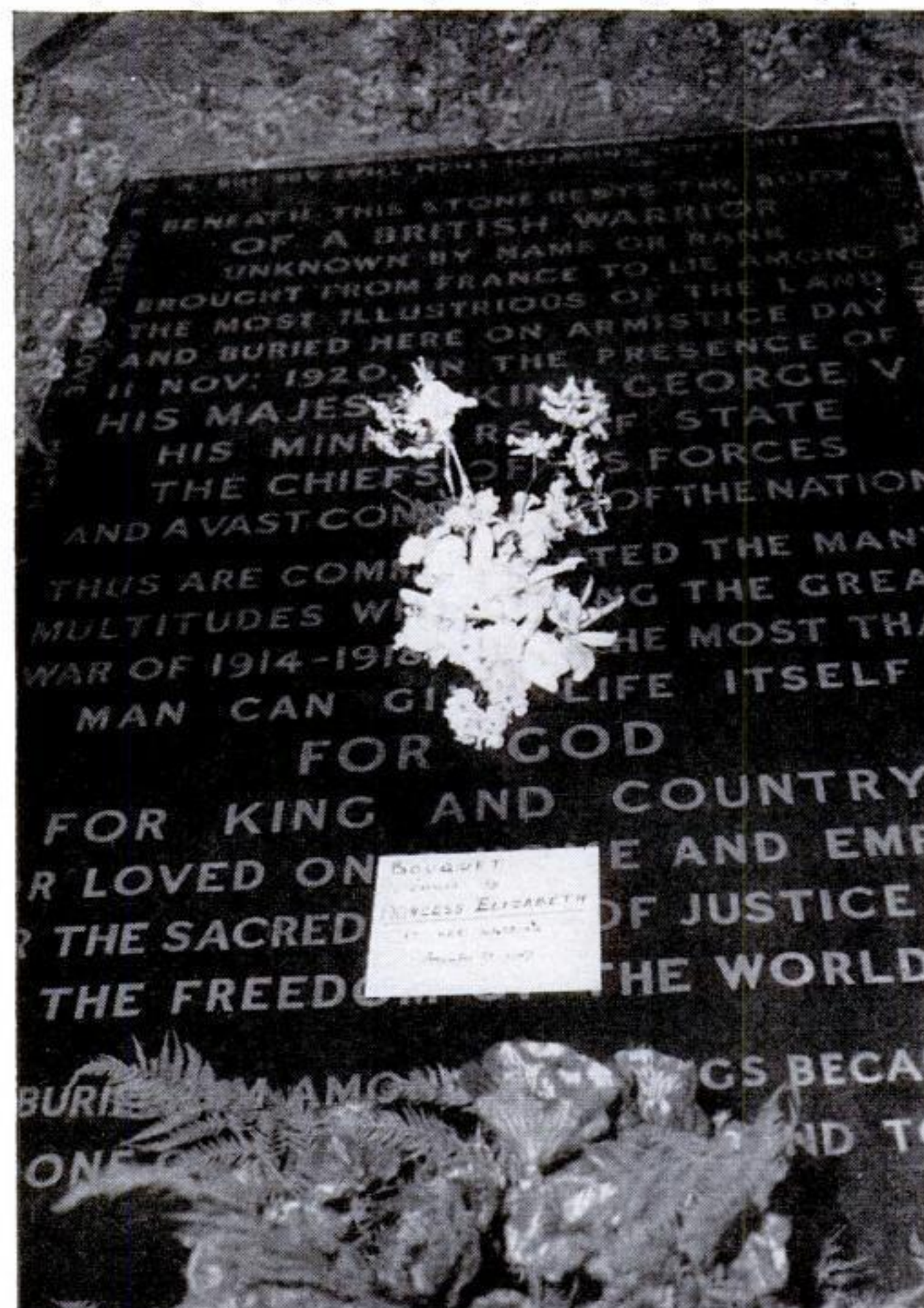


Giant and Premier Sharpeners

Royal Honeymoon CONTINUED



IRREVERENT SIGHTSEERS who perched on tombstones swarmed over Romsey churchyard to get peek at royal honeymooners going to Sunday service.



THE BRIDAL BOUQUET of orchids is left behind in Westminster Abbey where Princess Elizabeth had it placed on the Tomb of the Unknown Warrior.





'twas the night before Christmas...

... And this little miss asleep in a cozy roomette, her stocking hung high in great expectation, symbolizes the spirit you find aboard Pennsylvania Railroad's great East-West Fleet at this season of the year. Step into cars aglow with good cheer and good fellowship... glance at the array of beribboned gifts heaped high in racks and rooms.

Stroll into the Dining Car and enjoy the festive foods of the day... get a good night's sleep in a comfortable bed—arrive refreshed. And above all, enjoy the peace of mind that comes from knowing your train will get you there—conveniently, and at low cost. All aboard... to a Merry Christmas and Happy New Year!

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

 *Serving the Nation* 

The *SWIFT* name
helps you buy more
wisely... feed your
family well ~

"Nutrition is our business"

SWIFT & COMPANY





DOCTORS PROVE

2 out of 3 women

can have

Lovelier Skin in 14 days!



"I wasn't a pretty picture!" says Norma Bradford of New York City. "My skin was so oily and coarse-looking that it spoiled my whole appearance. I was completely discouraged! Then out of the blue came a chance to try the 14-Day Palmolive Plan, under a doctor's supervision. I had already tried other things and they hadn't helped..."



"But what could I lose?" So I became one of the 1285 women who made the test. We were all ages, from 15 to 50. Some had dry skins; some oily; some just ordinary. My group reported to a New York skin specialist. After a careful examination, the doctor gave us the Palmolive Plan to use at home for 14 days.



"Here's all you do: Wash your face with Palmolive Soap. Then, for 60 seconds, massage with Palmolive's soft, lovely lather. Rinse! Do this 3 times a day for 14 days. This cleansing massage brings you Palmolive's full beautifying effect. After 14 days, my doctor agreed my complexion was far less oily... smoother and finer looking, too! See what the Palmolive Plan can do for you!"



**DOCTORS PROVE
PALMOLIVE'S
BEAUTY RESULTS!**

You, too, may look for these Skin improvements in only 14 days!



Less oily—clearer

"My skin became less oily," reports Jessie Foster of Kew Gardens, L.I. Excessive oiliness often leaves skin blotchy-looking—robs it of that clear, lovely look. The Palmolive Plan brought definite gains to 89% of the women who had oily skin. See if it won't help *your* skin become less oily—clearer.



Less coarse-looking—smoother

"Skin less coarse-looking in just 14 days!" reports Pearl Higby of Upper Darby, Pa. The 36 doctors reported almost two-thirds of all the women tested had smoother—actually finer looking skin. Reason enough for every woman who longs for a younger looking complexion to start the Palmolive Plan today!



Fewer tiny blemishes

Tiny blemishes—incipient blackheads, often caused by improper cleansing, respond in most cases to the 14-Day Palmolive Plan. "My skin improved a lot," says Lillian Churan of Detroit. The doctors found finer looking, clearer skins in more than half the cases tested. See what Palmolive can do for you!



Fresher, brighter color

"Skin brighter, actually less sallow!" says Charlotte Partmann of San Francisco, after testing the 14-Day Palmolive Plan. The 36 examining doctors report this same important improvement for 2 skins out of 3 among the 1285 women. See if this Plan won't bring *you* fresher skin—and in only 14 days!

P.S. For Tub



For Shower



get the New, Big, Thrifty



Bath Size Palmolive!



GADGETS



SUPERSTROLLER, here used as a plain ordinary stroller, can be converted to replace any of the 14 pieces of equip-

ment shown above by combining its three parts—frame, box and frame extension—in different ways (*bottom of page*).

TWO YEARS OF PEACE PRODUCE SOME STRANGE AND WONDERFUL INVENTIONS

America's thousands of backyard- and basement-workshop gadgeteers have now had a full two years out from under wartime restrictions. They have made good use of their time, as the pictures on this and the following pages show. The nation is being deluged with a profusion of gadgets the like of which has never before been seen. To the most mechanically minded country on earth this gadget deluge is good, clean and long-overdue fun.

The contraption above is a child's stroller—but it is also much more. It is, in fact, a kind of mechanism-of-all-work. Built by Roger Laufer of Louis-

ville, Ky., it is designed to replace no less than 10 separate pieces of equipment with which the average American mother feeds, services and incarcerates her small children. By manipulating a series of nuts and bolts and rearranging its three basic parts, the stroller may be made into a toilet seat, car seat, high chair, bassinet, baby carriage or miniature swing. Moreover it has knee-action wheels and reliable brakes. During the very few minutes of the day when the baby is occupied elsewhere, a father can quickly convert it for use as a wheelbarrow, a luggage truck, a grocery wagon or a rolling golf-bag cart (*below*).



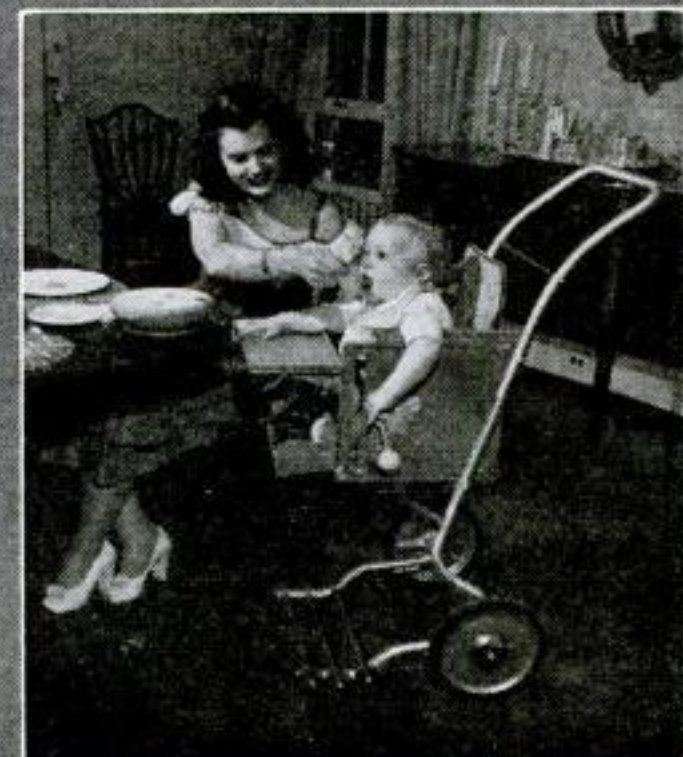
STROLLER FRAME MAKES GOLF CART



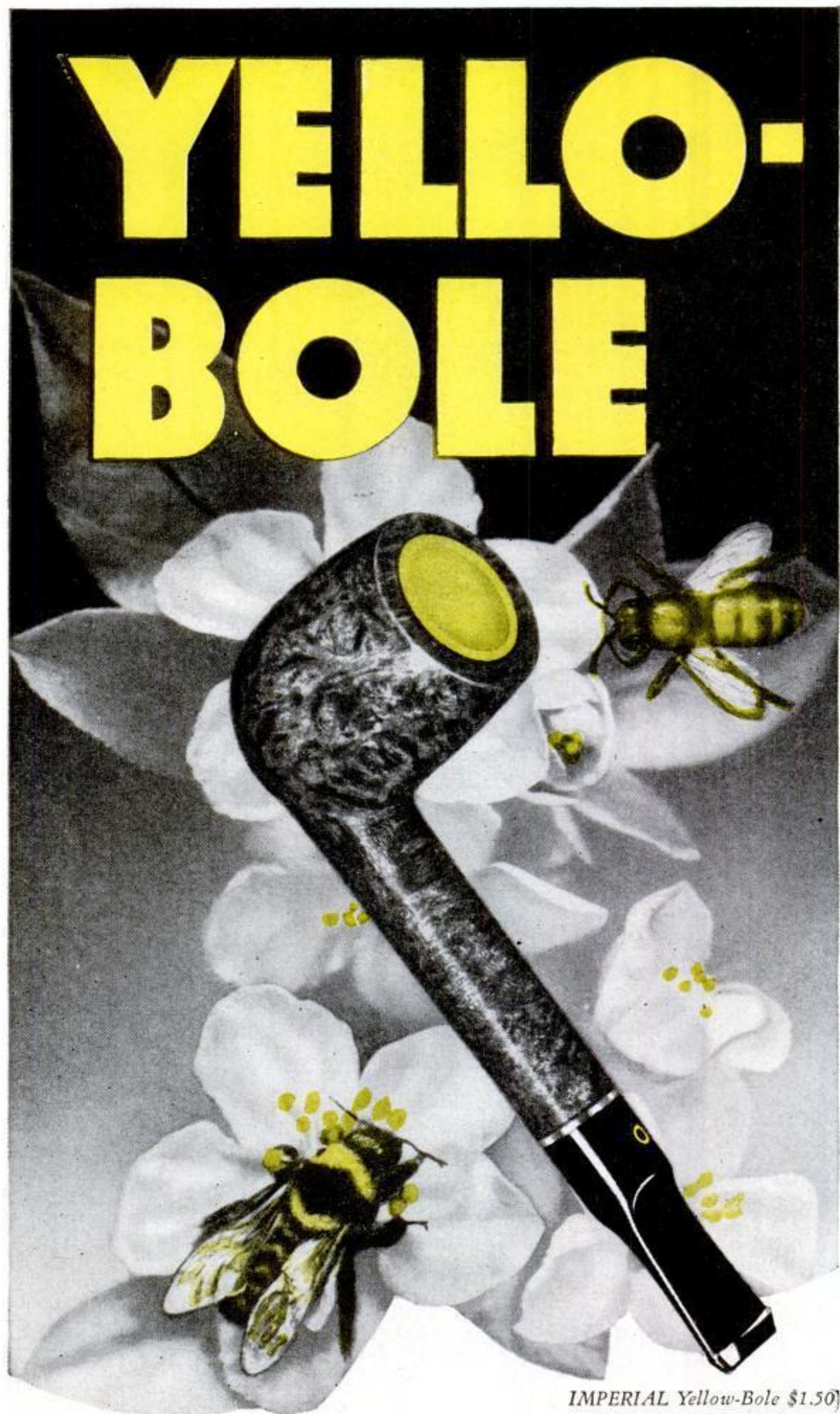
BOX, FRAME MAKE WHEELBARROW



FOLDED UP, BOX BECOMES CAR SEAT



BOX, RAISED, MAKES HIGH CHAIR



IMPERIAL Yellow-Bole \$1.50
Saddle Bit—Billiard Shape

The Honey-Lined Pipe that's Mild from the start





Meet the Honey Girl. See her picture on display when you buy your Yello-Bole pipe.

Real bee's honey is used in the Honey-Treatment of every Yello-Bole Pipe. As you smoke, the honey treatment mellows the "cake." This action continues to keep your smoking mild and pleasant. You don't have to "break in" these pipes. It takes over 100 operations to make a Yello-Bole Pipe, and every Yello-Bole is honey-sealed to protect the honey-treatment. Look for the seal when you buy. Ask your dealer for the pipe with the Honey Seal. It's Yello-Bole.



Don't forget this seal. It keeps the honey treatment fresh.



STANDARD \$1  this mark on stem
IMPERIAL \$1.50  this mark on stem
PREMIER \$2.50  this mark on stem

Yello-Bole pipe-cleaners 5¢. Run one through the stem occasionally, to keep the Yello-Bole "Spoon" Cleaner at peak efficiency.



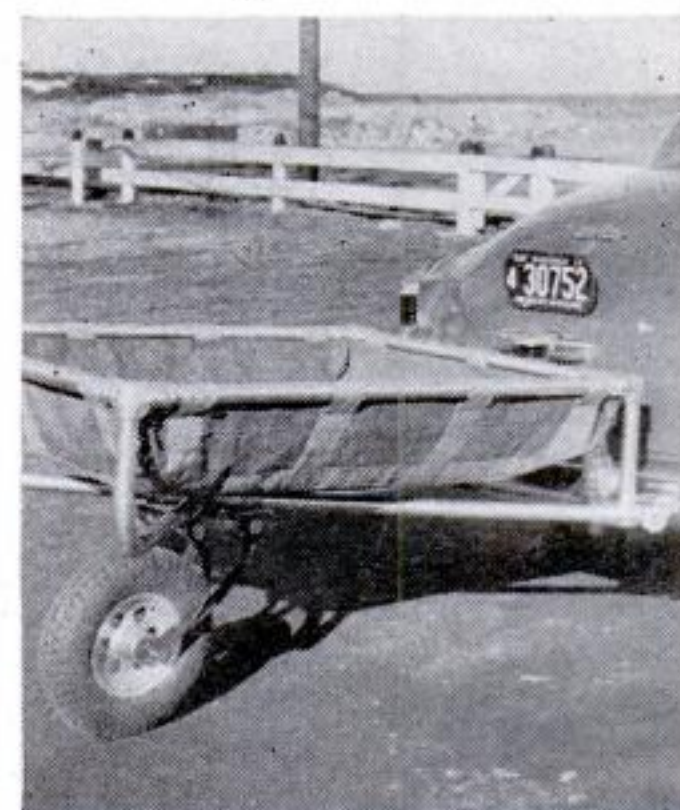
KAUFMANN BROS. & BONDY, INC., 630 Fifth Ave., New York. Pipe-Makers Since 1851

GADGETS CONTINUED

GADGETS FOR AUTOMOBILES



CARBANA is the trick name for a two-passenger folding tent mounted on roof of car. Inside are two air mattresses. Man at right is Inventor Don Cast.



TOWPAC is a collapsible canvas trailer which, disassembled, can be carried easily in car's trunk. It weighs only 45 pounds, will carry load of 400 pounds.

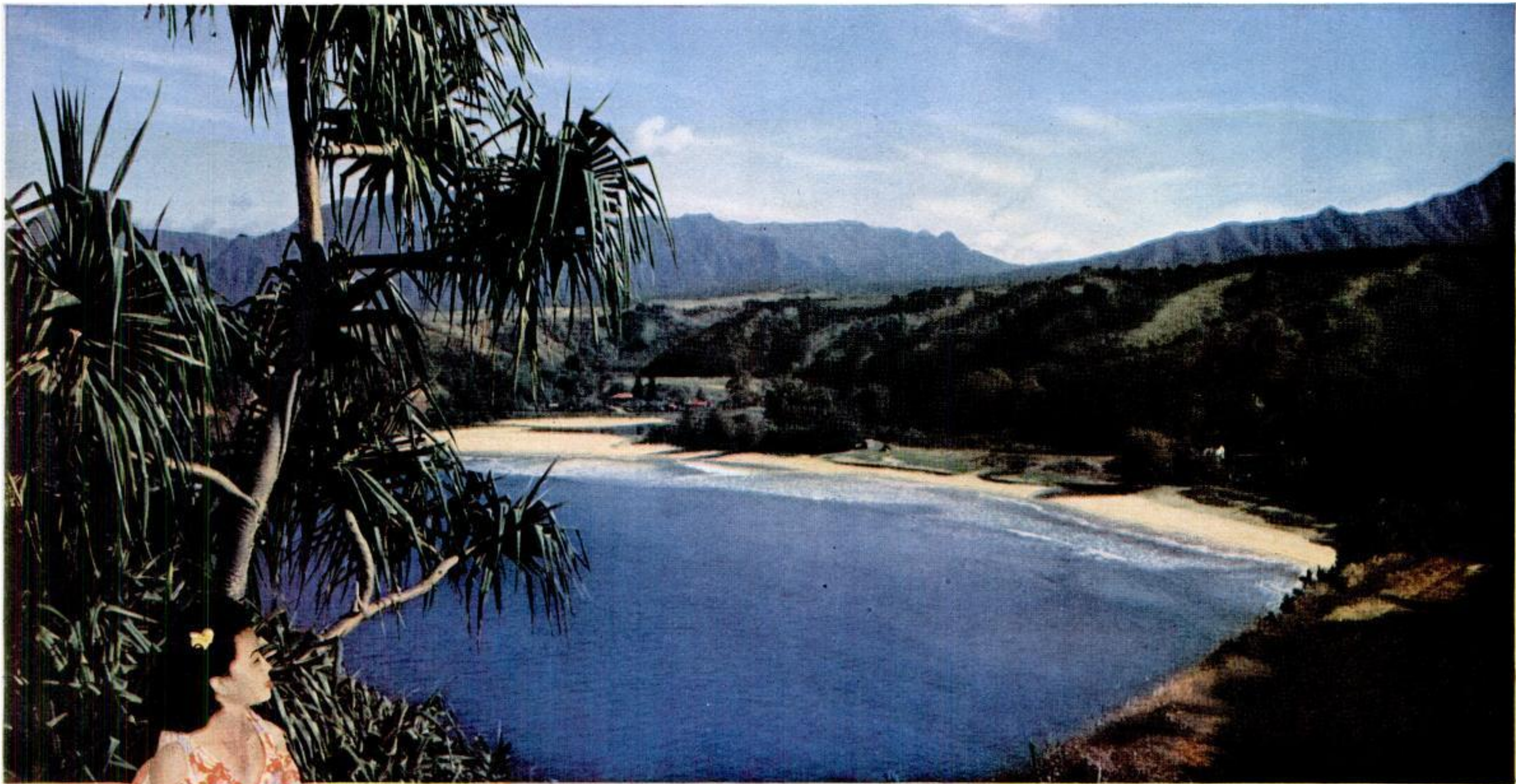


AIRSCOOT is a light, folding, two-place, three-wheeled motor scooter. It can be stored under kitchen sink or carried in luggage space of cars or planes.



JUNIOR STEERING WHEEL is made of soft rubber, has built-in horn. It fastens to dashboard of car by suction cup, keeps children or wives amused.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 83



The sunny beach above is on the island of Kauai. It is no accident that when the missionaries first began to write down the Hawaiian language they couldn't find any word for weather . . . In a year-round climate as perfect as these islands enjoy, none was needed!



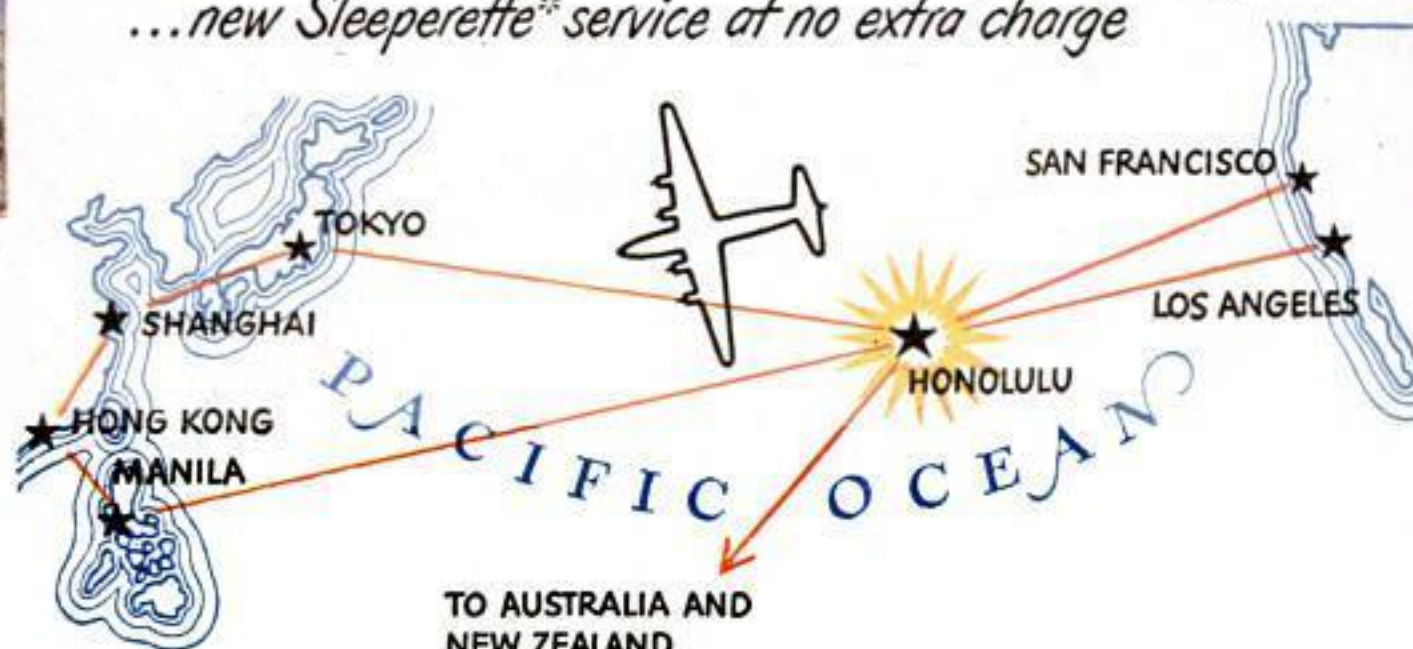
How would you like to turn **Dull December** into

Bright Hawaiian Sunshine!



On the beach—the famous beach—at Waikiki. You can swim, canoe or surfboard on the long Pacific "rollers". . . And the beauty of a vacation by Clipper is that two weeks gives ample time to visit not only Honolulu (on the island of OAHU) but also the four other main Hawaiian islands—HAWAII, MAUI, KAUAI and MOLOKAI.

You can do it easily because Honolulu is now only 12 hours from San Francisco or Los Angeles by Clipper . . . new Sleeperette* service at no extra charge



Right now, the flowers and sunshine of what soon may be our 49th State are no more than a day and a half away from any major airport in the 48 States. To the Orient, Pan American flies the sunny Mid-Pacific route.

Call your Travel Agent today or the nearest Pan American office for reservations to Hawaii, other points in the Pacific and the Orient.

*Pat. Applied for

Among the millions of passengers who have flown abroad by Clipper!

EDGAR BERGEN • WALTER F. DILLINGHAM • BOB HOPE
MRS. OVETA CULP HOBBY • ROY HOWARD • WALTER HUSTON
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PAN AMERICAN WORLD AIRWAYS
The System of the Flying Clippers



WORLD'S MOST EXPERIENCED AIRLINE—FIRST ROUND-THE-WORLD



Kinsey

Drink of the Month

Gift of the Year

Jan. - Feb.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
.....	1	2	3
4	5	6	7	8	9	10
11	12	13	14	15	16	17
18	19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	31
S	M	T	W	T	F	S
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29



KINSEY TODDY: Put lump of sugar into mug, fill with $\frac{2}{3}$ boiling water. Add 2 oz. Kinsey, stir, garnish with lemon slice.

Mar. - Apr.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
.....	1	2	3	4	5	6
7	8	9	10	11	12	13
14	15	16	17	18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25	26	27
28	29	30
S	M	T	W	T	F	S
.....	2	3
4	5	6	7	8	9	10
11	12	13	14	15	16	17
18	19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30



KINSEY HIGHBALL: Pour 1 jigger smooth, flavor-full Kinsey into glass full of ice cubes. Add ginger ale, soda or water.

May - June

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
.....	1
2	3	4	5	6	7	8
9	10	11	12	13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20	21	22
23	24	25	26	27	28	29
30	31
S	M	T	W	T	F	S
.....	1	2	3	4	5
6	7	8	9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30	31



KINSEY SOUR: Mix juice of $\frac{1}{2}$ lemon, $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. powd. sugar, 2 oz. Kinsey. Shake with ice, strain into glass, decorate as shown.

July - Aug.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
.....	2	3
4	5	6	7	8	9	10
11	12	13	14	15	16	17
18	19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	31
S	M	T	W	T	F	S
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30	31



KINSEY JULEP: Bruise mint in tall glass. Add tsp. powd. sugar, 2 oz. Kinsey. Fill with shaved ice. Stir. Top with mint.

Sept. - Oct.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
.....	3	4
5	6	7	8	9	10	11
12	13	14	15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25
26	27	28	29	30
S	M	T	W	T	F	S
.....	1	2
3	4	5	6	7	8	9
10	11	12	13	14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21	22	23
24	25	26	27	28	29	30



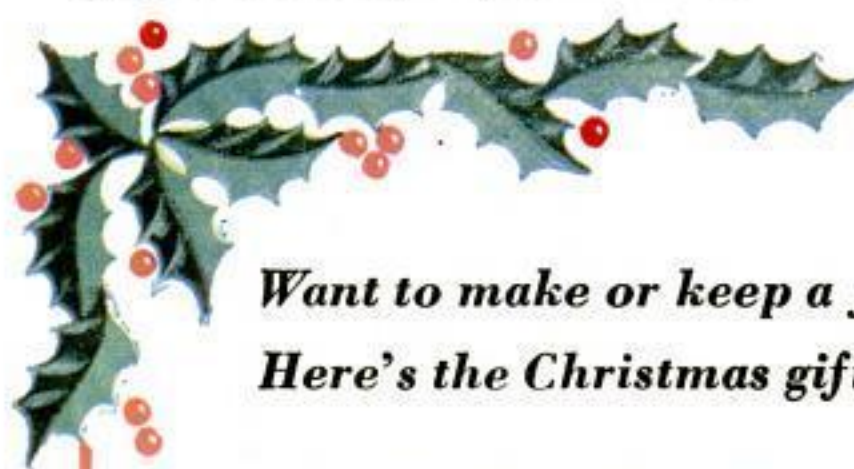
KINSEY MANHATTAN: 2 parts Kinsey...1 part sweet vermouth...1 dash bitters...stir with cracked ice. Strain. Add cherry.

Nov. - Dec.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
.....	5	6
7	8	9	10	11	12	13
14	15	16	17	18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25	26	27
28	29	30	31
S	M	T	W	T	F	S
.....	3	4
5	6	7	8	9	10	11
12	13	14	15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25
26	27	28	29	30	31



KINSEY OLD FASHIONED: $\frac{1}{2}$ lump sugar... 2 dashes bitters... 3 tsp. water. Muddle. Add 2 oz. Kinsey, ice cube, lemon peel, fruit.



Want to make or keep a friend?
Here's the Christmas gift to send!

KINSEY

SINCE 1892

the
unhurried
whiskey

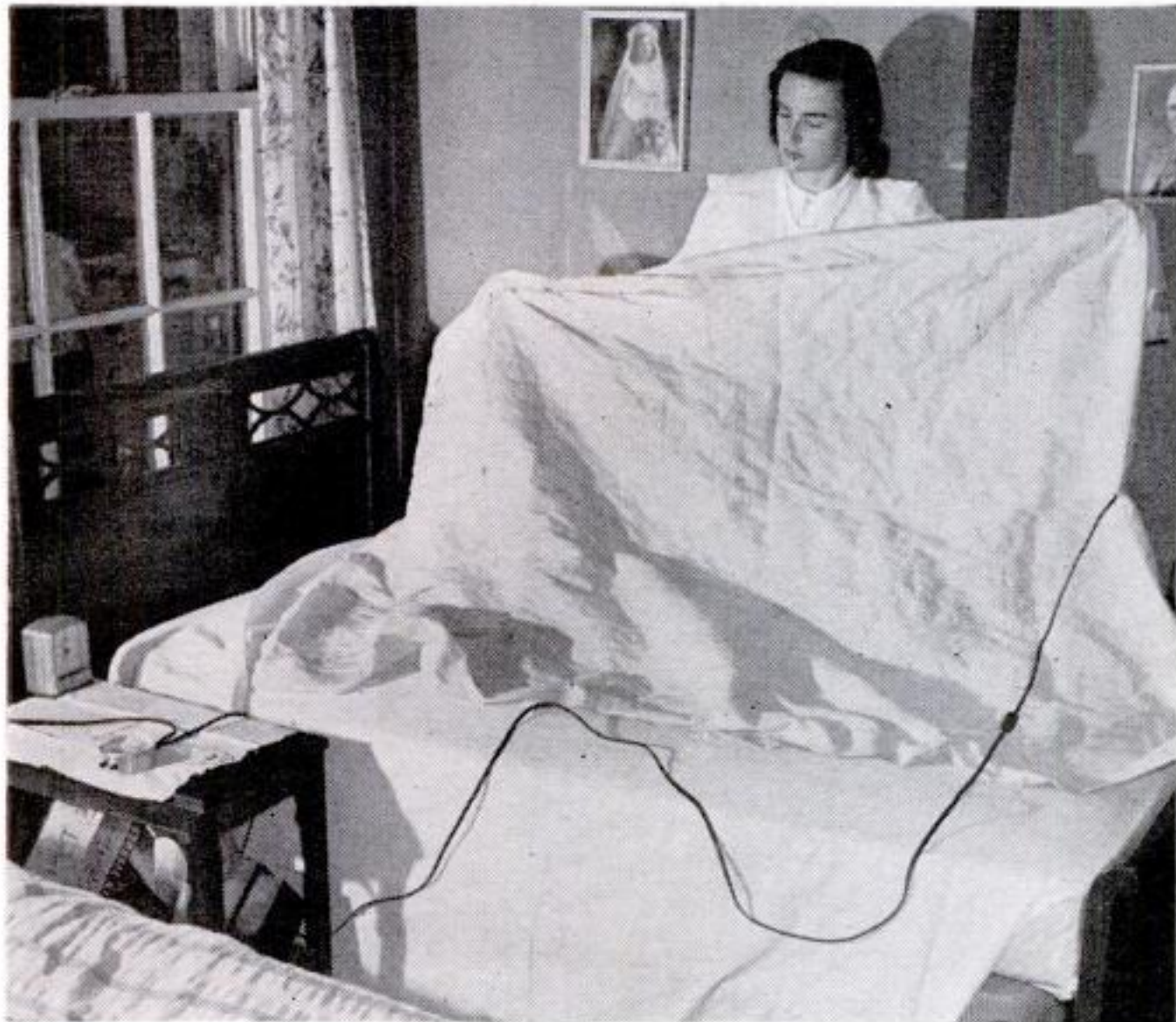


for
unhurried
moments

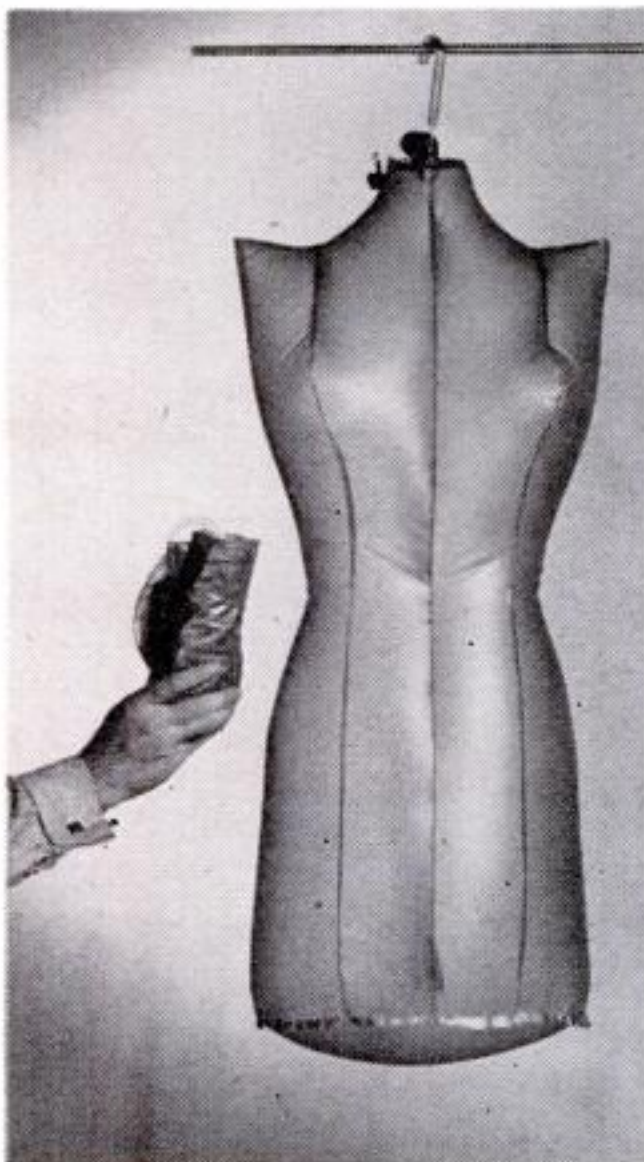


BLENDED WHISKIES: Gold Label—86.8 Proof. 65% Grain Neutral Spirits. Silver Label—86.8 Proof. 72½% Grain Neutral Spirits. Kinsey Distilling Corp., Linfield, Pa.

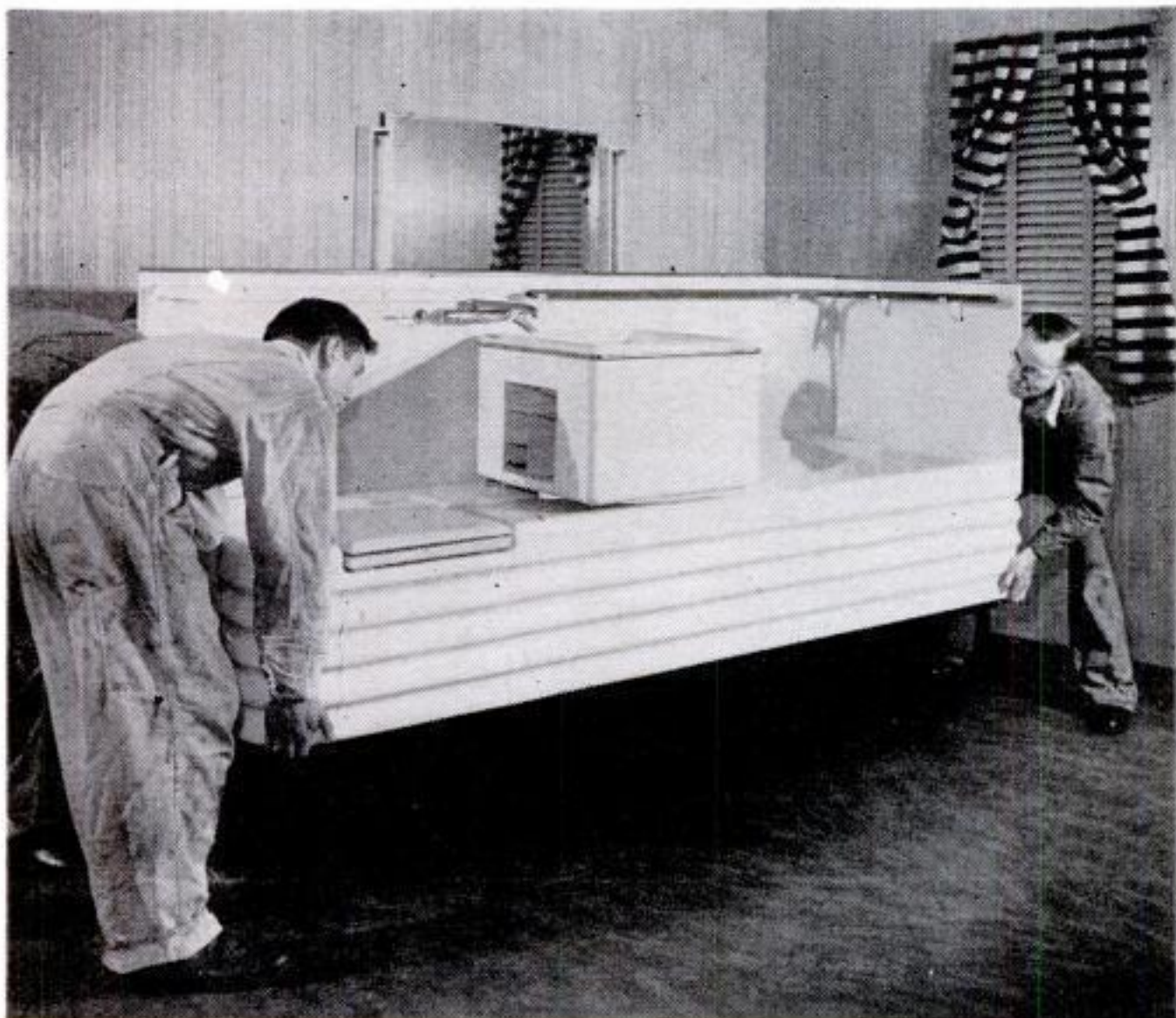
GADGETS FOR THE HOUSEHOLD



ELECTRIC SHEET works like an electric blanket but is cheaper. It is thermostatically controlled, goes over top bed sheet and under one light blanket.



MANNIKINAIRE is a plastic dress hanger which is blown up by mouth for use and can be deflated for storage (shown in hand). It preserves shape of dress.



STANFAB UNIT BATHROOM is complete prefabricated bathroom made up of toilet, basin and tub. Pipes are built in. The unit will sell for about \$400.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



**For gifts
that ring bells
and go places...
TruVal!**



TruVal's handsome broadcloth with the famous collar that looks starched, feels soft. A wonderful gift that goes over with every man, goes with every suit. Sanforized.
250 to 395

TruVal's exclusive woven designs in a wide range of stripes and patterns flattering to any man, young or old. Features the popular collar styles. Sanforized.
395



TruVal Pajamas—still scarce, but a prize when you get them! Cotton, flannel and luxurious fuji rayon. Smart, comfortable,
295 to 650

Here's a gift that really rings the bell! TruVal's luxurious fuji rayon shirt. Looks like silk, launders like cotton. Pre-shrunk.
495

Fireman Red Sport Shirt, 100% wool, 2 button-down flap pockets, adjustable cuffs. Also in 5 other popular colors, 7.50.

Other models from 2.95



Dollar for Dollar Your Best Gift Buy

TruVal Manufacturers, Inc., 261 Fifth Ave., N.Y. 16, Division of Publix Shirt Co., p.



*To make her
happier,
give her Jewelry . . .*

*give her
genuine*

KIDDIE KRAFT
fine jewelry



In the SWEETHEART JEWEL BOX with personalized gift card. Charming lockets, bracelets, crosses, rings and sets done in lovely gold-filled and 10K gold. Priced from \$3.00 to \$13.50 plus tax.

Make your selection from the beautiful assortment in this "Kiddie Krafter", on display at America's leading jewelers.

Created for Over 40 Years by
THE MARATHON COMPANY, Attleboro, Mass.

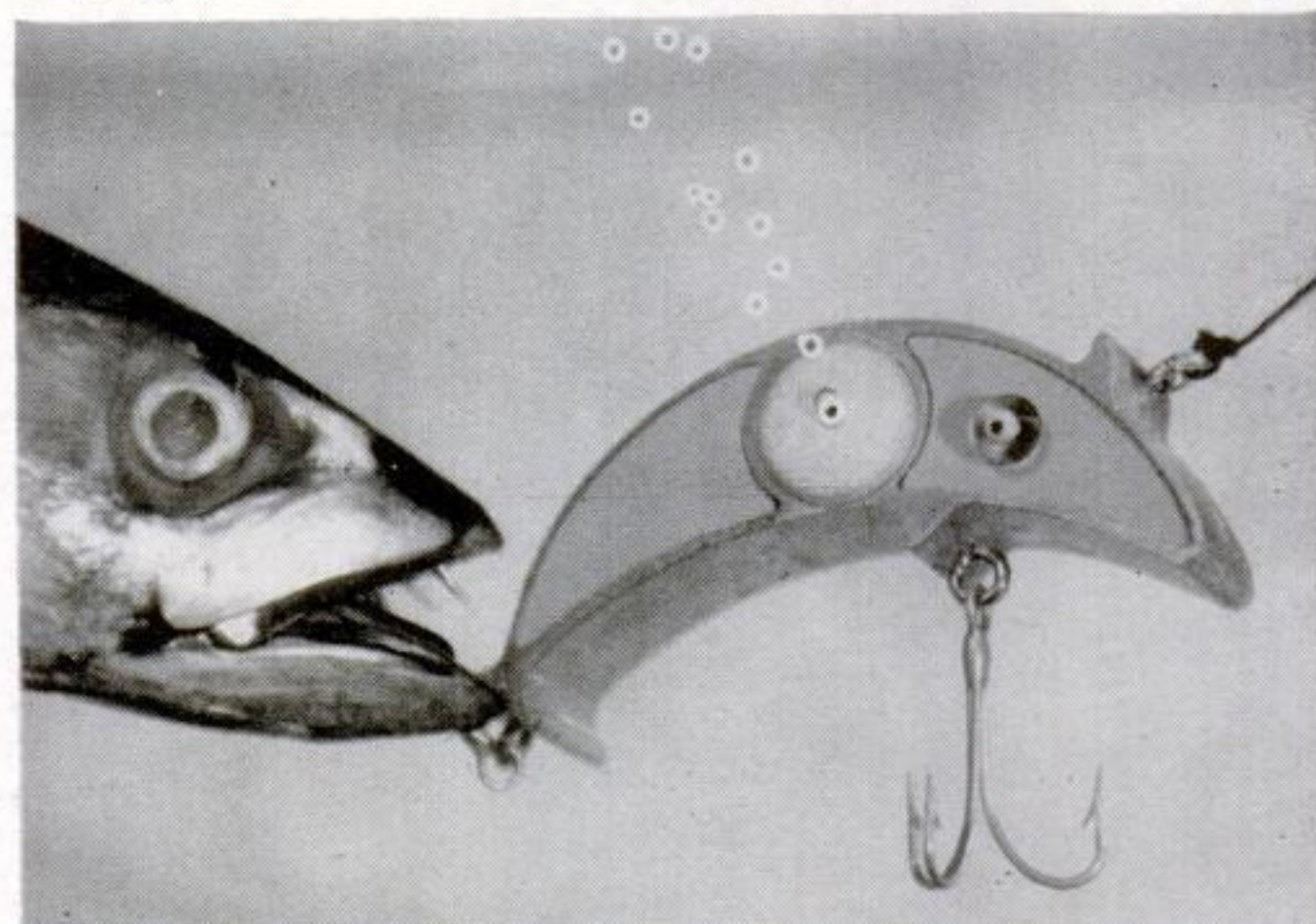


GADGETS CONTINUED

GADGETS FOR THE OUTDOORS



INFLATABLE PUDDLE is made of Koroseal. With no hard surfaces or sharp edges, it is safer than most children's pools, folds up into small package.



BUBBLING MINNOW attracts fish by emitting a stream of bubbles from replaceable capsule of soda and acid which fits into a hole in magnesium body.



LEAF SWEEPER-LAWNMOWER-SNOWPLOW spits leaves from pipe in demonstration. Normally leaves would be caught in a bag at end of pipe.

Nashua—now brings you a really NEW kind of blanket



**Warmer than
many costing
nearly twice
as much!**

Look—ALL these advantages, too!

Money-back guarantee if damaged by
moths within 5 years

Feather-light . . . deep, soft nap

Gorgeous colors or pure white that
stays white

Deep tuck-in—a full 7½ feet

Washable in mild suds

Rich rayon-satin binding

LUCKY YOU if Santa brings you one of these new Nashua Purrey*
“wonder” blankets. (If not, you can easily afford to play Santa to
yourself!) Women who bought the few that were available during
the war sing their praises, and are clamoring for more.

Nashua is a truly modern blanket, so revolutionary it has actually
been patented.** It's scientifically constructed to give cozy warmth
without weight by a special blend of 88% rayon, 12% wool. Moth-
resistant, too, backed by a 5-year money-back guarantee! Your
local store has a wide choice of gorgeous colors or white.

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. **Patent 2,208,533



—and only \$6⁹⁵

SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST

Nashua ALSO MAKES BLANKETS OF COTTON AND MIXED FIBERS . . . NASHUA COMBED PERCALE SHEETS . . . NASHUA HEAVY-DUTY MUSLIN SHEETS . . . INDIAN HEAD COTTON

It's cleaner, brighter **Taste** means
cleaner, brighter teeth! **New Pepsodent,**
the only tooth paste containing **Irium,**
removes the film that makes your teeth look dull —
uncovers the natural brilliance of your smile!



Use Pepsodent twice a day —
see your dentist twice a year



Pepsodent is another fine product
of Lever Brothers Company

REEF LIFE

CORAL WILDERNESS TEEMS WITH ODD OCEAN CREATURES

Just beyond the sun-warmed shallows that fringe the shores of tropical Atlantic islands lie the teeming sea jungles of the coral reefs. Except at lowest tide they are hidden below the surface; only the salt foam of shattered groundswells and the sudden blue of deep water mark the line of their jagged seaward rim; only the occasional splashing rush of small fish chased by bigger ones suggests the swarming life in the mottled darkness below. But a swimmer, gliding down through glass-clear water, enters a luxuriant forest of coral. Sea fans and streaming sea plumes sway in the shifting currents. There are fish everywhere, swimming singly or in dense schools; clumsy parrot fish nibbling at the coral; angelfish flicking in and out of the shadows; grunts and snappers huddling under protective ledges; pale-sided barracuda, suspended motionless and almost invisible, and peering wickedly from their dark caverns, the vicious moray eels (*right*).

These eight pages depict the seldom-seen beauty and strangeness of an Atlantic coral reef and of the creatures that inhabit it. The color photographs (pp. 91-94) were made at the Marine Zoological Laboratories in Bermuda under lighting conditions that exactly duplicated those of the reef itself. Black-and-white pictures were taken off the Florida Keys by Undersea Photographer B. S. Holderness. To get them, he dived with goggles and a special waterproof camera in the shallow water of Carysfort Reef.



FROM A CRANNY in the reef a snakelike mottled moray peers at camera. Morays are fierce and vor-

acious eels which sometimes reach 8 feet in length and will attack any animal that comes near them.



A CORAL REEF seen from below the surface is a wonderland of fantastic shapes and colors. Its jutting stalks and massive domes are living colonies of tiny animals called polyps, which draw calcium from the sea water to form their stony shells. Even the flexible, plantlike sea fans, sea plumes and sponges are animals or communities of animals.

Since the kinds of coral which build reefs grow only in seas whose temperature never drops below 70° F., these ocean gardens occur only in the tropics and at fairly shallow depths. Because the coral polyps thrive best in places where the water is pure and there is strong wave action, reefs grow fastest on their seaward side and so spread out



away from land, leaving a sheltered lagoon behind them. This painting shows a section of a great barrier reef in the Bahama Islands of the West Indies. It grows a mile or more from the shore on a ledge 60 feet down. Beyond it (*left*) the ocean bottom plunges to a depth of 6,000 feet. Here the tall elkhorn coral spreads its thick branches

above delicately convoluted brain coral (*right foreground*), cactuslike tree-stump coral (*left foreground*) and swaying sea bushes. A maneater, or white, shark sweeps in from the open sea after a school of rockhinds. A torpedo-shaped trumpet fish (*extreme right*) slides through the water above the bulky half-hidden form of a heavy-jawed grouper.



SCHOOL OF REEF FISH mills slowly near the broken hull of sunken ship whose tangled, lime-encrusted wreckage gives them protection against the bigger sharks and barracuda which often prey upon them. The light-colored fish are man-

grove snappers, 2 or 3 pounds in weight, whose white, tender flesh is among the best of sea food. Dark, chunky fish at top center is a small grouper, another food fish. Striped sergeant major at bottom center is common but inedible reef fish.



GRAY SHARK has come into the reef to feed on small fish. Unlike some big sharks that are known to be quite harmless, the gray shark is potentially dangerous to man. It is not, however, classed by marine zoologists with the man-eaters.



TRUMPET FISH, a big relative of the sea horse, is a primitive creature which feeds itself by sucking in small fish through its projecting, tubelike mouth. It can swim in a horizontal or vertical position and can move forward or backward.



STRANGE, DELICATE-COLORED FISH inhabit the coral forests of the Atlantic reefs. Shown above are a striped grunt (*top*), a sergeant major (*left*), named because of its row of stripes, and a blue angelfish, all of which swim about

the reefs in great numbers. The pillars at the upper left are fire sponges. Just in front of them are the branching stalks of club coral. Above and to the rear of the grunt's head is a dome of brain coral, named because of the furrows on its surface.



A SQUIRRELFISH (*left*) glides among the corals, searching out the tiny plants and animals which are its food. Below it is a yellowtail, a delicacy of Southern markets. At right is another species of grunt. In center are fire sponges like those

in picture at top of page. Behind and to the right of them is a cluster of stinging coral, which feels like a nettle when touched. In front of it is a club urchin, an animal with short, radiating spines. At bottom left is a boulder of golden coral.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



GREEN MORAY EEL, largest of the species, has cold, glittering eyes. Called *Gymnothorax funebris*, it is one of reef's most vicious inhabitants. Morays lurk in dim coral crevasses and strike with needle-sharp teeth at anything within range.



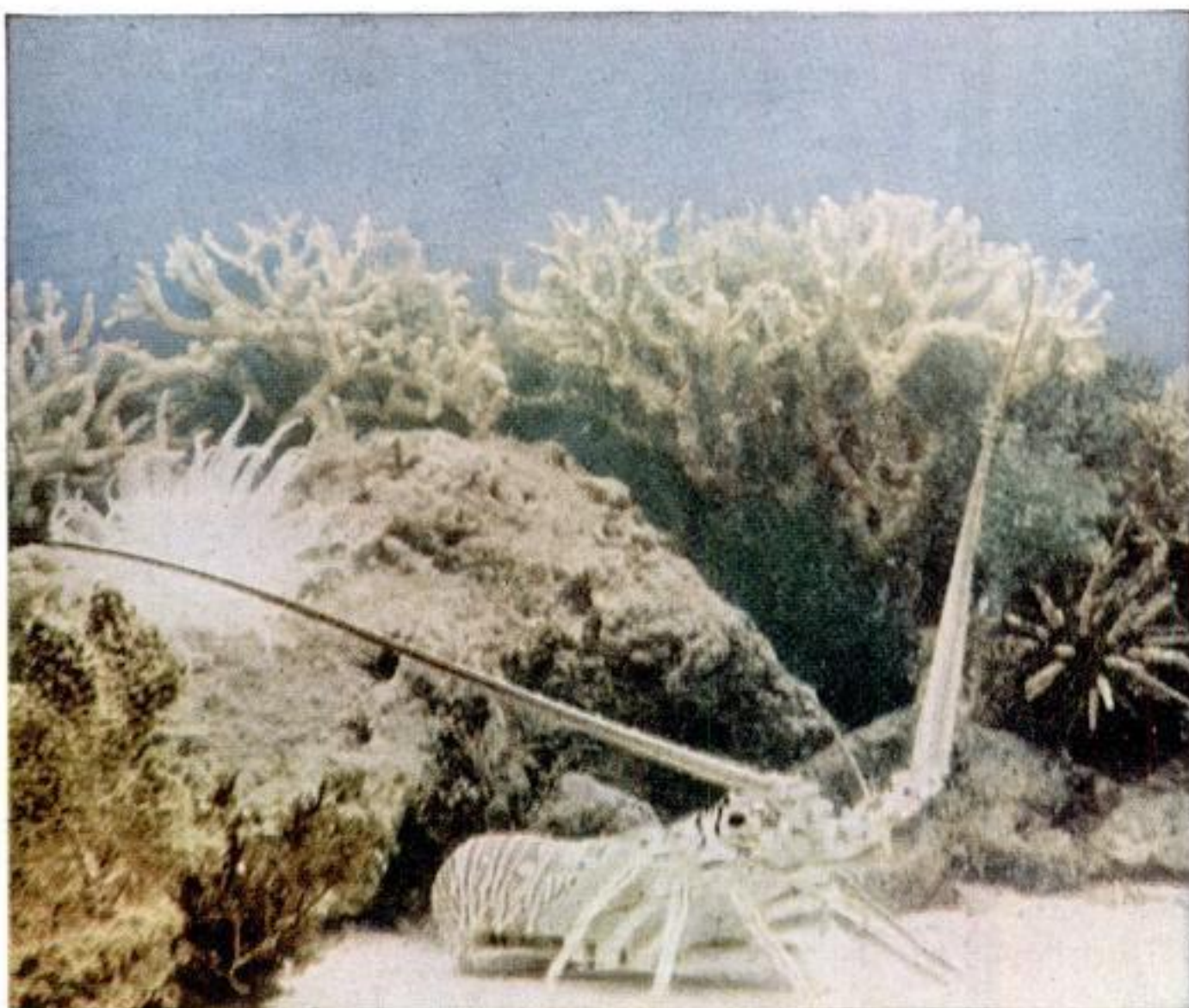
RAINBOW PARROT FISH gets its name from the odd formation of its mouth. It has two large green teeth in either jaw, which it uses to chew up dead coral rock in its search for the tiny burrowing worms and shrimps which live there.



WHITE JELLYFISH, nearly a foot in diameter, looks like a pale plastic umbrella. Folds in the center contain its mouth. It moves slowly through the water by opening and closing its dome-shaped body, feeds on tiny, drifting sea creatures.



GIANT SEA ANEMONE fastens itself to chunks of coral rock all about the reef. Although plantlike in appearance, it is an animal. It feeds on the small fish which wander by, killing them with the sting cells in its delicate, translucent tentacles.



SPINY LOBSTER, which has no large claws, inhabits the crevasses beneath the coral rocks. Its long, inquisitive feelers probe along the reef in search of food. Its meat, like that of the Maine lobster, is delicious. Behind it is a giant anemone.



A DROMID CRAB clings with its hind claws to an empty shell it has picked up somewhere on the reef bottom. These crabs, because of their bright-pink coloring, cover themselves with less conspicuous objects, often use pieces of sponge.



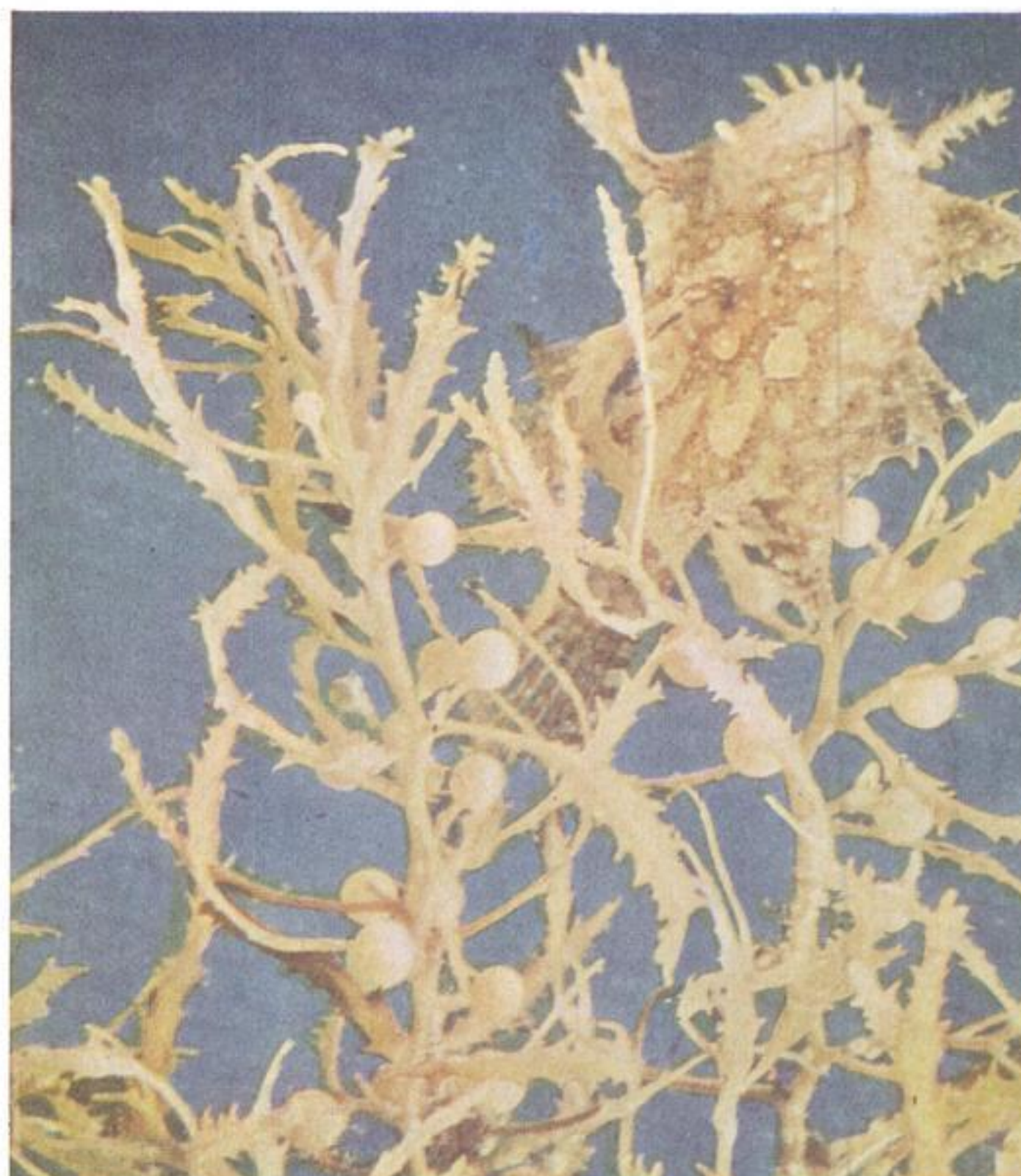
PORTUGUESE MAN-OF-WAR slowly draws two small fish upward to be sucked dry by its myriad mouths. The fish were killed by the powerful sting cells on its threadlike tentacles. The man-of-war is not a single animal but a whole, cooperating

colony of small, specialized animals called polyps. A large, balloonlike polyp keeps it floating on the surface of the water, others act as mouths. Although seldom more than a foot in length, its deadly tentacles can almost paralyze an unwary swimmer.

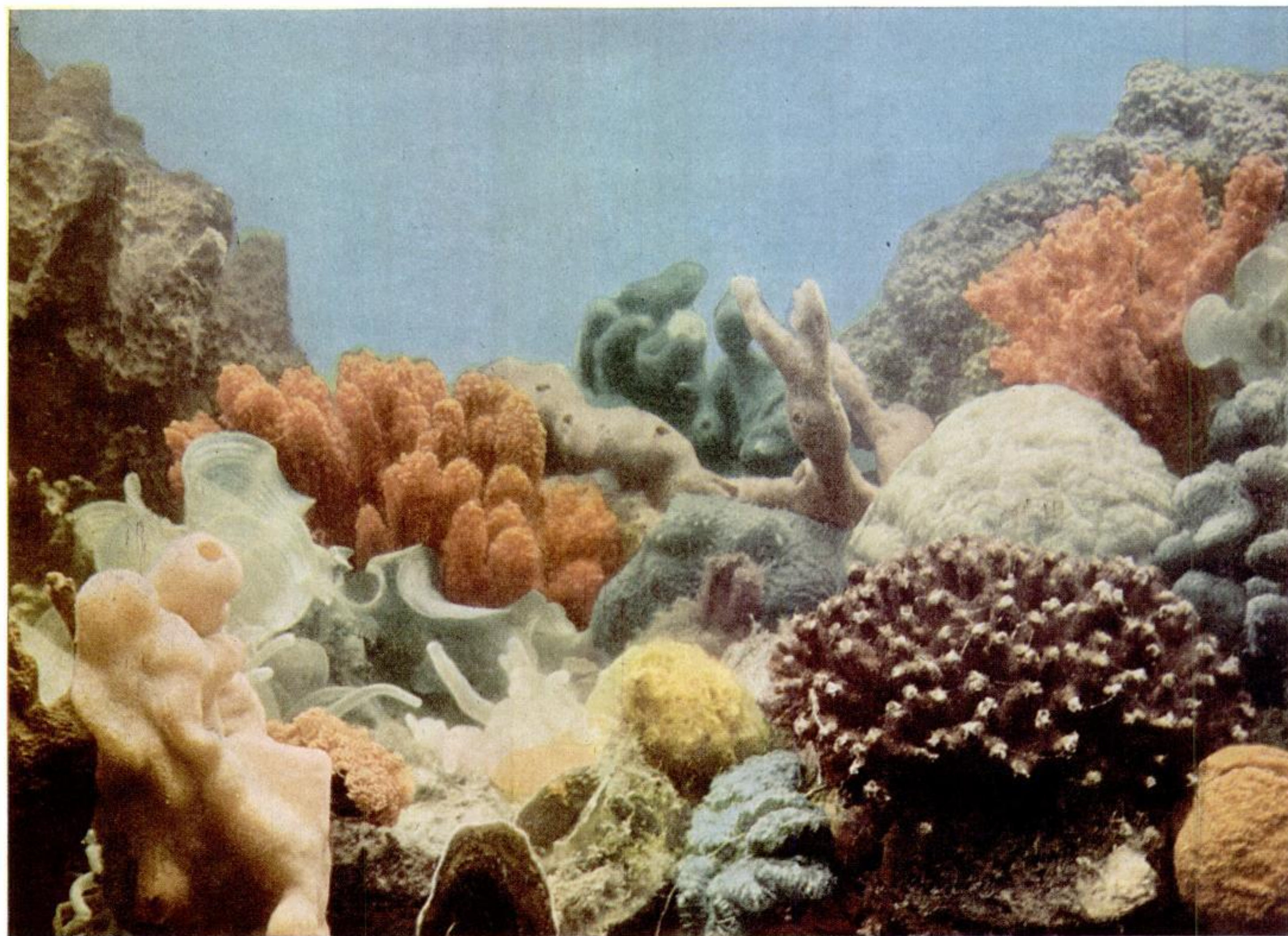
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RINGED SEA ANEMONE traps a minnow and kills it with sting cells, which encircle the transparent tentacles like white bands. These anemones cling to the coral crevasses, may grow to a foot in diameter and have as many as 200 tentacles.

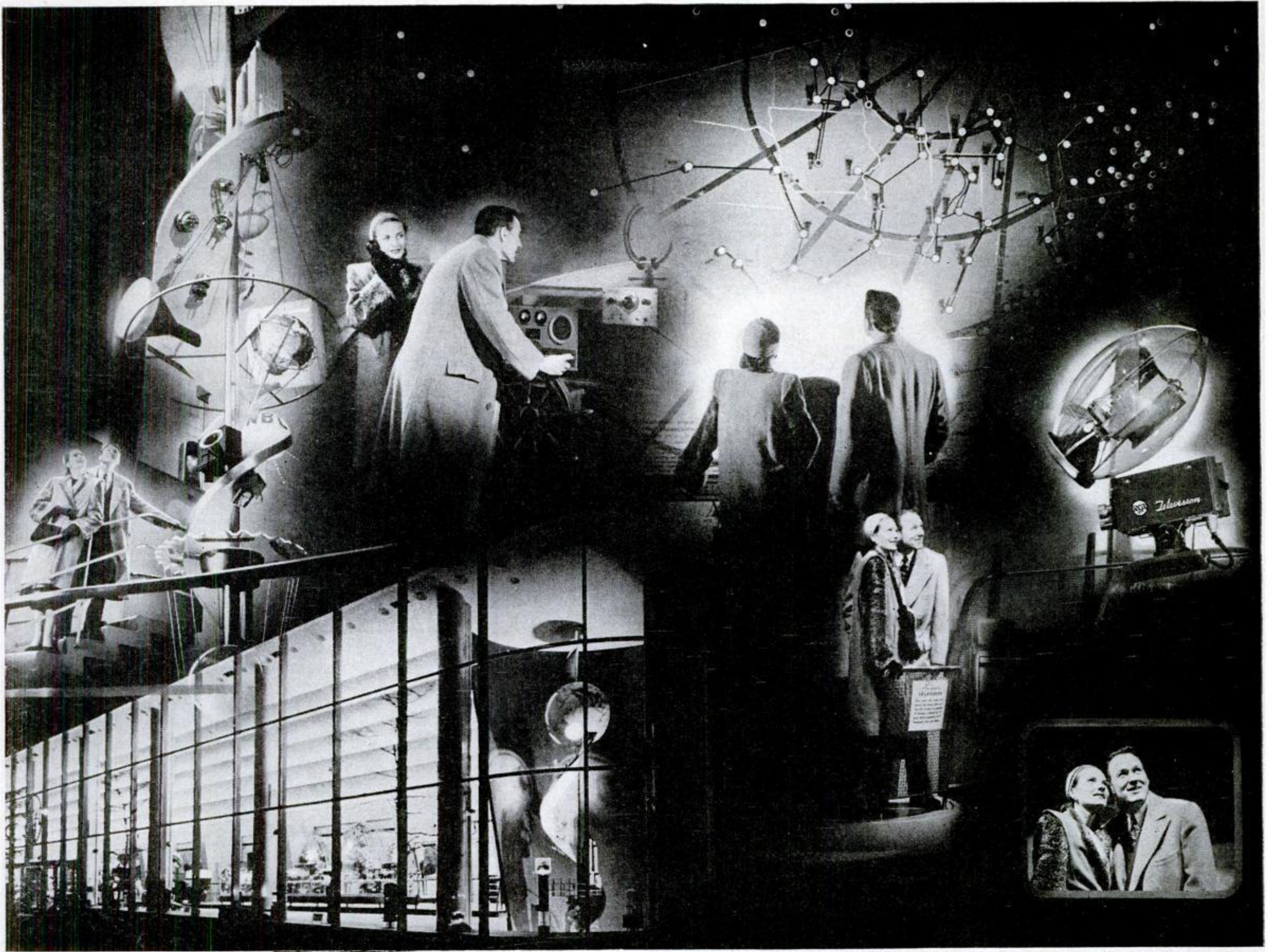


THE SARGASSUM FISH (*upper right*) has spines on its mouth (*top*) and fins which give it a remarkable, protective resemblance to the Sargassum weed where it lives. This weed, buoyant because of its many tiny floats, fills the Sargasso Sea.



BRILLIANT-COLORED SPONGES are a contrast to other reef inhabitants, most of which have more delicate coloring. At the left is the bright-orange fire sponge. Just behind it is the tubelike finger sponge. Behind the pale-pink,

chimneylike sponges in left foreground rise the gray-green cups of the trumpet sponge. None of these sponges is useful commercially. In the center are the pale tentacles of a giant sea anemone. At the lower right is a cluster of stinging coral.



At RCA Exhibition Hall, radio, television, and electronics are on parade in thrilling exhibits.

"World's Fair" of radio-electronic wonders...RCA Exhibition Hall

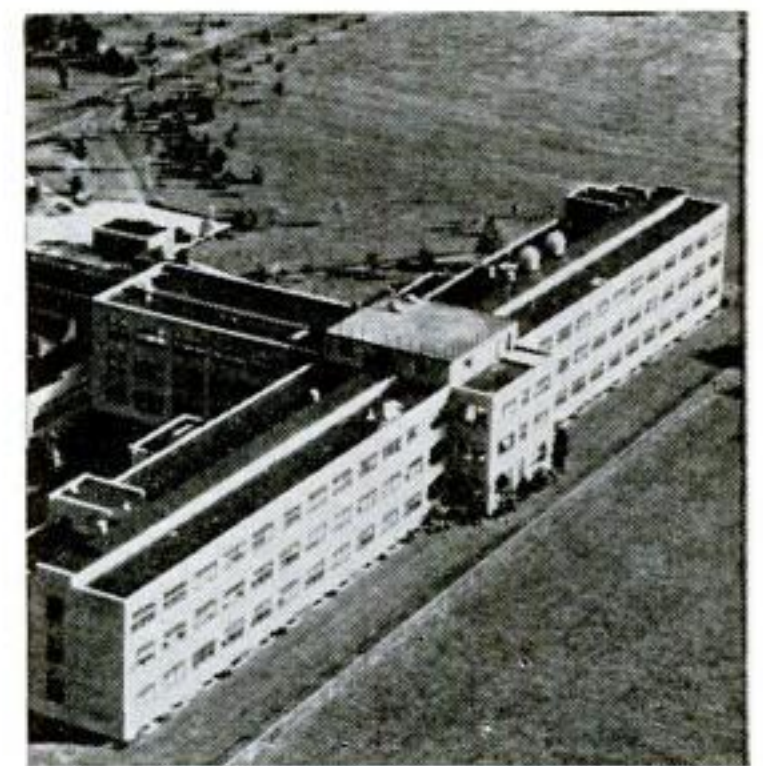
100,000 visitors every month—that's how people have responded to the new and fascinating RCA Exhibition Hall in Radio City.

Like a "World's Fair," this is a place where you can watch, and even operate, many recent developments of RCA Laboratories. Television, radio, radar, the electron microscope, and other scientific achievements . . . you'll find them "on show," and thrilling to see.

For instance: step on a platform and televise yourself, see yourself in action on a television screen. Watch radio waves heat steel red-hot in a jiffy. Hear

new RCA Victor recordings. Take home a souvenir message from globe-encircling RCA Communications—see Radiomarine's radar and how the NBC Network operates to bring its "Parade of Stars" to your home.

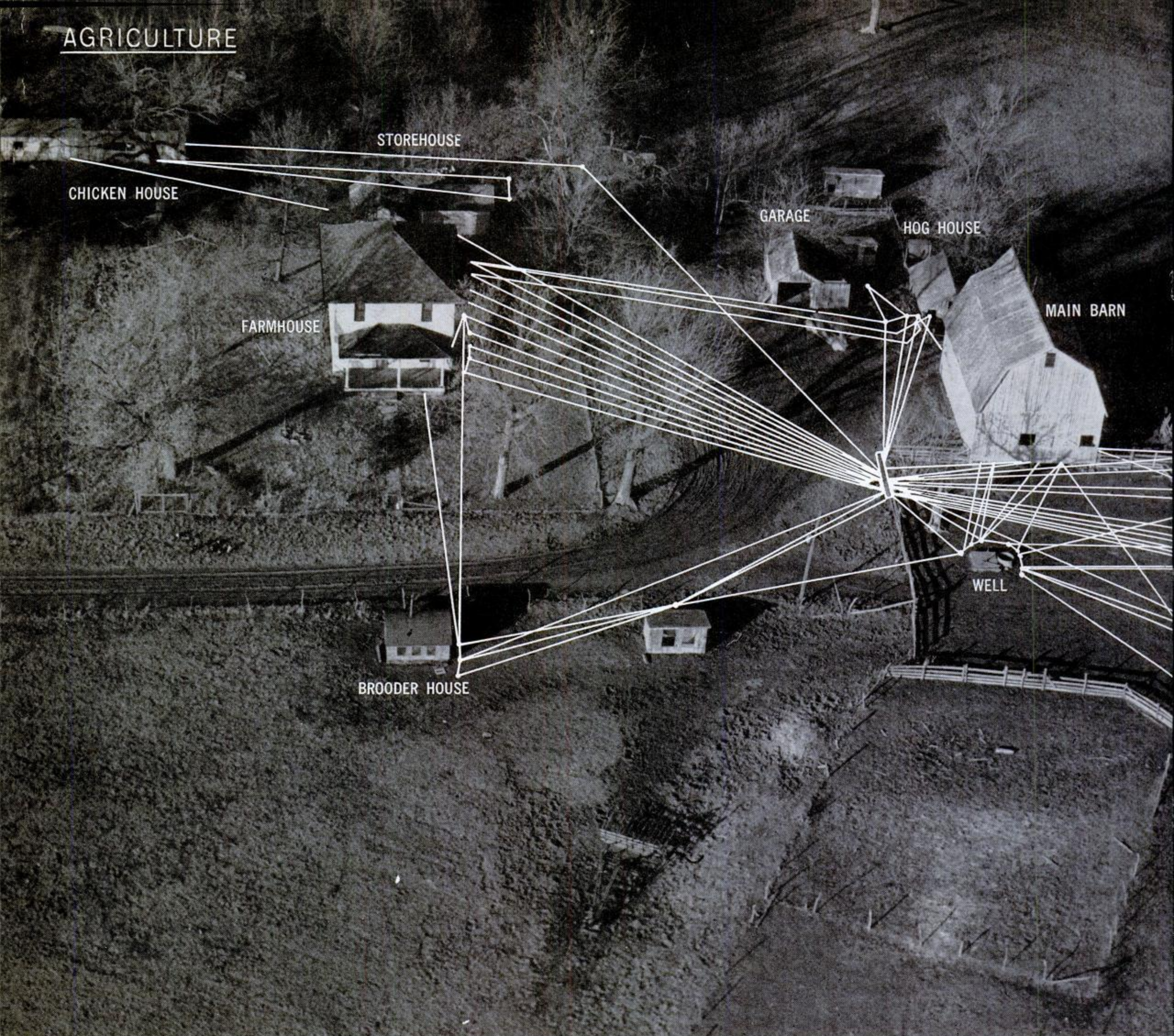
Conveniently located in the heart of Radio City—at 40 West 49th Street—RCA Exhibition Hall is open from 11 a.m. to 9 p.m. every day. Everyone is welcome to come in and see this exciting exhibit. There is no admission charge. *Radio Corporation of America, RCA Building, Radio City, New York 20, New York.*



RCA Laboratories, Princeton, N. J., a great research center, and "birthplace" of many of the radio-electronic achievements shown at RCA Exhibition Hall. Research conducted here is reflected in the fine quality in any product bearing the names RCA, or RCA Victor.

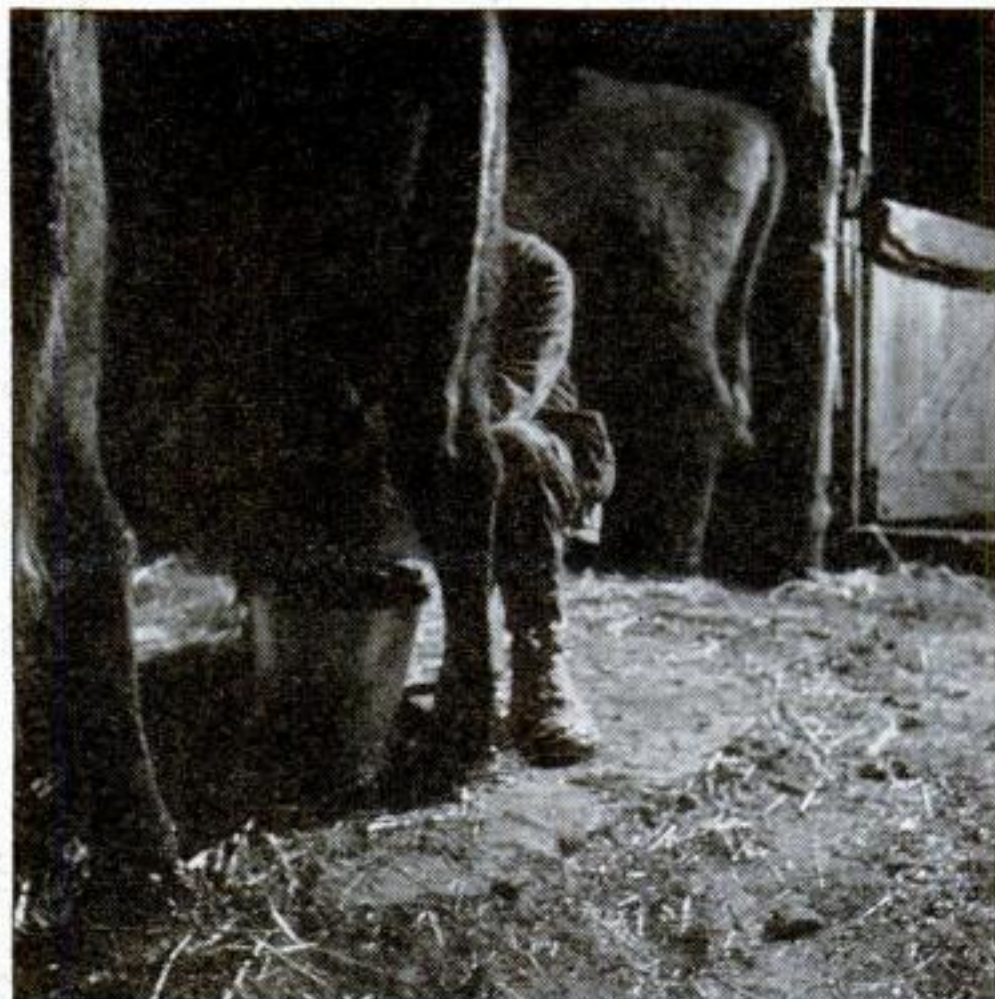


RADIO CORPORATION of AMERICA



FARMER WOOD'S TRAVELS around his barnyard are represented by white lines, which are spread in fan shape along the principal paths to show the number of trips each

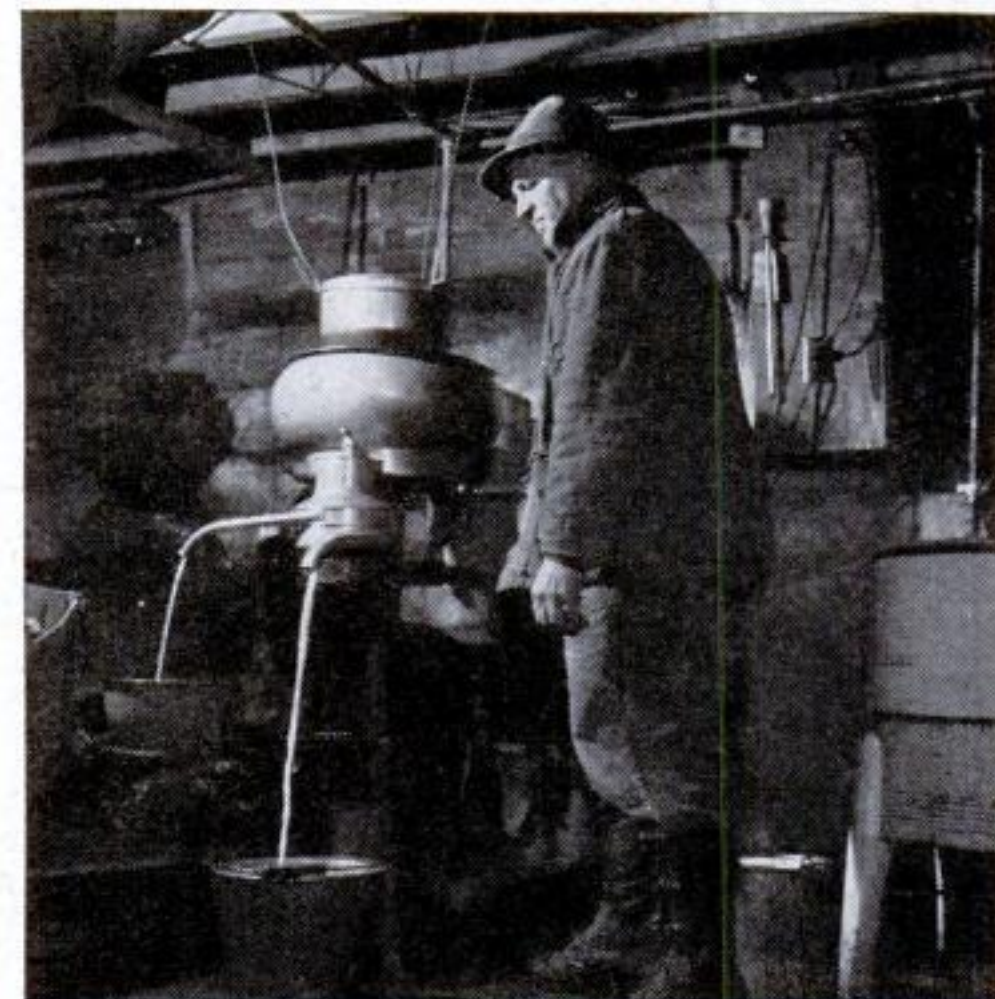
day. Focal point of his routine is the barnyard gate (*center*), 100 feet from his house, through which he passes 34 times a day. He makes four round trips out of the barnyard



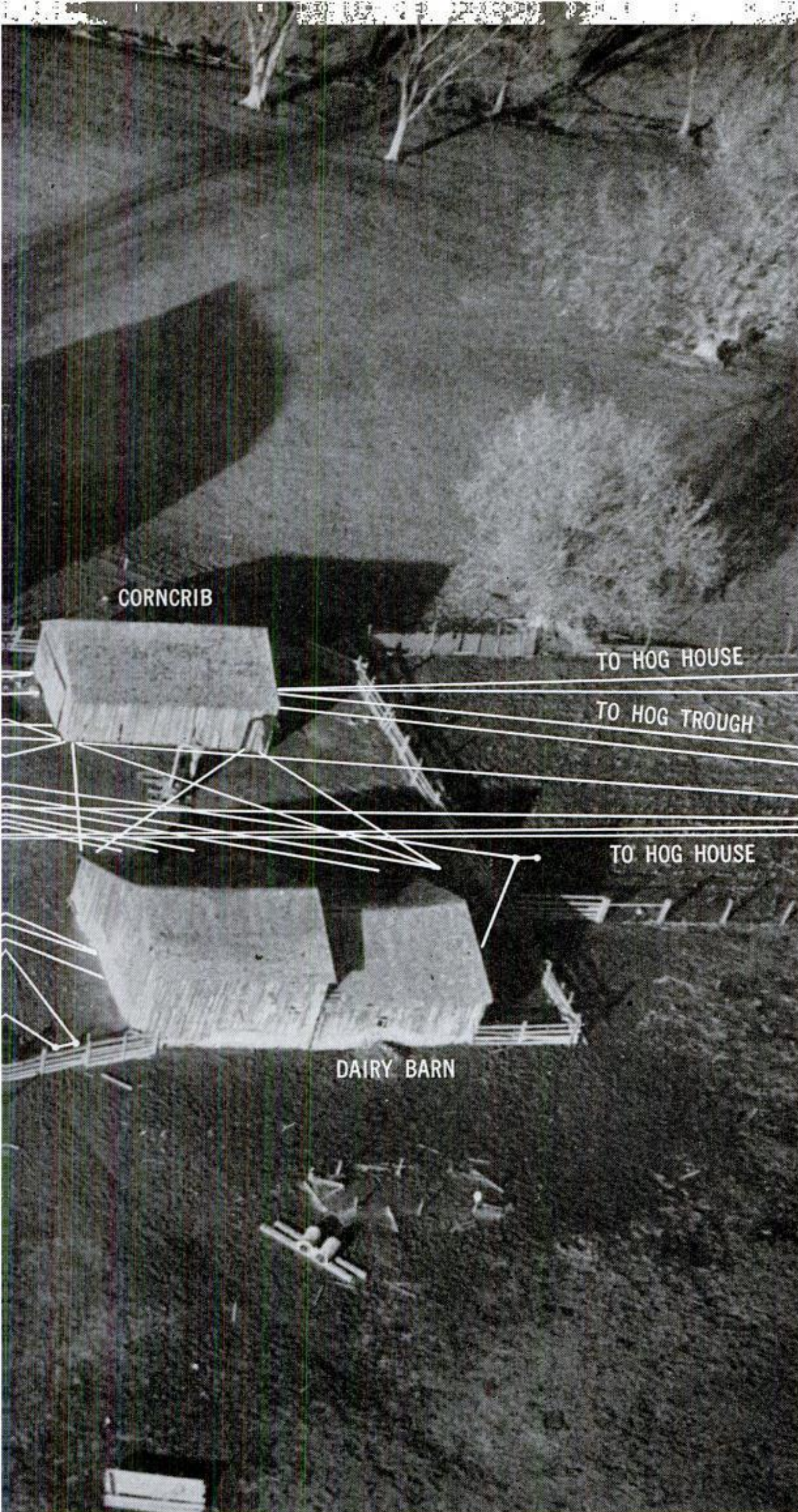
MILKING is Farmer Wood's first chore of the day. He milks four of his 20 cows, uses the rest for nursing calves.



CARRYING MILK from dairy barn to house takes four round trips daily, more than 34 hours of walking each year.



SEPARATING CREAM takes only a short time, but skimmed milk must be carried back to barn for the hogs.



(extreme right) to the open field to feed his hogs and goes once to the fence left of dairy barn carrying corn for his cattle. Small unmarked buildings are portable hog houses.



EFFICIENCY EXPERT RALPH HITZ (LEFT) SHOWS FARMER WOOD HIS DAILY ROUTE

THE INEFFICIENT FARMER

Efficiency expert finds ordinary barnyard chores involve almost 1,000 miles of walking in one year

As every farmer knows, the coming of winter makes his chores more uncomfortable, but it does cut down on his outdoor work and gives him more time to catch up on his technical reading. Farmer Alva Wood of Lucas County, Iowa last week put this spare time to good use by studying a set of charts prepared for him by an efficiency expert from Iowa State College. The charts showed that in the course of a year's work, Farmer Wood walks almost 1,000 miles inside a 160,000-foot rectangle (left). They also showed that Wood, like countless other U.S. farmers, needlessly wastes his time and energy.

Most of Wood's walking involves carrying weighty objects from one part of his barnyard to another. He rises before dawn and makes the first of his 12 round trips to the barns, where he milks his cows and carries the filled buckets 130 feet back to the cream separator in the cellar of his house. Then he commences a day-long series of journeys back and forth over well-worn paths carrying food and water from his well and storehouses to the scattered outbuildings which house his poultry, hogs and cattle. By nightfall he has trudged almost 3 miles on 150 separate errands. But by following the efficiency expert's recommendations (next page) Farmer Wood can save half of this distance every day.



FEEDING CHICKENS is also a brief chore, but first grain and mash must be carried from barn to hen house.



FEEDING HOGS takes time and hard work. Some of this could be eliminated by storage-box "self-feeders."



WATERING HORSES at hand-fed trough is tedious because animals must be led from stalls to trough and back.



You Remembered!

HERE is a gift to gladden the eyes and warm the heart! ALMOND ROCA... *America's finest confection.* It says "Merry Christmas" to so many... and so well! It says "I remembered" all year long. It goes with the friends who leave and welcomes those who return. ALMOND ROCA is famed the world around for its incomparable flavor. Every big, crunchy piece brings the goodness of milk chocolate over a crisp butter-rich center. Choice almonds fill the center, top the chocolate coating. ALMOND ROCA is always fresh, always delicious because it is packed in a vacuum tin. Give ALMOND ROCA to friends, business associates and loved ones this Christmas. It will be long remembered!

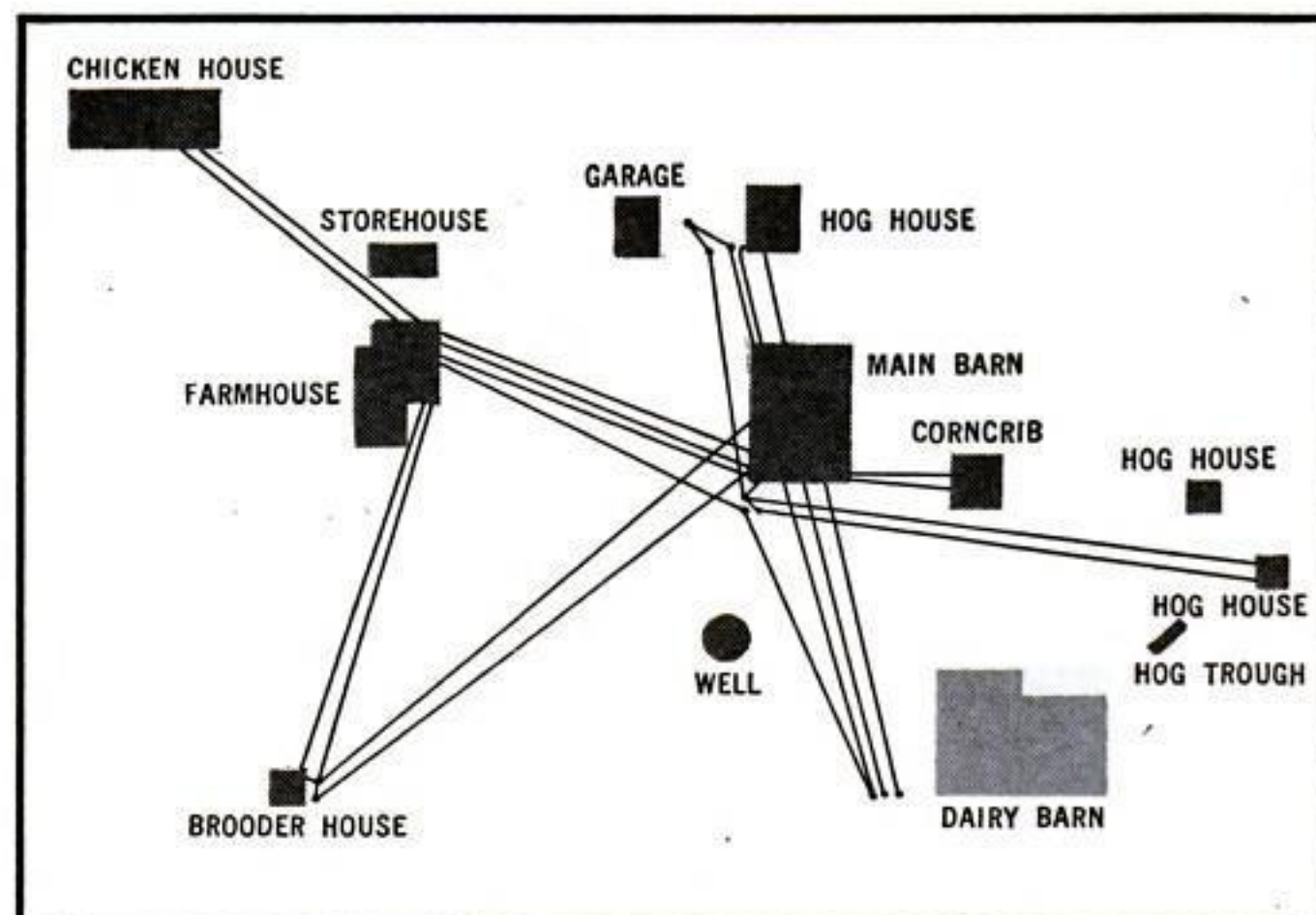
ALMOND ROCA*
Made only by
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Inefficient Farmer CONTINUED

STREAMLINING WILL SAVE FARMER MORE THAN 500 MILES EACH YEAR



After analyzing the routes and purposes of Farmer Wood's weary travels through his barnyard, Efficiency Expert Hitz submitted a new plan (above) and recommended that Wood scrap his dairy barn and convert the main barn into an all-purpose building housing calves, cows, bull, horses and feed. This would save about 100 miles of walking each year. By moving the cream separator from the house into this barn, he could cancel four 130-foot trips daily and thus save an extra 128 miles a year. By installing a pressure system at the well, he could pump water into his house, barn, poultry and hog houses, thereby removing the need for many journeys afoot and the labor of transporting many tons of water by hand. Hitz also suggested that Wood tear down his chicken house (above, upper left) and build a new one, with proper ventilation and insulation, closer to the barn. The new location would make a tighter orbit for Wood to travel, while heating controls would eliminate frequent errands in freezing weather to check on the temperature of the henhouse. Storage bins for poultry feed in the henhouse instead of the barn would make it possible for Wood to haul grain and mash once a month in a wagon, instead of daily in a basket. If Farmer Wood adopts all of Expert Hitz's suggestions, he will save 500 miles a year and may eventually do his chores with almost as much efficiency as his wife now does hers in her appliance-filled kitchen (below).



EFFICIENT WIFE, Mrs. Alva Wood, reduces time and labor in her chores by using electric appliances. Compact arrangement of kitchen also saves steps.



Jiminy! Everybody wants the new one!



If you could get sly old Santa to fess up, he'd admit he expected this. It's been much the same for years . . . folks gift-bent for "Toastmaster" toasters. Then, along comes this great new model with fine features galore and . . . well . . . Santa's in a spot. For our part, we don't intend letting the genial gentleman down. *You* can help by being thorough and *early* in your quest for this gift of gifts . . . the *new* "Toastmaster"* toaster.

the New **TOASTMASTER** *Automatic Pop-Up Toaster*

*"TOASTMASTER" is a registered trademark of McGraw Electric Company, manufacturers of Buss Electric Fuses, Clark Electric Water Heaters, and Toastmaster Products, Copr. 1947, TOASTMASTER PRODUCTS DIVISION, McGraw Electric Company, Elgin, Ill.



Gives every meal a festive touch...



"Even plain food tastes like a party meal when you add Grandma Snider's real homey Country Style Catsup," say the Snider Folks. Not too tart, not too sweet, with a tasty, tangy flavor all its own — it sure perks up folks' appetites.



Grandma Snider's

home-style Catsup

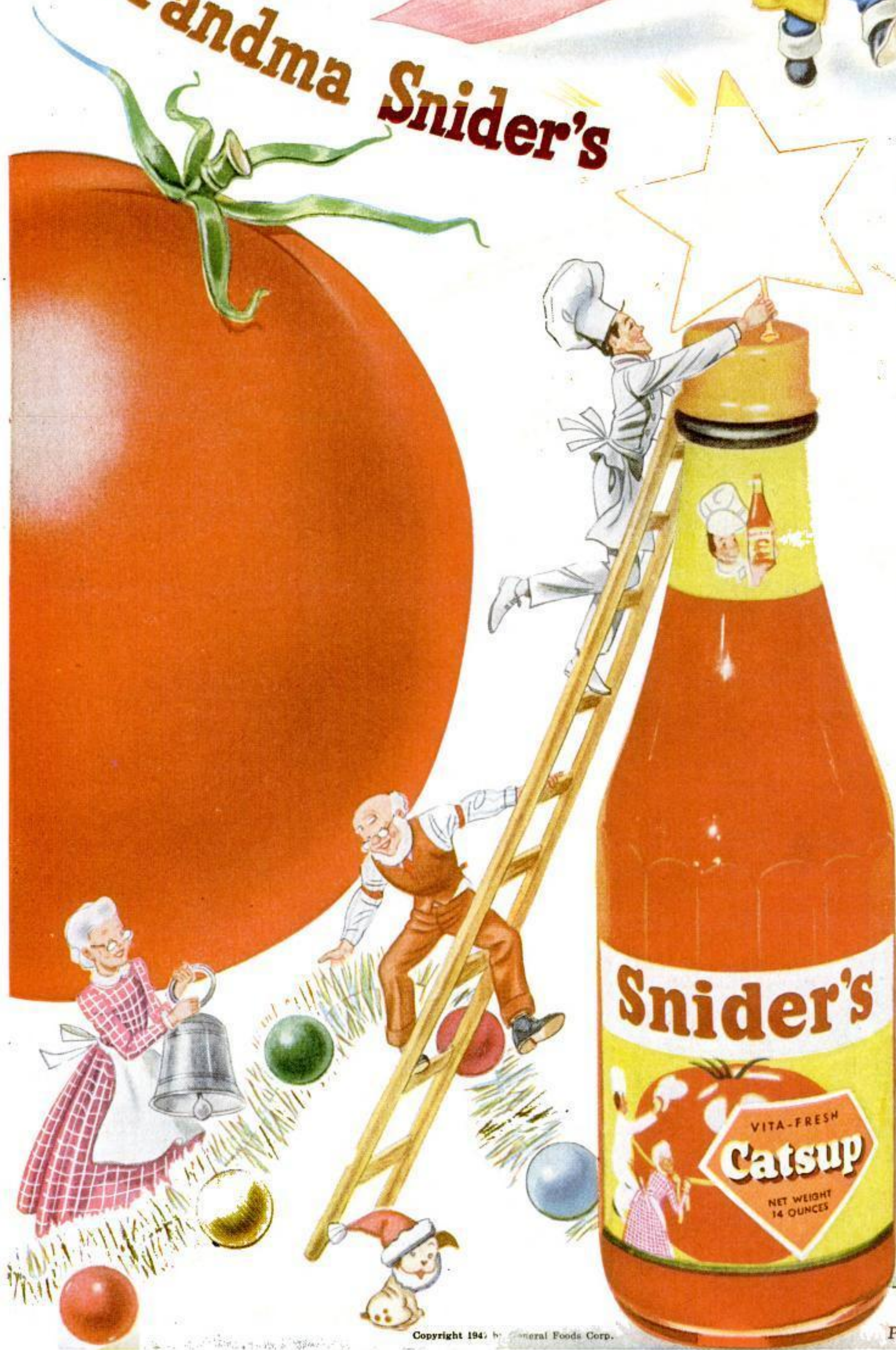
You just don't know how downright delicious catsup can be until you taste it made according to Grandma's country-kitchen recipe. It even looks different! Smooth as silk — never watery, never blobby — with a real true ripe tomato red.

**made with
Super Tomatoes**

It takes Farmer Snider's juicy Super Tomatoes, plus all Grandma Snider's kitchen skill, to turn out catsup like this! Now that it's famous it's outgrown Grandma's kitchen — but it's never outgrown that country style flavor! Better keep plenty on hand, the way folks take to it. Ask your grocer for Snider's Catsup today — and see!



The Snider Folks



Besides Snider's Catsup there's
**SNIDER'S OLD FASHIONED
CHILI SAUCE**

made according to Grandma Snider's secret recipe. Chock-full of good things... crisp celery, shiny green peppers, young onions, ripe juicy Super Tomatoes. Not to mention all those wonderful secret spices Grandma Snider's so proud of. And cooked just so — nice and chunky, the old fashioned way. It really tastes like home!



If the Snider Folks put it up... it tastes like home

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TENNESSEE WILLIAMS SITS ON THE SET OF HIS NEW BROADWAY HIT, "A STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE." THE IRON STAIRWAY LEADS UP TO A NEW ORLEANS FLAT



A STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE actually exists in New Orleans. Its destination is the Desire section of the city. The play's heroine arrives on this streetcar.

"A STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE"

Tennessee Williams has written the Broadway season's best new play

After the curtain came down last week on the Broadway opening of *A Streetcar Named Desire*, first-nighters clapped until the actors took a dozen curtain calls. Then the audience began to shout, "Author!" Finally the stubby little man who wrote the play, Tennessee Williams, came out from the wings and, in a daze of happy embarrassment, gave a few choppy bows. He wasn't sure whether he should bow to the actors or the audience. But he could be sure of one thing. He had written the season's best new play and had proved he was now a top U.S. dramatist. Next morning the critics, called his play "superb," "fascinating," "a terrific adventure."

Tennessee Williams is a 34-year-old Southern-

er who was born in Columbus, Miss. His name is Thomas Lanier Williams. He changed it, he says, because he wanted to be reminded of his forebears who had fought Indians in Tennessee. As a struggling author, Williams worked as movie usher and elevator man in New York while he wrote poems, short stories and play after unproduced play. In 1945 his *Glass Menagerie* was produced and became a big hit. In it Williams showed himself a poetic dramatist who could write understandingly of human misery. His gift for poetic showmanship in *Streetcar Named Desire* imbues with warmth and compassionate perception the story (*next page*) of a girl who retreats from reality to find consolation and final sorrow in sex and alcohol.



THE HEROINE, Blanche Du Bois, is a Southern girl who lives in a make-believe world of grandeur, preens in faded evening gowns and makes herself out to be sweet, genteel and delicate. She comes to visit her sister

Stella and brother-in-law in the French quarter of New Orleans. In this role English Actress Jessica Tandy, who is on stage most of the time, won high praise from the critics, sharing it with brilliant Director Elia Kazan.



HER SISTER and her sister's Polish husband Stanley (Marlon Brando), after a fierce quarrel brought about by Blanche's endless meddling, are reconciled in a touching love scene on stairway of their ramshackle little flat.



IN HER SISTER'S FLAT Blanche and Stella (Kim Hunter) undress in a bedroom which is divided from living room by partly closed curtains. Though Blanche complains about the noisy poker party which is going

on in the adjoining room, she purposely stands so she can be seen by Mitch (Karl Malden, *third from left*). Her sister's happy, sensual married life disturbs and offends Blanche. She tells Stella that it is vulgar and revolting.



ACTING THE COQUETTE, Blanche curtsies to Mitch, whom she has lured into courting her. Mitch proposes marriage but jilts her when he discovers that in her home town Blanche was practically a prostitute.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 104

*Luscious Woodbury deb
Beall Baldwin
of Atlanta and New York
chosen Beauty Bride
of the Month
by America's Foremost
Society Reporter*



Count Igor Cassini



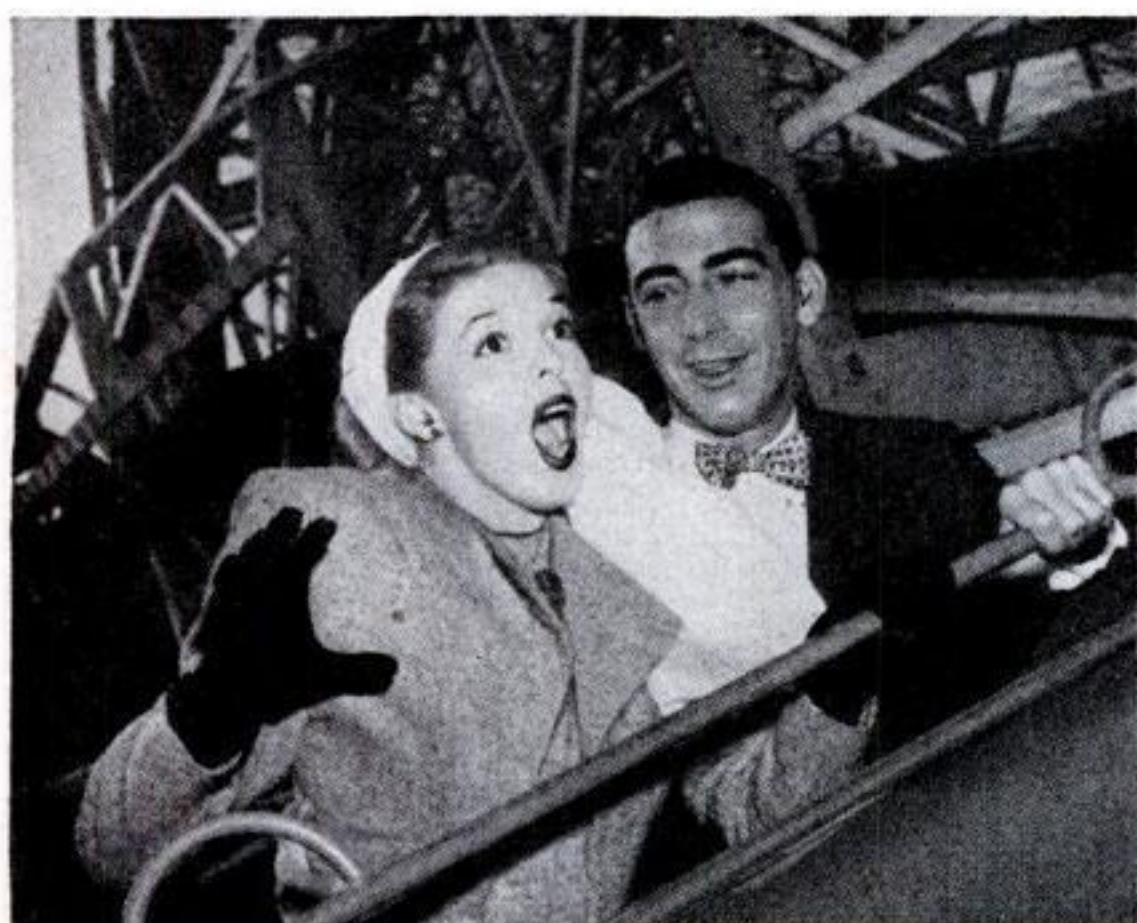
The only one for him! Beautiful Beall Baldwin, just-wed bride of Vincent Charles Turecamo



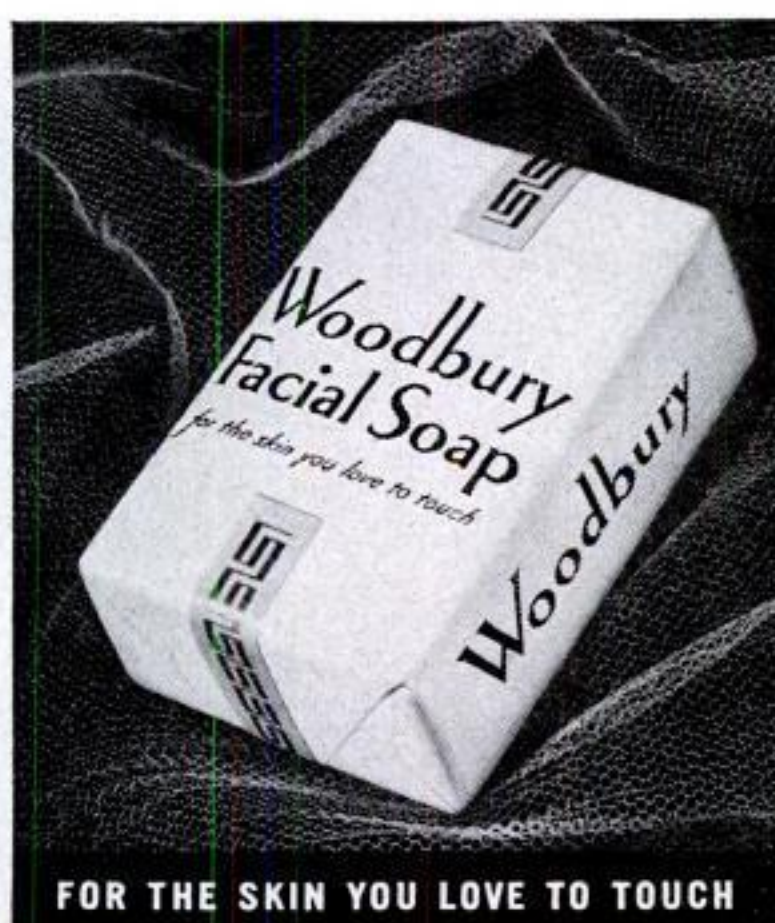
"I adore the silky-soft skin a Woodbury Facial Cocktail gives me," says Beall. "I cream on the lather — so wonderfully mild — rinse, and skin's simply radiant!" Radiantly lovely! Know why? 'Cause Woodbury's extra mild. Contains a rich beauty-cream ingredient. It's so gentle!

"Just Married" Kiss...

FOR ANOTHER WOODBURY DEB!



O-oops! Roller Coaster at Palisades Amusement Park has Beall in a panic! As for Vinny, he's been "panicked" by Beall's beauty—ever since he arranged introduction, at the Stork Club. "Her glow registered with me," laughs he, "and my courtship opened—officially!" See, girls? Cupid works fast, for girls with Woodbury-smooth sparkle!



Follow the deb's beauty routine . . . Woodbury Facial Cocktails daily. See your skin look clearer, softer—enchanted! Woodbury's made for the skin alone, by skin scientists—made with a beauty-cream ingredient. It's extra-mild!



Cabin-for-two cruising off Manhasset Yacht Club. Camera catches "beautiful sparkle" of Beall's complexion . . . misses 4-carat sparkle of marquise diamond engagement ring! Not surprising . . . with you so eye-catching, Beall! "That's Woodbury-sparkle," she counters. "Any girl can have it, with this true beauty soap!"



No Wonder Fleischmann's makes
America's Finest Holiday Gift



NOT JUST DRY ... IT'S "DRY" DRY

—without the slightest
trace of Sweetness!



Yes, Fleischmann's Gin
is "dry" dry . . . 100% dry!
That's one of *four big reasons* why
Fleischmann's makes America's
most delicious gin drinks.
Reason Two: Fleischmann's
has a superbly delicate, light *taste*!
Reason Three: Fleischmann's
is so very, very *smooth*!
Reason Four: Fleischmann's
priceless *mixability* provides the
perfect base for Martinis,
Tom Collins, *all* gin drinks!

90 PROOF

FLEISCHMANN'S



America's First Gin

DISTILLED FROM AMERICAN GRAIN. 90 PROOF.

THE FLEISCHMANN DISTILLING CORPORATION, PEEKSKILL, N. Y.

"Streetcar" CONTINUED



"WE'VE HAD THIS DATE with each other from the beginning," says Stanley to Blanche. For weeks she has been insulting and trying to attract him. When his wife is in the hospital having a baby, Blanche hysterically attacks him with the top of a broken bottle. In a half-drunken fury, Stanley rapes her.



THE DRAMA ENDS when Blanche, clinging to her pitiful delusion that she is a grand lady, is pronounced insane, is led away by asylum attendants. Her sister and husband can now resume their happiness, proving Williams' thesis that healthy life can go on only after it is rid of unwholesome influence.



and best of all...

RESORT-RIGHT for your midwinter holiday, and a light look for your spring wardrobe. Here's three-piece perfection, achieved with that perfect fabric—Milliken's wool covert. Crisp, sleek, and paper-smooth—a "natural" for trim tailored clothes. (For the fine texture of this fabric, see close-up at right.)

Look for the Milliken label next time you shop for beautiful clothes. Look, too, for Milliken Woolens by the yard, and Milliken linings in shades to harmonize. *Where to buy Milliken Fabrics, or the costume shown here? Write Milliken Woolens, 450 Seventh Avenue, New York 1, N. Y.*

... it's a





Christmas treasures by Yardley

You'll glow in giving . . . "they'll" revel in receiving these Yardley world-wide favorites. Oh-so-fragrant, each handsome gift collection will long bespeak your good Christmas wishes . . . with gay-hearted Yardley English Lavender . . . refreshing Yardley grooming aids for men . . . or romantic "Bond Street" Perfume. Now's the time to choose . . . while the selection's at its best.

LAVENDER LUXURY, top: Yardley English Lavender, Bath Salts, English Lavender Soap, Sachet, Dusting Powder, \$7.50. Other gay, young Yardley Lavender sets available from \$3.35 to \$14.50.

"BOND STREET" BOUNTY, center: "Bond Street" Perfume, "English Complexion" Powder, Yardley Lipstick, Compact, "Bond Street" Toilet Water and Dusting Powder, \$12.50. Others from \$3.50.

GENTLEMEN'S GAIN, bottom: Favorites that flatter him, Yardley Shaving Bowl, Invisible Talc, After Shaving Lotion, \$3.50. Also with Soap and Brilliantine, \$5. Others from \$2.50 to \$8.50.

PRICES PLUS TAX

Yardley products for America are created in England and finished in the U. S. A. from original English formulae, combining imported and domestic ingredients. Yardley of London, Inc., 620 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. C.



Ingrid Bergman

So struck with the beauty of Ingrid Bergman was LIFE Photographer Eliot Elisofon that he made this portrait of her in fragments of looking glass so the Bergman beauty would appear more often. Mr. Elisofon describes his subject as "a fine, strong, cow-country maiden" and says the repetition of her face is also designed to evoke the monotony which he associates with such a type. Although Elisofon knows nothing of Miss Bergman's secret thoughts, the broken mirror at right supposedly represents what goes on beneath her placid exterior, which Elisofon evidently suspects is a lot. Un-

troubled by such speculations, Miss Bergman continues to augment her fabulously successful screen career. Soon she will be seen in *Arch of Triumph*, adapted from the Erich Maria Remarque novel. As its heroine she plays a lovelorn cafe singer torn between an anti-Nazi refugee and a Parisian playboy. The Enterprise Studios, producers of *Arch*, hope it will be good enough to endow their studio, not yet 2 years old, with the prestige of a major movie company overnight. At present Ingrid Bergman is making a film biography of her favorite historical personage, St. Joan of Arc.

GET HIM THE GIFT THAT CAN'T MISS

Give him blissful, bother-free shaving with a Schick Electric Shaver he can prove on his own face. If he doesn't fall in love with it, your money will be refunded in full!



10-DAY TRIAL BUY
—Here's the Schick Super we're talking about. Tidy, neat, compact, with two close-cropping, non-nicking, fast-working heads that give him double shaving action on every stroke. Complete in handsome traveling case, ready to plug into any socket, AC or DC, at \$18.00. Buy him one—let him try it for 10 days—and if it's not the finest way to shave he ever found, return it and get your money back in full. Or—trial-buy him the famous Schick Colonel for only \$15.00

Here's what makes Schick a sure-fire gift:

It's not only that the Schick Super is the finest shaving instrument to be found—though we back that statement with 17 years of experience.

It's because we believe no loud shouting of claims can show a man the way to better shaving—because we want your lucky husband, sweetheart, son or dad to *prove* Schick on his own face.

So we say this:

Get him a sleek, slick Schick Super in its rich gift case.

Let him test it as he pleases—even shaving with his shirt on.

Let him feel its double-action heads at work and let him find out how fast and easy shaving can be—without cuts, burn or scrapes.

He can do it for 10 days, starting Christmas morning. Then—

If he doesn't want to bless you every morning after—if he isn't firmly convinced that you gave him a gift that's tops in every way—he or you can return the Schick and get every penny of your money back!

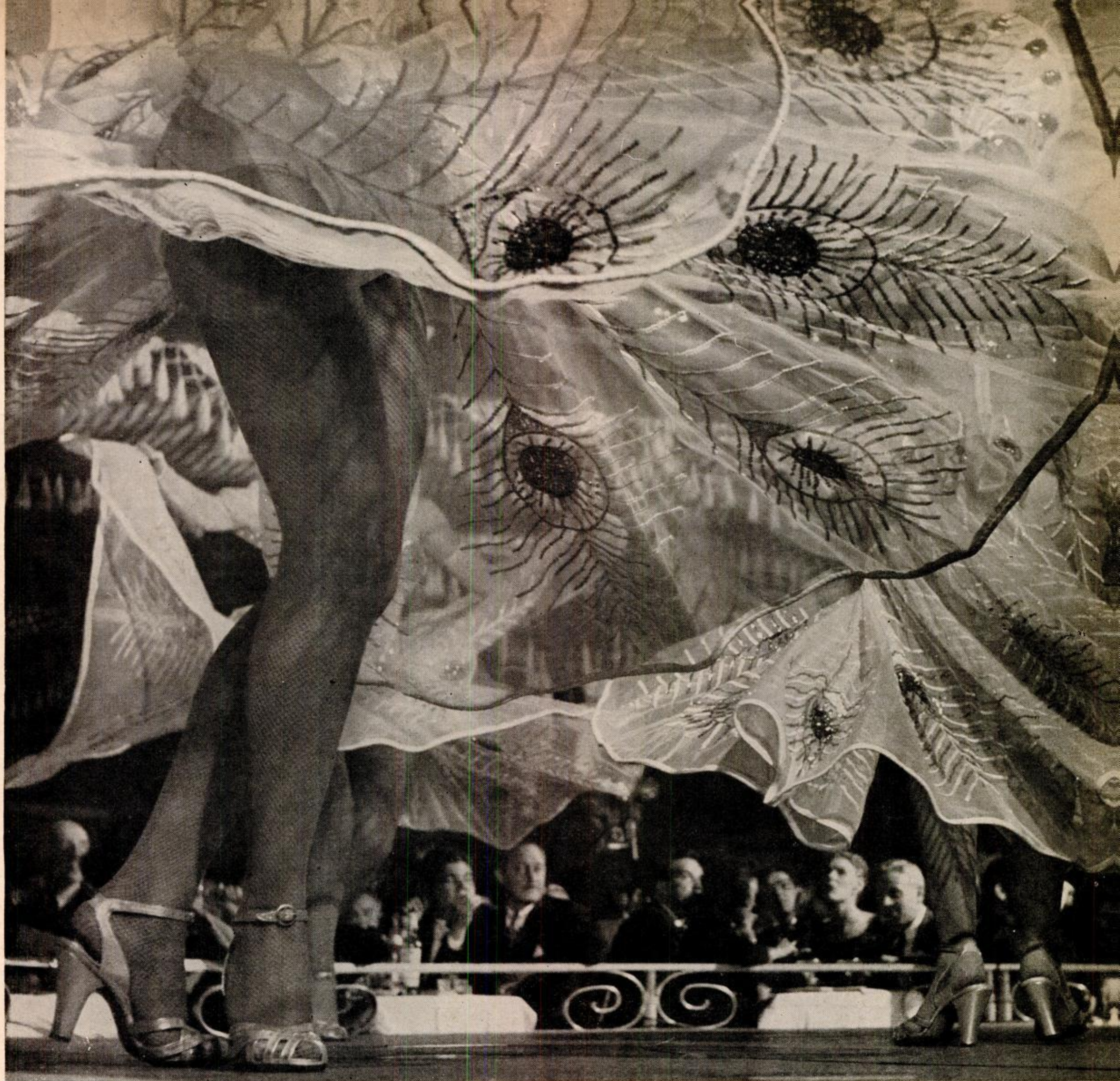
And if that isn't right in the Christmas spirit, we don't know what is. Better beat the crowds to it and get that Schick quick.

SCHICK INCORPORATED, STAMFORD, CONN.



COMPLETE THE GIFT WITH A SCHICK SHAVEREST
Complete his shaving satisfaction with the Shaverest—the handsome, handy wall-holder that fits any Schick (Colonel shown here). Holds it safe near mirror. Stops current automatically. Zips up cord. Shaverest alone, \$7.95. With Colonel, as shown, \$22.95. With Super, \$25.95.
Shaverest—Trademark Schick Inc.

SCHICK *Electric* SHAVER
and SHAVEREST



AT A BRASSY NEW YORK NIGHTCLUB CALLED THE HAREM A CHORUS GIRL'S SWIRLING SKIRTS AND LONG, SHAPELY LEGS CLEARLY REVEAL WHAT MOST NIGHTCLUB PATRONS COME TO SEE

NIGHTCLUBS

Broadway is gaudier than ever but some club owners are getting "snow-blind"

Behind its ugly jumble of neon come-ons, Broadway was in a slump. But in the big lavish nightclubs, as LIFE's candid photographs of the early winter season show, the music was louder, the girls prettier and the customers sillier than ever. Several shows were almost worth the outrageous tabs, for the nightclub proprietors, unlike most businessmen faced with falling sales, had cut neither the prices nor the quality of their entertainment.

Nightclubs are a surprisingly accurate barometer of U.S. luxury spending. Fewer surplus dollars jingled in the public pocketbook and nightclubs were first to feel the pinch. Their business was off 30% and in New York impresarios were suffering from what the trade calls "snow-blindness," an occupational disease brought on by staring at too many white tablecloths uncluttered by customers. Nothing much could be done about it, for costs could not

be cut. Operators needed top-notch shows and expensive performers (*next page*) to stay in business. They could whittle the chorus lines and mend old costumes. But the thimble-sized drinks were already at the irreducible minimum. Consequently in the flossier places a smoky, noisy evening for two still cost a minimum (not too many drinks, no souvenir dolls, no gardenias) of \$20. Scotch ran \$1 a sniff. Cagey patrons trying to save money found that a whole bottle was \$24—with little hope of a refund if they did not finish all of it.

Around the tiny, garish stages—last refuge from the New Look—jammed the same lovers of bare flesh, stale air and blaring music. Nothing had changed save that the "career girls" at the ringside seemed made up more heavily, their escorts seemed balder. To the people who flocked into them the clubs still held up the same unflattering reflection of their own abnormal tastes.



THE LATIN QUARTER HAS POSSIBLY THE SEXIEST AND NOISIEST SHOW IN NEW

PERFORMERS

Names and dames draw the crowds

◀ EAR-FLAPPED JOE E. LEWIS PROTECTS HIMSELF AGAINST HIS DIRTY DITTIES

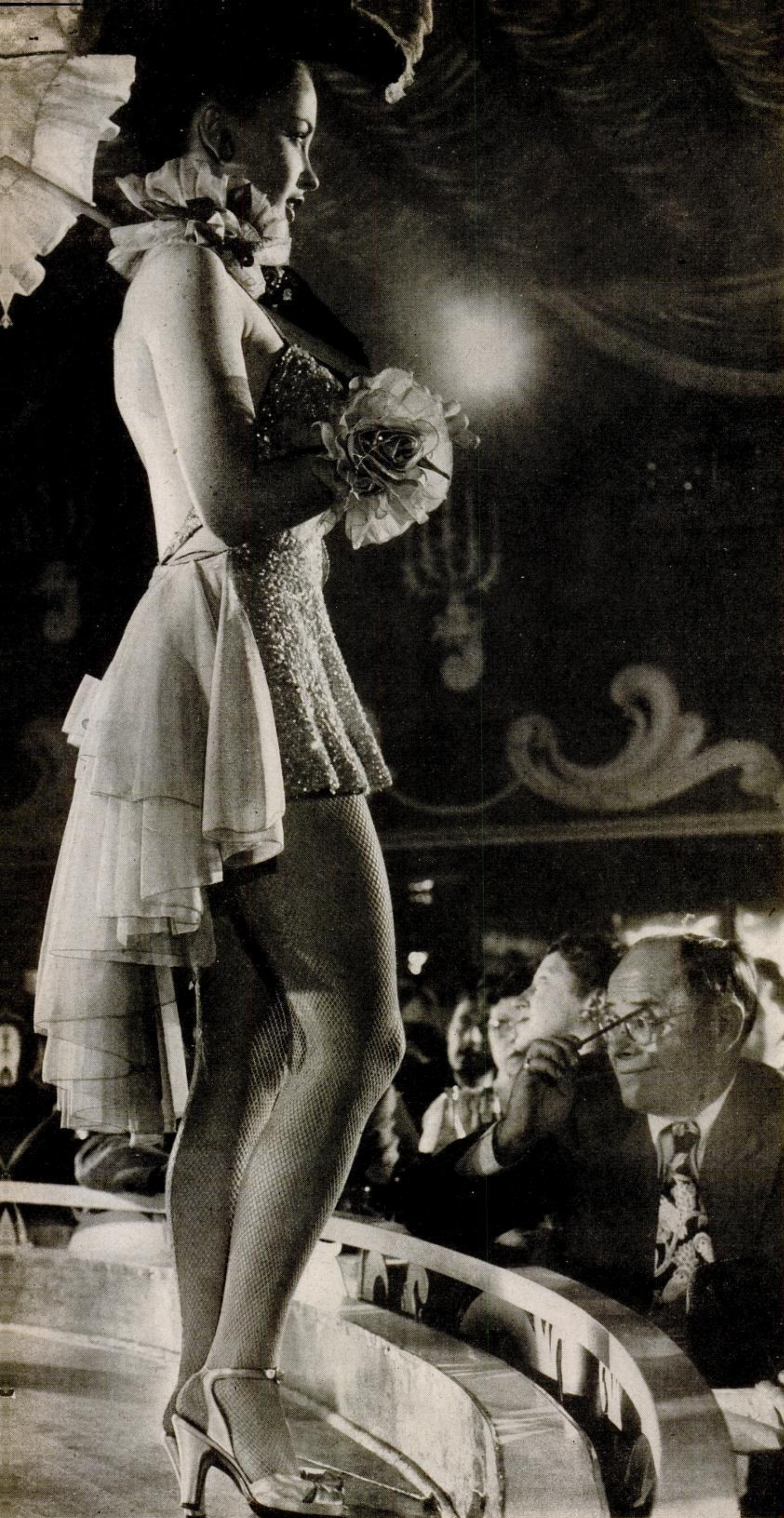


YORK. HERE SOME OF THE CHORUS, STATUESQUE AND EXPRESSIONLESS, PARADES ITS PURELY PHYSICAL ASSETS. THE CUSTOMERS ARE REASONABLE ENOUGH NOT TO ASK MUCH MORE

As a nightclub business index, the activities of gilt-edged performers like Joe E. Lewis (*left*) and Peter Lind Hayes are apt to be watched as closely as a broker follows the Dow-Jones averages. Paradoxically an insistent demand for their talents usually means that business is so bad that only big names

will draw the crowds. During a boom almost any performer can fill the house. Lewis, whose smutty humor has proved irresistible to a decade of listeners, can now get at least \$5,000 a week from any big club. Hayes and his wife get \$6,000 from the Copacabana and have more offers than they can fill. The cur-

rent demand for big names has even brought about one notable disinterment. A New York club recently exhumed an aging George Jessel from his Hollywood producer's office to star in its show at \$7,500 a week. The management knew the club would do a land-office business at least as long as Jessel lasted.



A STUDENT conscientiously examines the knees of a tall Latin Quarter girl while scratching his left eye with

a wooden mallet. The mallets are provided by the management so that the customers can pound on the tables.

NIGHTCLUBS CONTINUED



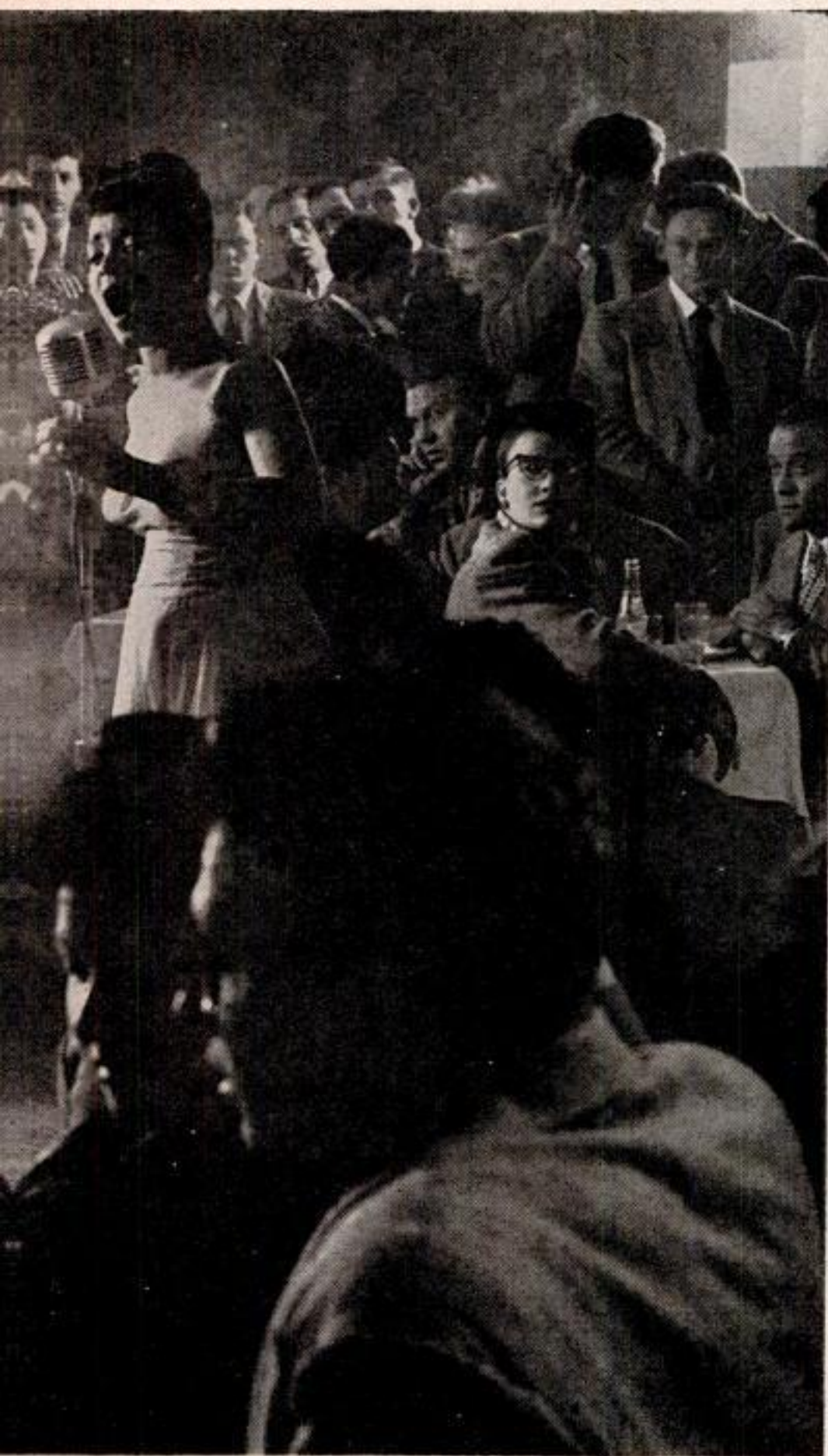
PATRONS AT CAFE SOCIETY DOWNTOWN ABSORB SMOKE,

PATRONS

The customers, as usual, were putting on some of the best shows in town. Their studious attention to the dance (*left*) often supplied a far funnier performance than the one taking place on the stage and provided additional proof that the main attraction in any nightclub was rarely the food. In places like the Havana-Madrid (*right*), which features a vastly popular weekly rumba contest, patrons who mockingly call themselves "rumba degenerates" jigged, jounced and perspired spectacularly to show off their form and vie for a glittering but useless metal



A CALM APPRAISAL of the stage show is made by the same brightly cravatted observer who appears at the left.



SWING MUSIC, ALSO EXPECT TO DANCE ON THE TINY FLOOR

They ogle the dancing girls, put on a show of their own

jug worth approximately \$12.50. College crowds fond of cramped quarters and good jazz sat around in murky caves like Cafe Society Downtown (*above*), admiring torch singers and trying, between shows, to find a few inches of empty dance floor. The big showy clubs like the Copacabana, Latin Quarter, Harem and Diamond Horseshoe were fine places to take visiting sales managers and friends from Council Bluffs. But they were too noisy for romantics and too crowded for gourmets who preferred their soup uncluttered by the elbow of the man at the next table.



Then the happy patron claps wildly for an encore. A businessman, he brought his wife and had a wonderful time.



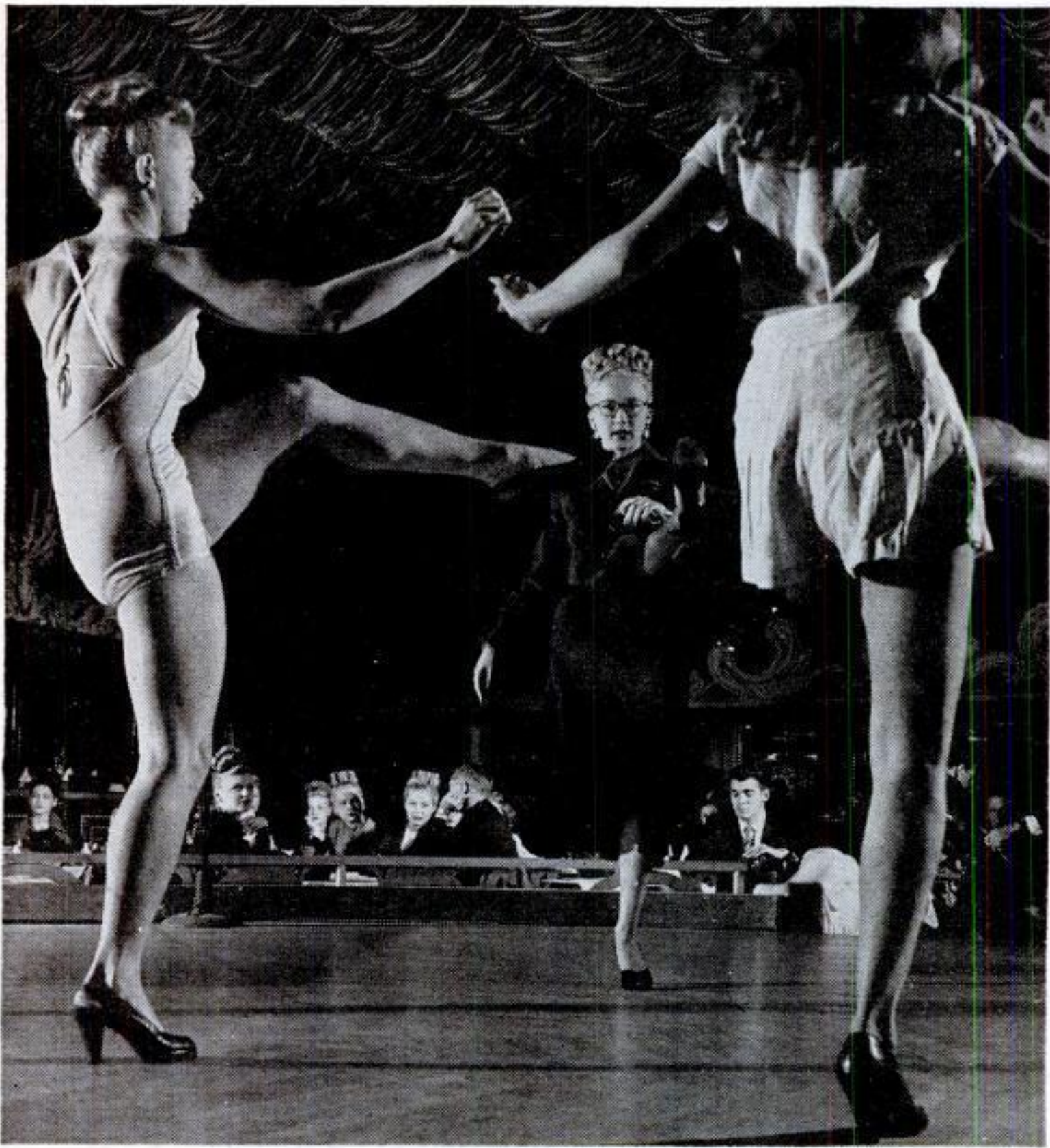
DURING A RUMBA CONTEST at the Havana-Madrid a preoccupied ex-Goldwyn girl named Kizmi Stefan (*fore-*

ground) ignores the perspiring dancers. The couple in the background concentrates on a step called the *Chuchero*.



A DRESSING-ROOM MIRROR in the Copacabana reflects members of the chorus line and much of the equipment necessary to put up a good front. This includes a litter

of facial tissues, powder puffs, combs, make-up sponges, bobby pins, lipstick, powder, cold cream, eye shadow and "falsies" (upper left). Stationery is wedged against big mirror.



DANCE TRYOUT IS HELD TO MAKE SURE ASPIRANTS CAN KEEP THEIR BALANCE WHILE KICKING

BACKSTAGE

There is more grubbiness than glamour

If he could shoulder his way past the columnists, press agents and friends of George Raft—which was unlikely—the eager average nightclubgoer would find the dressing rooms considerably less glamorous (*left*) than he might have imagined. The girls who looked so shiny on stage (*see cover*) were crowded into narrow, unspectacular pens with hardly room to swing a G-string. The best lookers were to be found at the Copacabana and Diamond Horseshoe (where Billy Rose, the premier showman of them all, added the requirement that showgirls must be more than 6 feet tall). Jobs were harder to get for the ordinary chorines, who were doing two shows a night, six days a week, for \$55 to \$75. Many kept on the move since some clubs feel that the customers want a new set of pretty faces about every eight weeks. On the other hand the work was scarcely grueling, since the girls had to do little more than glide about the floor without falling down.



TURNED DOWN for Latin Quarter line, dejected chorus aspirant is brusquely waved off stage by Production Manager George Libby as club personnel watch from ringside.

PRIVATE

Girls' Dressing Room

VISITORS ALLOWED



WAITING TO GO ON STAGE, Ruth Sitarr makes a final hairdo adjustment. Like many showgirls, she recently married within the trade. Her husband is an actor's agent.



A SILHOUETTED ACROBATIC DANCER named Piroska seems to hang arrested in the close nightclub air. This is part of a typical show at the Latin Quarter, whose

owner, graying, busy Lou Walters, gives the tourists a wild mixture of girls, gravel-voiced entertainers, violent apache dancers who often almost hurtle into their laps.

The present that promises a pretty future!

This is the time of the *pretty* woman. For her, Harriet Hubbard Ayer does up a whole beauty treatment in one little perky pink box! Knowing gift for this year when she wants to be prettier than ever for the new pretty fashions.

THE AYER WAY TO LOVELINESS

- ★ Luxuria lifts every trace of dust and make-up from pores.
- ★ Skin Lotion stimulates a brisk, healthy glow of circulation.
- ★ Night Cream helps to dispel the signs of skin fatigue.
- ★ Beautifying Face Cream both clears and smooths the skin.
- ★ Luxuria Face Powder, a feather touch for the new delicate complexion.

Complete set \$1.50, plus tax

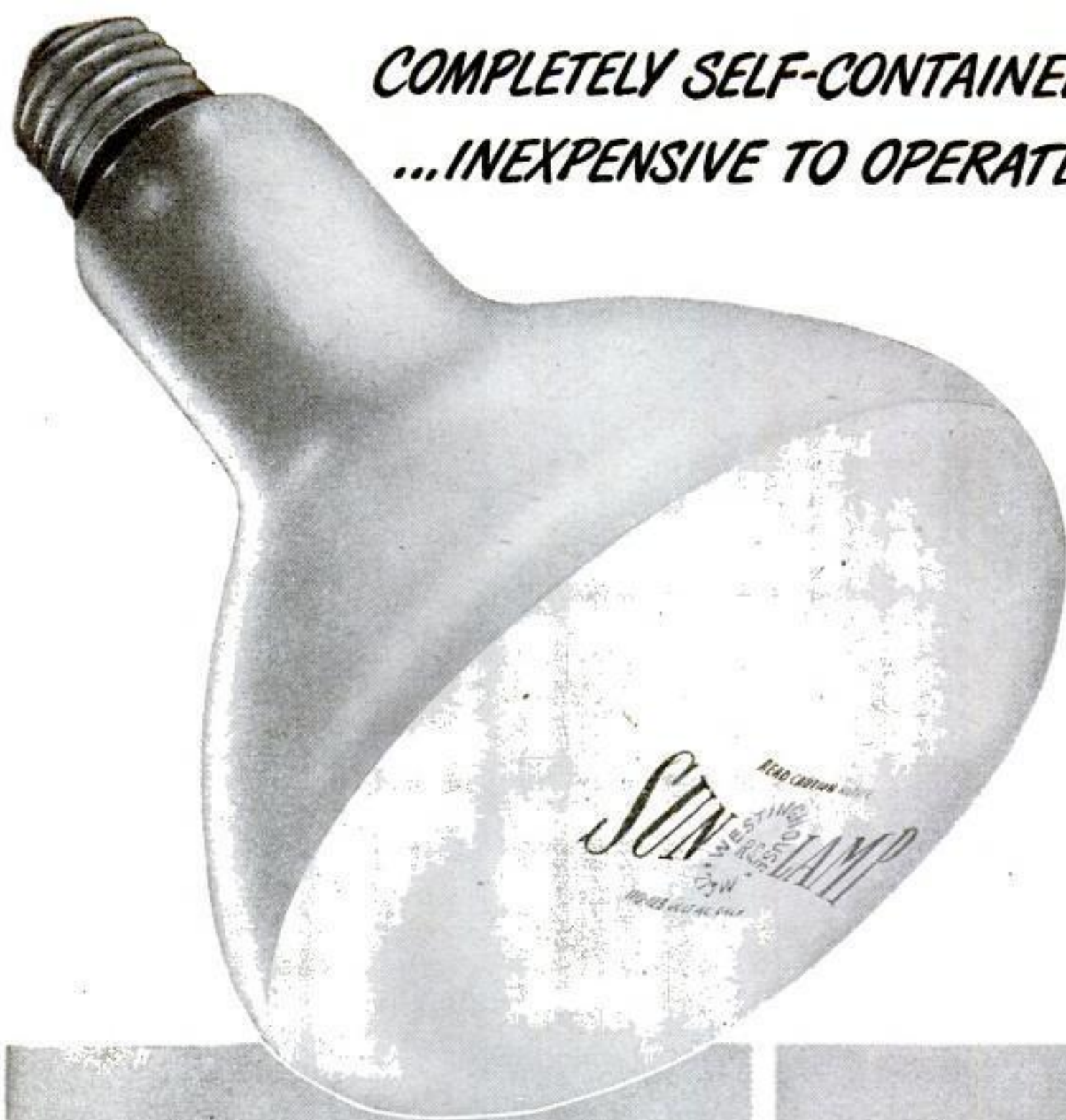
*Result—She didn't
know she was
such a beauty!*

harriet
hubbard

Ayer

LUXURIA LENGTHENS YOUR LOVELIEST HOURS





COMPLETELY SELF-CONTAINED
...INEXPENSIVE TO OPERATE

ONLY \$9.95

—so now we have 3

Westinghouse

SUN LAMPS



One installed in the bathroom over the shaving mirror gives father his healthful ultraviolet every day all winter long. The sun lamp gives plenty of light, too, so seeing is made easy.



A Westinghouse sun bath once a day is grand for the children. The Westinghouse sun lamp has the seal of acceptance of the American Medical Association Council on Physical Medicine.



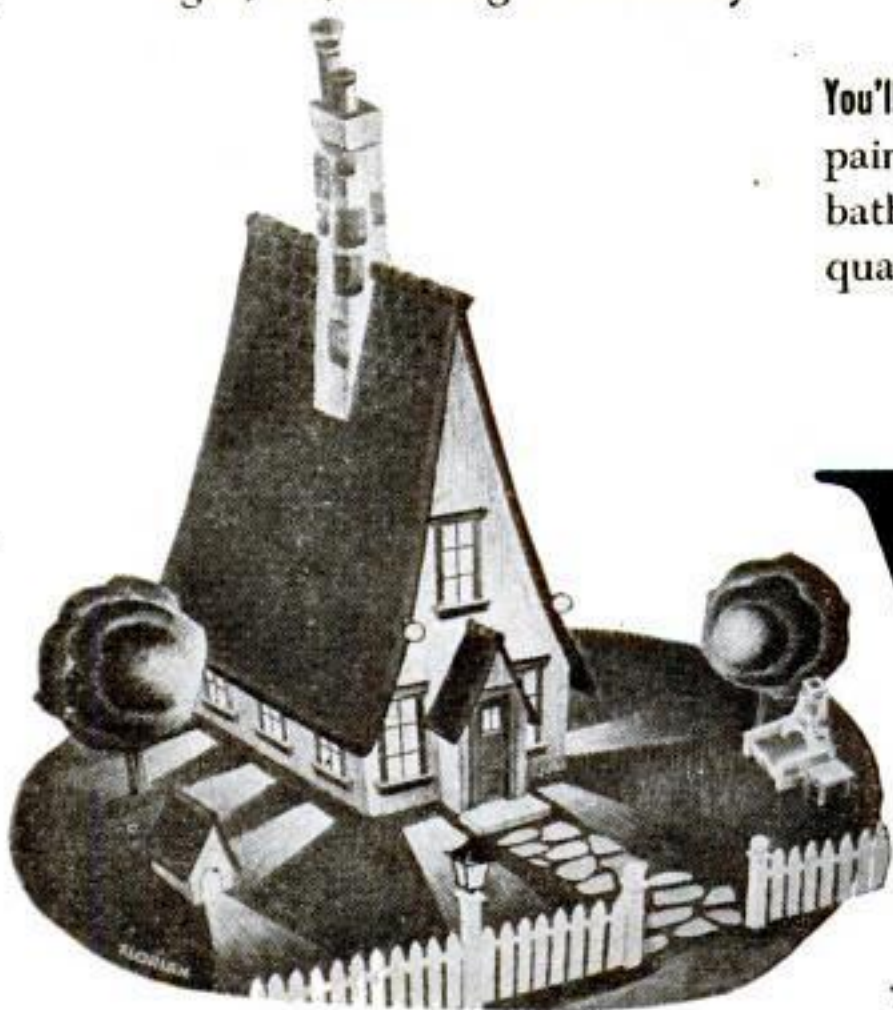
Mother uses one in a Select-O-Ray lamp by her bed. The Westinghouse sun lamp, with *three times* the sun-tan power of a July sun, helps her look better and feel better all year round.

You'll want **HEAT LAMPS**, too... They are handy for soothing aches and pains, for comforting colds, for drying dishes, for quick heat in the bathroom. See your Westinghouse lamp dealer. His store is headquarters for sun and heat lamps.

LIGHT YOUR HOUSE WITH

Westinghouse
THE NAME YOU KNOW IN LAMPS

TUNE IN TED MALONE MONDAY THROUGH FRIDAY ON ABC





"I, EDWARD, PRINCE OF WALES"

Part II of the three-part story of a young prince's education:
farewell to the Royal Navy... investiture... Europe... Oxford

by EDWARD, DUKE OF WINDSOR

MY grandfather died at Buckingham Palace a few minutes before midnight on May 6, 1910. That afternoon one of his fillies, Witch of the Air, won her race at Kempton Park and I remember the sad pleasure with which my father walked over from Marlborough House to convey this information to his dying father, the last bit of terrestrial news I believe the gallant monarch was able to understand.

Next morning I was awakened by a cry from my brother Bertie, today the King. From the window of our room he cried, "Look, the Royal Standard is at half mast." I jumped out of bed to see for myself. Across the Mall, Buckingham Palace stood gray and silent, and on the roof in the bright morning sunlight the Standard hung limply on the mast. And then I knew for myself that Edward the Seventh, Victoria's eldest son, had died, aged 69, after a reign of nine years.

It was my grandfather's fate that his lighter side should have obscured the fact that he had both insight and influence. But from a small boy's view as distinct from the impersonal biographer's view he loomed as one of the best of men; and I sometimes think that he was the last Englishman to have an uninterruptedly good time.

That morning, while Bertie and I were dressing, our valet Finch appeared with the morning tea and word that my father wished to see us both downstairs. My father's face was gray with fatigue and he cried as he told us that Grandpapa was dead. I answered sadly that we had already seen the Royal Standard at half mast.

My father seemed not to hear as he went on to describe in exact detail the scene around the deathbed. Then he asked sharply, "What did you say about the Standard?" "It is flying at half mast over the Palace," I answered. My father frowned and muttered, "But that's all wrong," and repeating as to himself the old but pregnant saying, "The King is dead. Long live the King!" he sent for his equerry and in peremptory naval manner ordered that a mast be rigged at once on the roof of Marlborough House. An hour later the Royal Standard was broken and flying close-hauled over our house, as it was to do wherever my father resided during the 25 years of his reign.

The strain thrown upon my father by the King's death was indescribable. For across his grief thrust the urgent demands of a constitutional crisis, arising out of the quarrel between the Liberals around Mr. Lloyd George and the House of Lords. Harder still for him, the government

decided to postpone the funeral for a fortnight, in order to give the rulers and representatives of distant nations and possessions time to reach London. During that prolonged wait, while the dead King lay unburied, Marlborough House became a vortex of activity, with the comings and goings of court officials. We children were pushed into the background, emerging only for the melancholy afternoon calls upon our bereaved grandmother, Queen Alexandra. My grandfather's body lay in the throne room of Buck-

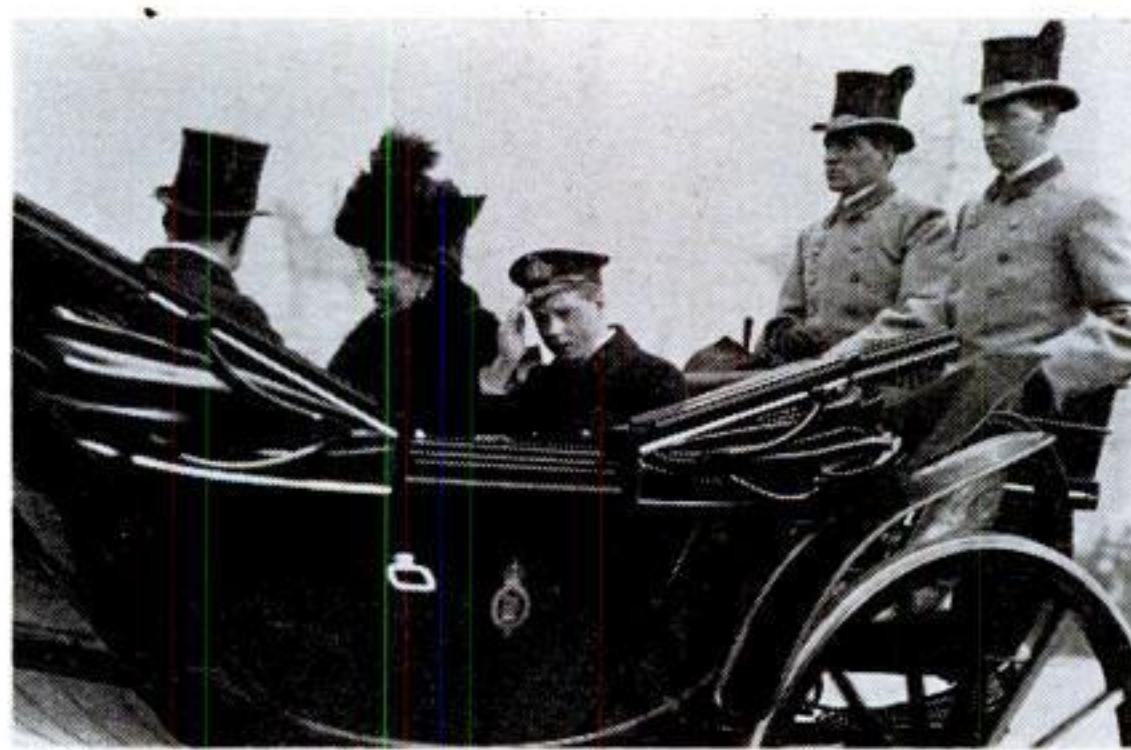
ingham Palace, with the massive bejeweled crown upon the coffin. Four tall Grenadier Guardsmen of the King's Company stood rigidly at each corner, resting on their arms reversed, their bearskin-capped heads inclined as in sorrow. My grandmother could not stay out of the room and was constantly rearranging the flowers.

My grandfather was buried on May 20, a hot and sultry day. Nine monarchs on horseback, led by my father as King, rode in the funeral procession from Westminster Abbey to Paddington Station. Emperor William II of Germany, on a white charger and in the uniform of a British field marshal, was at my father's side. With his spiked mustache and glittering eye, he was an imperious figure. Knowing that my family regarded him with some suspicion, I could not take my eyes off him.

Mary and I rode with my mother in a state coach. A hush lay over the dense, perspiring and fainting crowds, broken only by the sounds of the horses' hoofs, the mournful funeral marches and the laments on the bagpipes. It was all overpowering and even a little eerie. And in the atmosphere at Windsor there was the same chill that had been experienced in this place when my great-grandmother Queen Victoria was laid to rest.

With my grandfather's death my parents moved out of the satellite orbits which they had occupied until then. Buckingham Palace, Windsor and Balmoral passed now to them, and as soon as my grandmother's grief subsided preparations were started for transporting her possessions from the Palace to Marlborough House so as to make room for us.

In one important respect, however, our lives did not change. At Sandringham in Norfolk, we continued to live on in York Cottage, leaving my grandmother in possession of the Big House. This was a real inconvenience to my parents, for there was no room in our already overcrowded establishment for the extra staff which, in the discharge of his royal duties, my father required. Yet he could not bring himself to ask Queen



AS PRINCE OF WALES I had to appear more and more in public. On this occasion I accompanied my mother in her landau. The three ostrich feathers and the motto *Ich Dien* (I Serve) form the traditional badge of the Heir Apparent (top of the page).



"I, EDWARD, PRINCE OF WALES" CONTINUED

Alexandra to exchange houses. His attitude caused my mother to point out that as a practical mother it was rather ridiculous for one old lady to reside in grandeur in that vast mansion while the King and Queen lacked room in their congested Cottage for a single guest. But my father always insisted, "It is my mother's home. My father built it for her." So Queen Alexandra remained at Sandringham until her death in 1925. She closed off my grandfather's room, leaving everything in place, exactly as if he were still alive. No one ever slept there again as long as Queen Alexandra lived. Whenever I returned to Sandringham, even when I visited there briefly as King, the very air still seemed to be alive with the throb of King Edward's powerful personality.

I become Prince of Wales

ANXIOUS to delay my debut in official life until I had at least completed Naval College, my father sent me back to Dartmouth when the funeral ceremonies were over. By then I had lost three weeks of the summer term and I was desperately worried over falling behind in my work. My one thought was to resume as quickly as possible my ordered cadet life. My term-mates welcomed me back with appropriate condolences, yet in a way difficult to express there grew up unconsciously among them a subtle respect for my new status as Heir Apparent.

As my father had moved up, so by the law of succession had I. With my grandfather's death I succeeded to a number of titles, of which one, Duke of Cornwall, immediately became my new name, the one to which my correspondence was addressed, and to which I answered on parade and in the classroom. However, my classmates continued to call me Prince Edward.

Whereas my other titles carried neither income nor duties, my becoming Duke of Cornwall conferred immediate practical advantages. Created six centuries ago for the Black Prince, the Duchy is the personal estate of the King's eldest son, the income of which serves the purpose of making him financially independent. Its holdings included securities, valuable London properties and thousands of acres in the West Country. The greater part of the not inconsiderable revenue was reinvested in the property, the residue passing to the Duke of Cornwall for the maintenance of his household and establishment. Here was the first steady income that I had ever received, except for the weekly shilling of pocket money doled out at Naval College. Still I do not recall that this new wealth gave rise to any particular satisfaction at that time. The discovery that little could be done without money was reserved for a later stage of my education.

Contrary to popular belief, the King's eldest son does not by right become Prince of Wales. If the King should decide that his first son were unfit to bear the title he could withhold it. And in point of fact my father, a stickler for form, did not create me Prince of Wales until some six weeks after my grandfather died.

On my 16th birthday I was summoned to Windsor Castle from Dartmouth, and in a conversation lasting but a minute my father informed me that he deemed me worthy to assume the title of Prince of Wales. Next day the Archbishop of Canterbury arrived and, with the choir singing "Fight the Good Fight," I was confirmed in the private chapel with my parents, my grandmother and other relatives as congregation. My life now stretched like a straight road before me. Nothing, save death itself, was likely to prevent my one day becoming, "By the grace of God, of Great Britain, Ireland, and of the British Dominions Beyond the Seas, King, Defender of the Faith, Emperor of India."

Before I started back to Dartmouth, my father told me that since the time had come for me to learn something about politics, he had arranged for the study of civics to be substituted for some of my engineering classes. My old tutor, Henry Peter Hansell, who had stayed on with the family to teach my younger brothers, Harry, George and John, felt that my progress in this new field would be furthered if I were to read more serious newspapers than the tabloids which I, in common with the other cadets, devoured from cover to cover. Accordingly he consulted one of the Dartmouth masters, a Mr. Cookson. Deciding that the *Times*, that organ of British conservatism, was probably too stuffy for my taste, they worked out a daily reading plan, of which I in all innocence hastened to apprise my father:

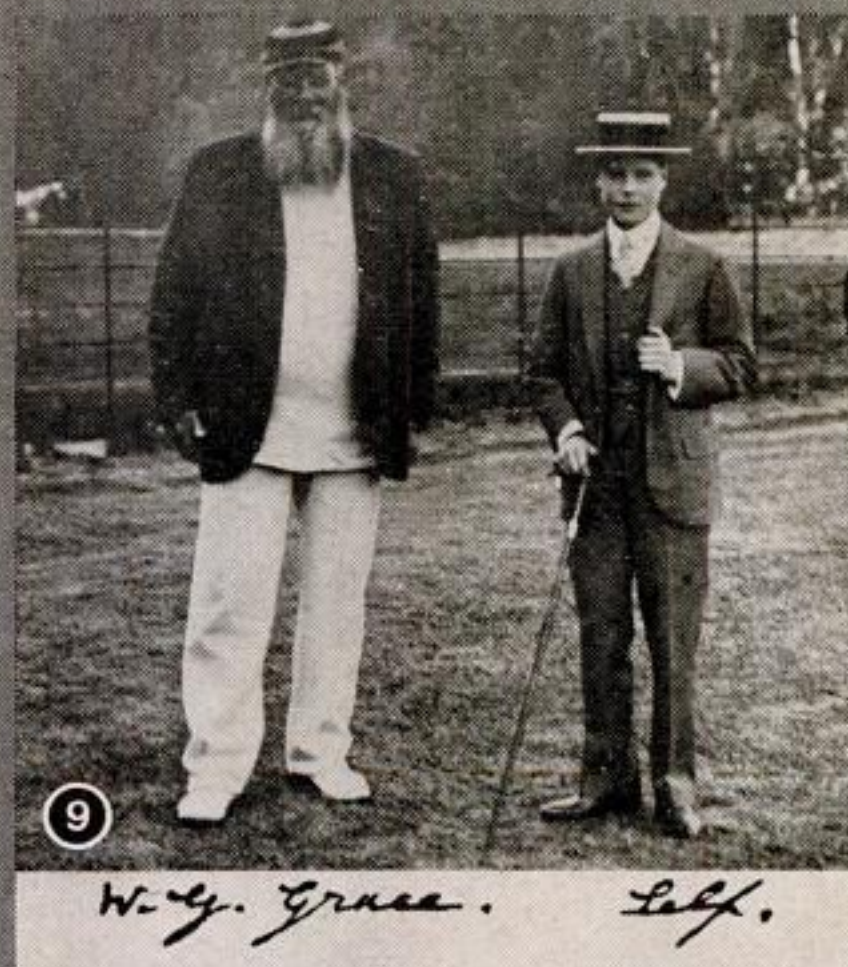
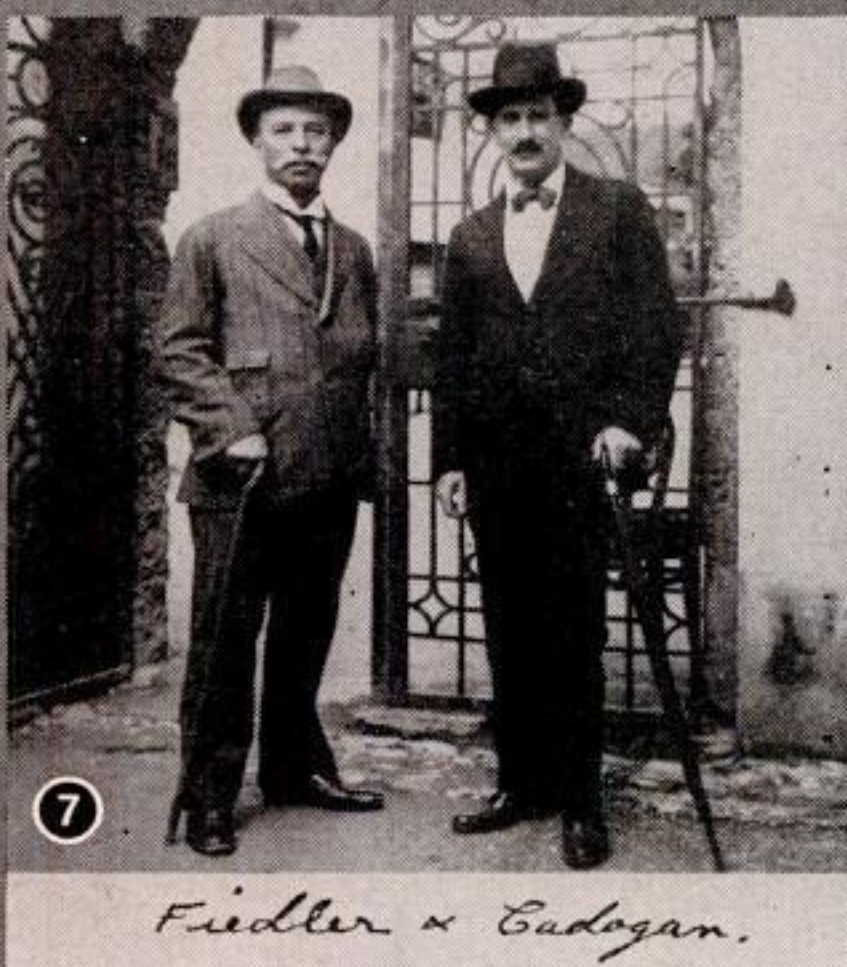
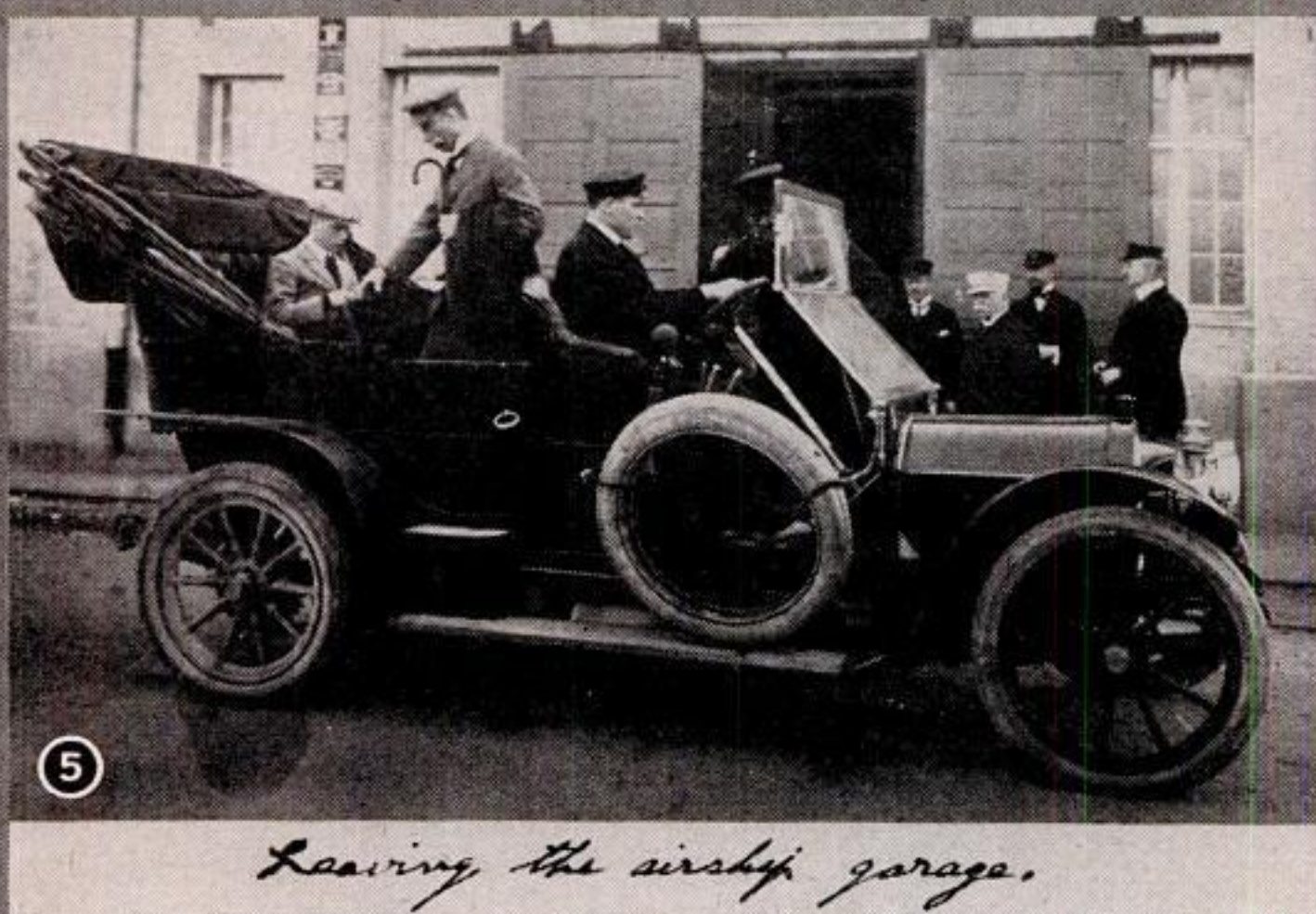
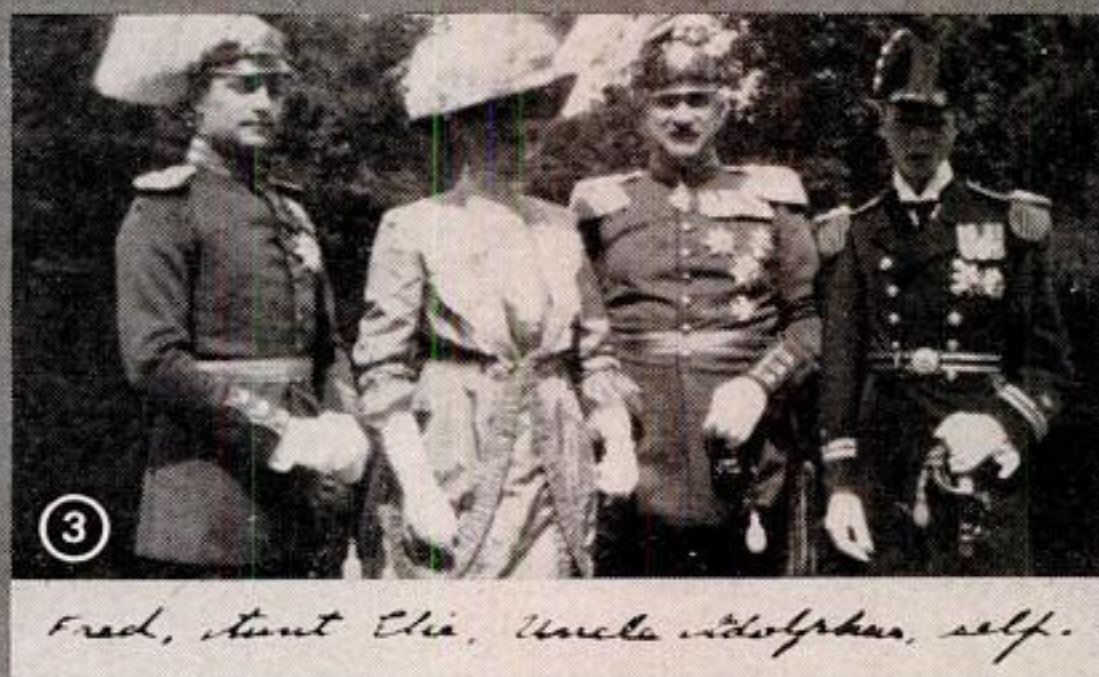
"Dear Papa,

... I take in the *Morning Post* & the *Westminster Gazette*, as both

CONTINUED ON PAGE 122

← AT MY INVESTITURE AS PRINCE OF WALES AT CARNARVON I WALKED TO THE DAIS ESCORTED BY LORD KENYON

SNAPSHOTS FROM A ROYAL ALBUM



MY VARIED DOINGS between the ages of 16 and 20 are shown in these photographs. In the spring and summer of 1913 I toured Germany with my equerry Major Cadogan, and Dr. Herman Fiedler, my German professor (7). I visited my "Uncle Henry" of Prussia (4), and helped to celebrate the 91st birthday of my "Aunt Augusta" (Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz) by putting on my full-dress naval uniform (8). But my Ger-

manic cousins easily outshone me with their plumed helmets (3). At Friedrichshafen Count Zeppelin took me to see one of his airships (5). On a trip to Norway I learned to ski (1), and at Windsor I met Mr. W. G. Grace, England's great cricketer (9). I always looked forward to the summer holidays in Scotland, with my four brothers—Bertie, Harry, George (2) and John (6).



AT THE FUNERAL of my grandfather, King Edward VII, in 1910, Bertie and I walked in the procession at Windsor behind my father, my great-uncle the Duke of Connaught (on his left) and the German Kaiser. There followed seven monarchs, the Kings of Spain, Portugal, Denmark, Greece, Norway, Belgium and Bulgaria. How swiftly time ran out for most of them.



MY CONFIRMATION took place in the private chapel at Windsor Castle (above) on the day after my 16th birthday, while the Court was in deep mourning for my grandfather. A year later, also at Windsor, my father invested me with the insignia of the Order of the Garter, and afterwards there was a ceremonial service in St. George's Chapel (below).



"I, EDWARD, PRINCE OF WALES" CONTINUED

Mr. Cookson and Mr. Hansell came to the conclusion that those were the best two for me to take in. By this means, I have both a Conservative & a Liberal paper to read. . . . It is ever so much more interesting for me to follow the political proceedings now that I have been taught something of the country's constitution. . . ."

But for a Prince even the most cautious foray into contemporary politics was fraught with hazard, as shown by my next letter to my father:

"Dear Papa,

. . . I have changed the papers as you wished, & Mr. Cookson quite agreed, & said that he thought the *Times* put everything clearer & more to the point. So now I take in the *Times*. . . ."

My last term passed swiftly—too swiftly. My brother Bertie had meanwhile been transferred from Osborne and in my diary I alluded solemnly to his lack of respect toward a senior—nothing more, probably, than some impulsive, lonely gesture that breached Dartmouth's stern code: "I was told by somebody that Bertie was in the habit of treating him with familiarity. I shall tell him this as he should not mix with terms other than his own." Halfway through the term both he and I fell victim for the second time in our lives to a severe epidemic of measles which put two thirds of the cadets in the hospital. Hansell came down from London and took us away to Cornwall to convalesce. In that lovely part of England we were joined by the secretary of the Duchy of Cornwall, Mr. Walter Peacock who, hoping to stimulate my interest in business affairs, conducted me in my ducal capacity around some of my properties.

It was while I was in Cornwall that my first serious ambition was blasted. The goal of my cadet life had been the final training cruise and graduation that would qualify me for the dirk and white patch of midshipman. No cadet yearned for this proof of success more than I. Now without warning came a letter from my father explaining that since I would naturally be obliged to play a prominent role in his Coronation in June, I would have to forgo the training cruise in North American waters upon which my hopes were set.

So it was with a heavy heart that I returned to the Naval College to say goodbye to the officers and cadets of my term, and incidentally for the first time to take the leading part in a public function. A silver oar, a symbol of ancient rites of the water of Dartmouth, had long been deposited with the Duchy of Cornwall; and it was Mr. Peacock's sentimental thought that I should give it back to the town in a simple ceremony which I subsequently described in my diary of March 29, 1911, my last day at the Naval College:

"It was very sad saying farewell. . . . At 5:00 I left the bathing stage in a steam boat with the Captain, Bertie, Hansell, Mr. Peacock and some officers and masters for the Dartmouth Pontoon, to present a silver oar. On arriving I shook hands with the Mayor & others, inspected the guard and proceeded by carriage to the subscription rooms. There I said a few words to the Mayor & gave the oar. . . . This was my first function & I think it went off very well. . . ."

My family had moved meanwhile into Buckingham Palace and I joined them there. Next morning there was the usual postbreakfast summons relayed by Finch. My father took me for a walk in the gardens behind the Palace and warned me that the happy obscurity of the naval cadet was over. "You must begin to give thought to your position," he said. My father was not an eloquent man and he never defined just what he expected of me. But before the summer was out I understood.

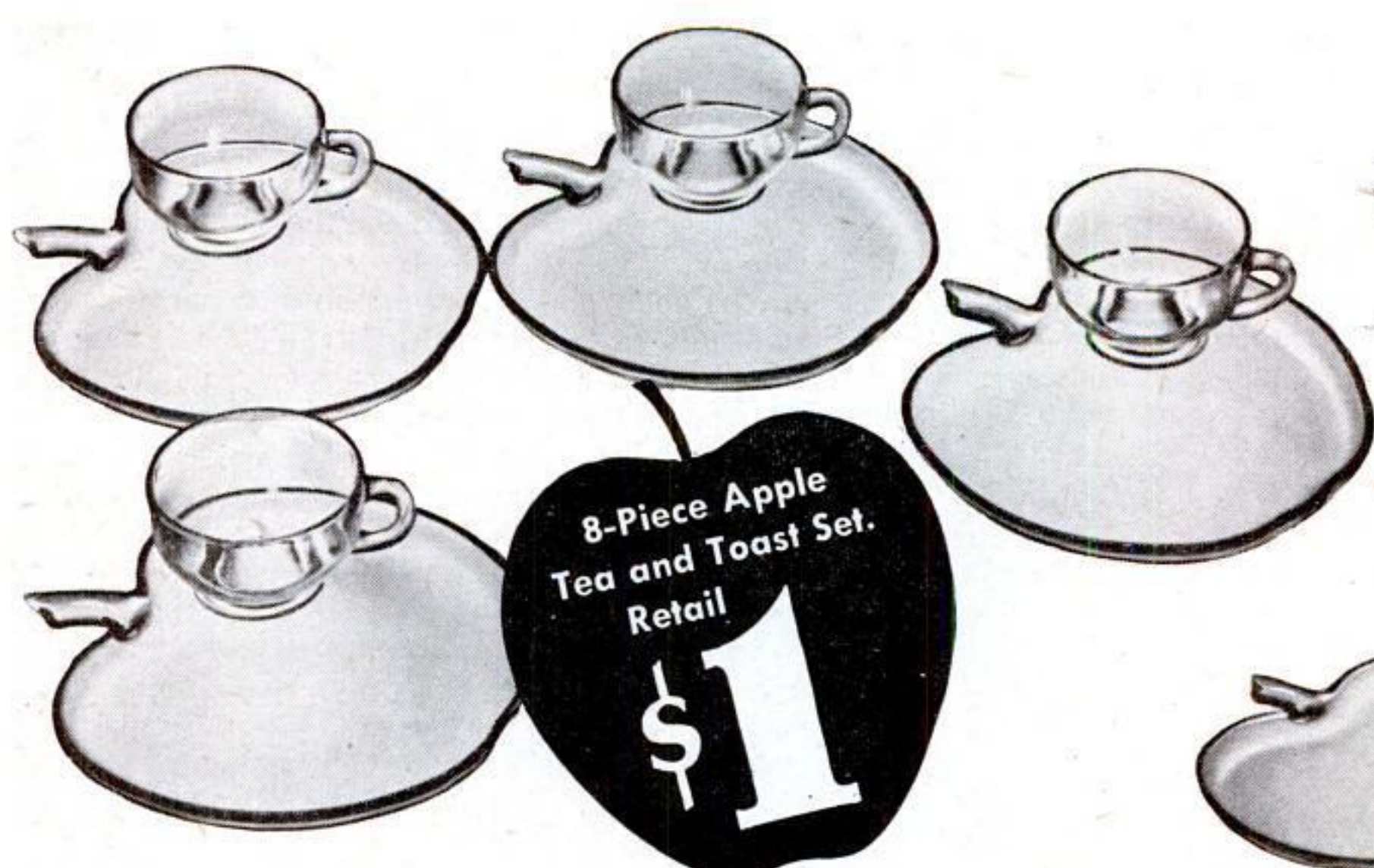
"I waited in the Rubens Room . . ."

APRIL and May are lovely months in England—but for me in 1911 they were a kind of misplaced hour. The first two weeks of April I lived in Buckingham Palace. My room was on the third floor, overlooking the Mall. After the cramped rooms to which I was accustomed, Buckingham Palace seemed enormous and pervaded by a curious, musty odor which still assails me whenever I enter its portals. I was never happy there. The tumultuous and friendly congestion of York Cottage disappeared within its stately rooms and endless corridors and passageways. It was something of a walk merely to reach my mother's room. We used to say that we met each other only by appointment.

Then, as was the custom in the spring, we all moved to Windsor. I have long supposed this was a period of sadness. My Dartmouth termmates had sailed off in the cruiser *Cornwall*, and fragments of their marvelous voyage came back to me in their letters. Yet for all the remembered disappointment I find today that my diary during that period was actually full of sunny and intimate details: "The trees are just coming out and the place looks lovely. . . . Rode before breakfast with Major Wigram, Bertie and Harry. . . . I helped Mary fly a patent kite. . . . Mama told me that Papa had arranged

CONTINUED ON PAGE 124

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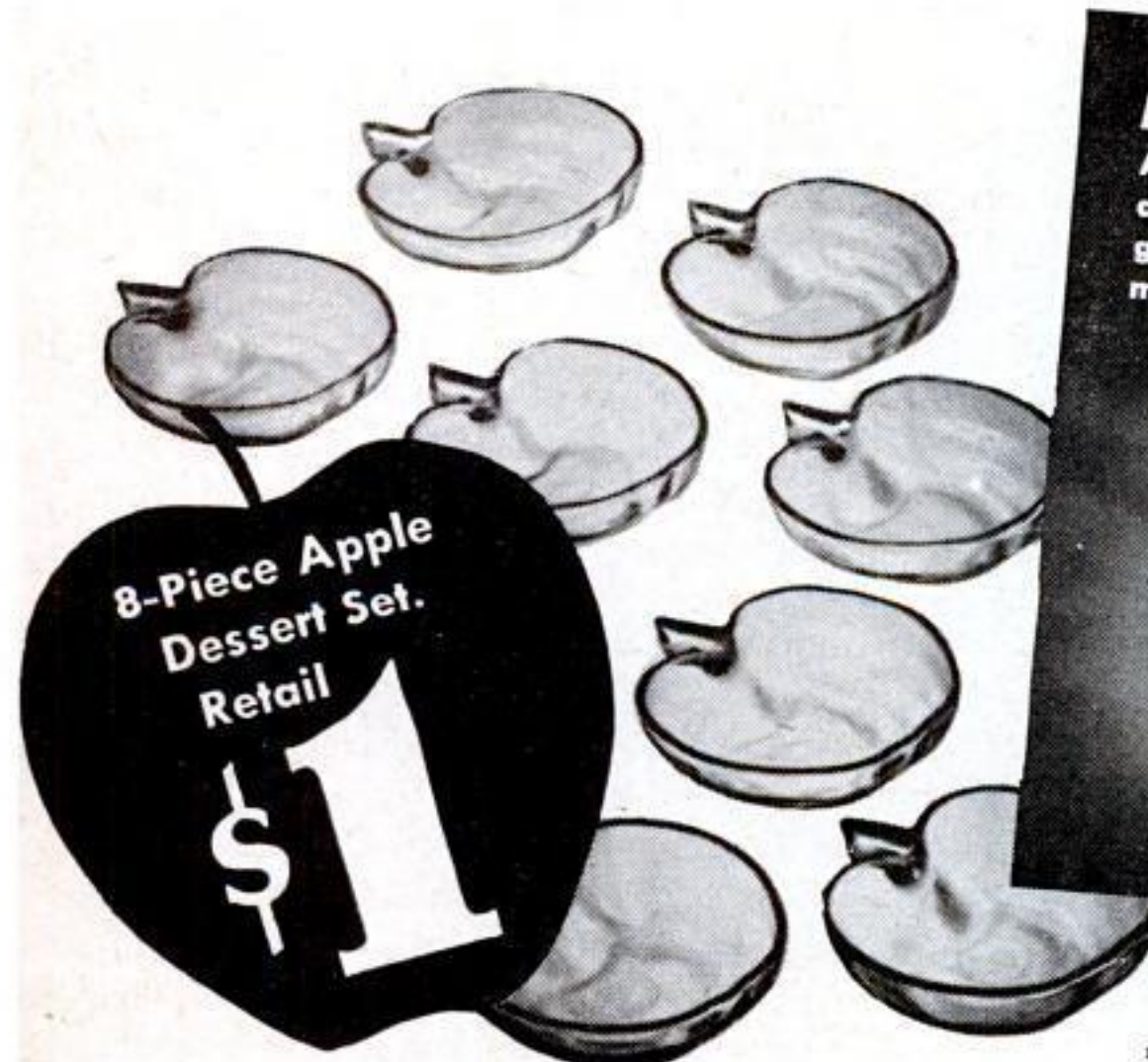
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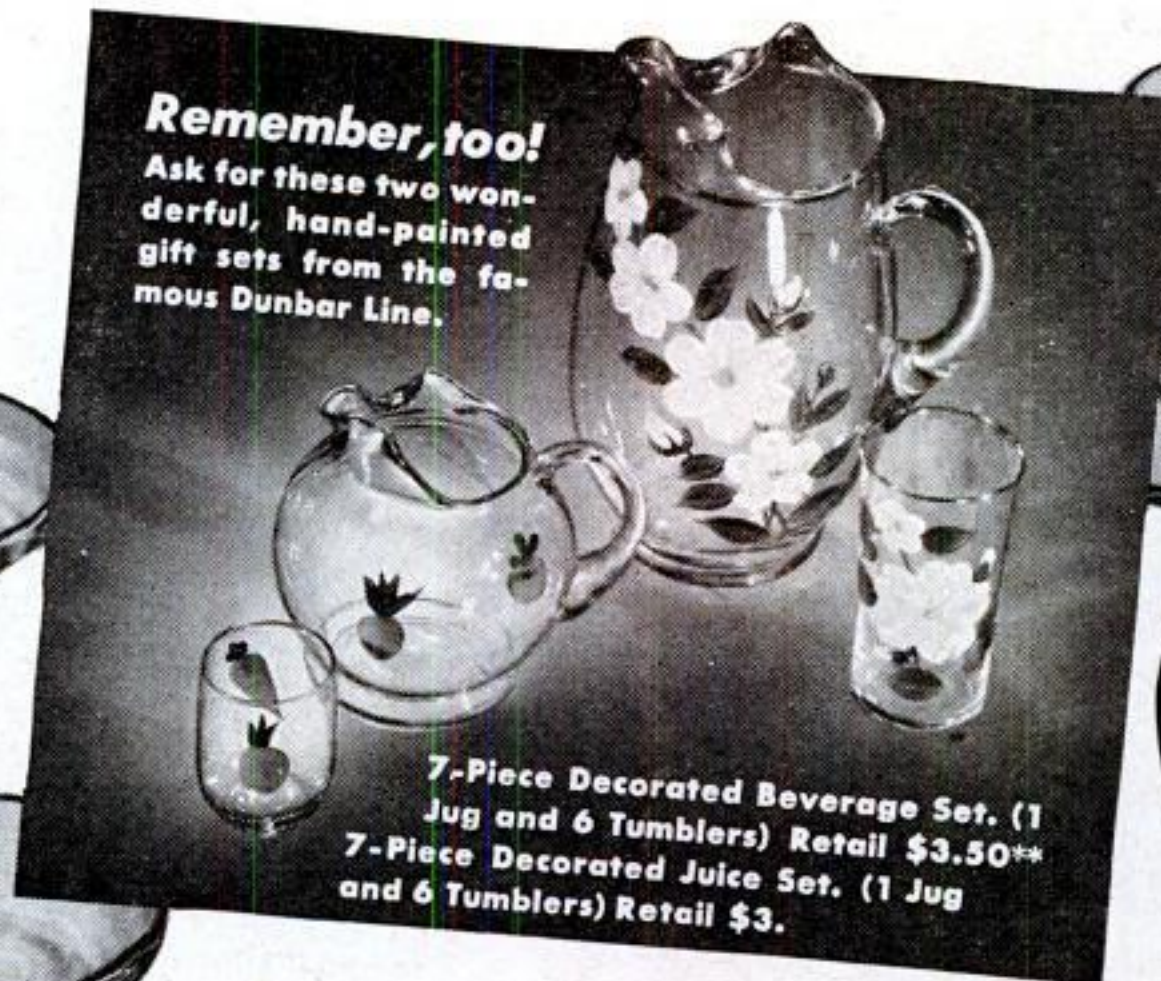
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7-Piece Decorated Beverage Set. (1 Jug and 6 Tumblers) Retail \$3.50**
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8 saucers)
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"I, EDWARD, PRINCE OF WALES" CONTINUED

that Lord Revelstoke should carry my coronet at the Coronation. . . . Windsor is a lovely place, with one of the most beautiful views of all England, looking out over the woods and fields of the Thames Valley. With Mary I bicycled happily in the grounds; I studied and read under the trees with my tutors; and in sight of those ancient gray walls, quite without realizing it, I arrived at the end of my boyhood. For in June I was caught up in the sequence of splendor leading to my father's Coronation and, shortly afterward, the lesser occasion of my investiture as Prince of Wales. Henceforth the demands of my inheritance would press upon me ever more fiercely.

The Garter ceremony was my introduction to the orders of chivalry, and at 16 I took the business in my stride:

June 10, 1911

"... Father & Mother went into the Garter room. I waited in the Rubens Room. My Uncle Arthur [Duke of Connaught] & Cousin Arthur came for me. Between them I walked up the great room, bowing three times! Then Papa put the Garter, Riband & Star on me, & I went around the table shaking hands with each knight in turn. I kissed both Papa & Mama's hands. . . ."

My father's coronation took place a fortnight later—surely one of the most splendid spectacles in British history, with 50,000 troops in full dress uniform lining the route.

Buckingham Palace
June 22, 1911

"Papa's & Mama's Coronation Day. Papa rated me a Midshipman. I breakfasted early & saw Mama & Papa at 9:00 & then dressed in my Garter clothes and robes & left in a state carriage at 10:00 with Mary & the brothers. We arrived at the Abbey at 10:30 & walked up the Nave & Choir to my seat in front of the peers. All the relatives and people were most civil & bowed to me as they passed. Then Mama & Papa came in & the ceremony commenced. There was the Recognition, the Anointing,

& the crowning of Papa, & then I put on my coronet with the Peers. Then I had to go & do homage to Papa & his throne & I was very nervous. Then Mama was crowned. . . . We got into our carriage & had a long drive back. My coronet felt very heavy & we had to bow to the people as we went along. . . ."

Kneeling at my father's feet, I swore: "I, Edward, Prince of Wales, do become your liege man of life and limb, and of earthly worship; and faith and truth I will bear unto you, to live and die, against all manner of folks. So help me God." When my father kissed my cheeks his emotion was great, as was mine.

These affairs reached a climax for me a month later with my investiture as Prince of Wales. Not the least remarkable aspect of this particular ceremony was its revival by the Welsh "radical leader," David Lloyd George, who only a few years before had shocked my family with his famous Limehouse speech which attacked inherited privilege. With an eye to what would please his sentimental constituents, "L.G." proposed that the ceremony be transformed into a spectacular Welsh pageant. My father agreed. Mr. Lloyd George became my coach in the Welsh language and I still have, written in his own hand, some of the Welsh sentences he taught me to speak at the investiture. One was "Mor o gan yw Cymru i gyd," meaning "All Wales is a sea of song."

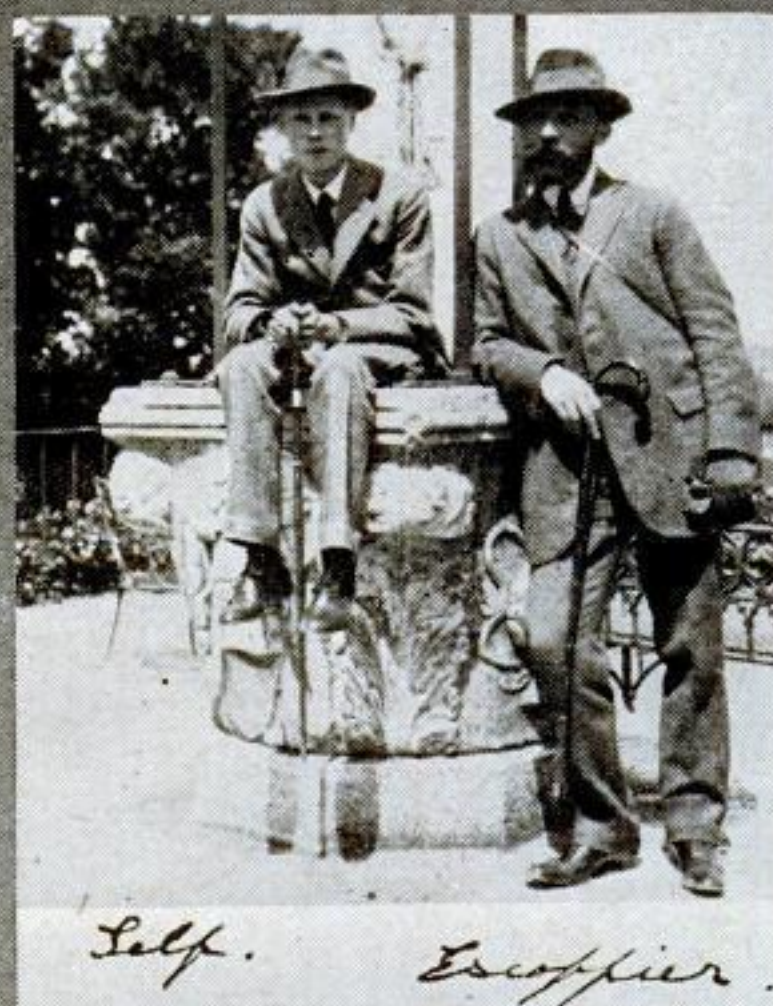
Mr. Lloyd George made me repeat these over and over again, saying with a twinkle, "All Welshmen will love you for that." Out of these meetings, despite our differences in years—and, I might add, in politics—grew a friendship that lasted until his death.

But that was not all. The ceremony I had to go through with, the speech I had to make and the Welsh I had to speak, were, I thought, sufficient ordeal for anyone. But when a tailor appeared to measure me for a fantastic costume designed for the occasion, consisting of a mantle and surcoat of purple velvet edged with ermine and white satin breeches, I decided things had gone too far. I had already submitted to the Garter

CONTINUED ON PAGE 127



Queen & King of Württemberg.



Self. Escoffier.



Uncle Alge. Uncle Phillip of Coburg.



Self. S. Mackintosh.



M. & Mme. de Breteuil.

MY EUROPEAN TOURS in 1912 and 1913 took me to France and Germany. I visited the King and Queen of Württemberg at Stuttgart (top left), joined with "Uncle Alge" (center), now Earl of Athlone, in another family party at Reinhardtbrunn. In

Paris, while staying with the Marquis de Breteuil and his American wife (bottom right), I acquired a new French tutor, the bearded Escoffier (bottom left). Back at Balmoral I used to go out on the hill with the old stalker, Charlie Mackintosh (top right).

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offers you four easy ways to please a man at Christmas

To say "Merry Christmas" with a flair, and dash through a big share of your list *presto*, send Gillette gift sets to the men on your Christmas roster . . . kinfolk, friends and business associates. Every man enjoys having an extra Gillette razor or two for his traveling kit, club locker or the place he works . . . and a bountiful supply of smooth-shaving Gillette Blue Blades is always welcome. There's a Gillette present to fit each budget, too . . . whether you plan to spend \$1.00 or \$5.00. Your local store is freshly stocked with these attractive, practical gifts. Buy yours now . . . then, on Christmas day, listen to the menfolks say, "Thanks so much!" . . . and really mean it. Gillette Safety Razor Co., Boston 6, Mass.



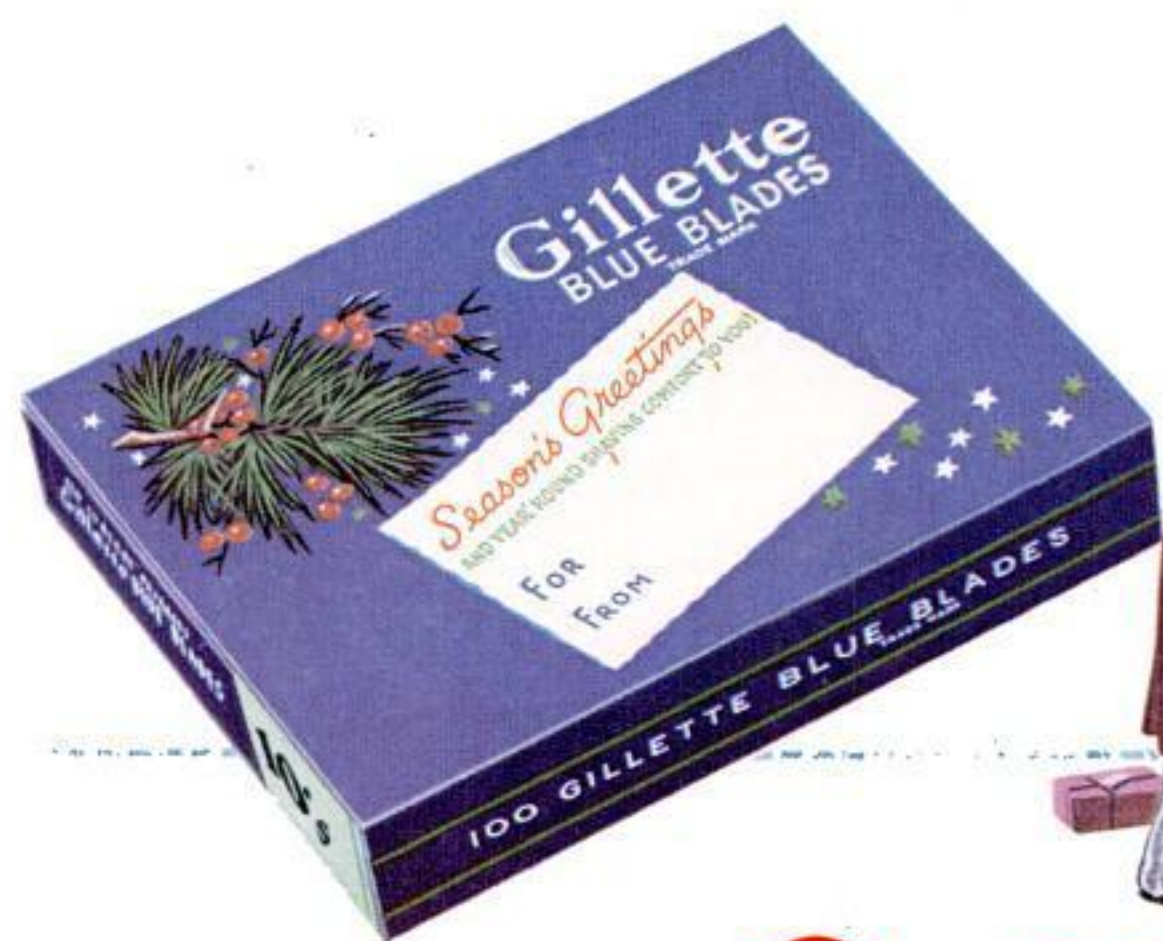
Gillette One-Piece Milord Razor, gold-plated, with five Gillette Blue Blades in handsome metal case covered with simulated alligator leather, plus four extra packages each containing five **\$3.50**
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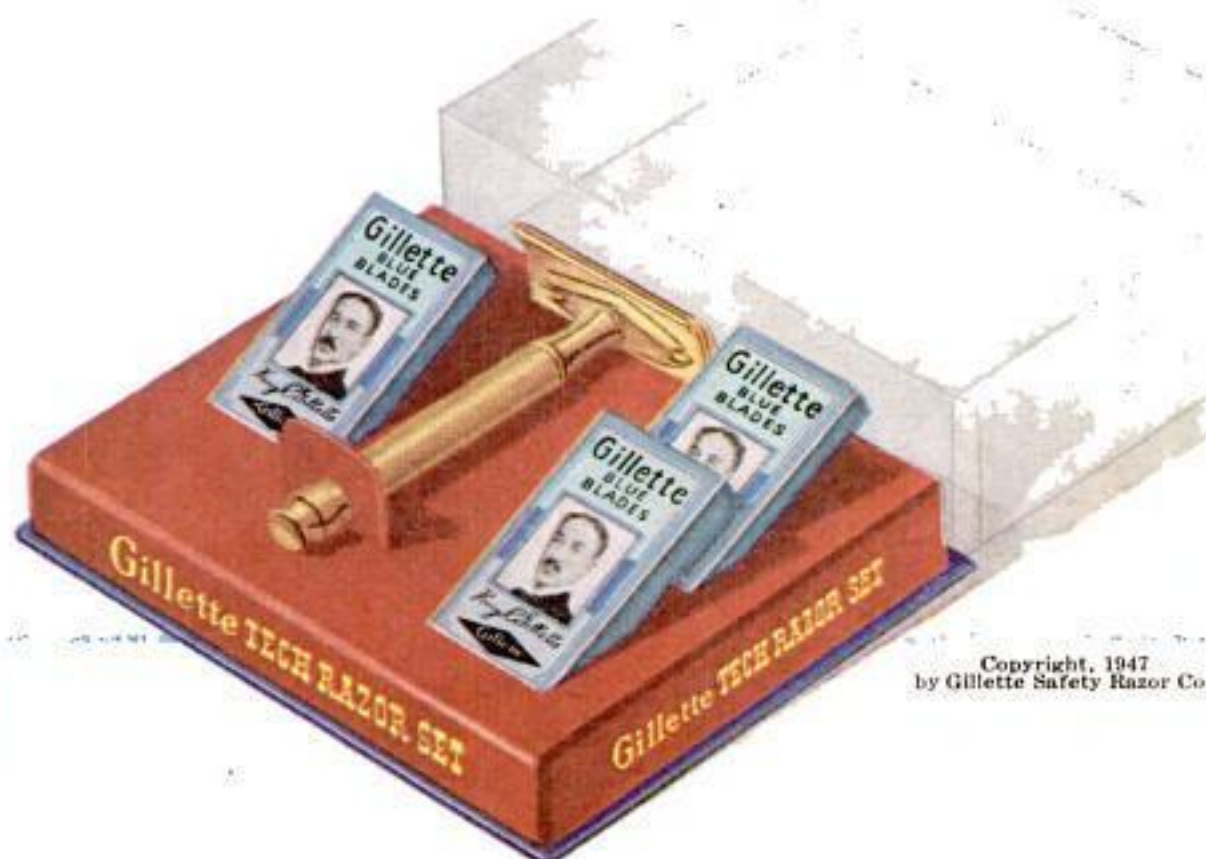
Gillette One-Piece Aristocrat Razor, gold-plated, and 10 Gillette Blue Blades in rich Texol-covered traveling case. Gift box also contains four extra packages of five blades each and a large tube of Gillette Shaving Cream **\$5.00**



100 Gillette Blue Blades with sharpest edges ever honed. Carton holds ten 10-blade packages with compartments for used blades **\$4.90**



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PROOF



Mary with her hair up!!

MY SISTER MARY looked happy and pleased when at 17 she was allowed to put her hair up. This snapshot was taken at Buckingham Palace.

"I, EDWARD, PRINCE OF WALES" CONTINUED

dress and robe, for which there existed a condoning historical precedent; but what would my Navy friends say if they saw me in this preposterous rig? There was a family blowup that night, but in the end my mother, as always, smoothed things over. "You mustn't take a mere ceremony so seriously," she said. "Your friends will understand that as a Prince you are obliged to do certain things that may seem a little silly. It will be only for this once." I also got the impression, although the thought was never actually put into words, that if I only did what was asked it would help Papa in his dealings with the difficult Mr. Lloyd George.

So on a sweltering summer day within the vast gray ruin of Carnarvon Castle, before some 10,000 people, with Winston Churchill, as Home Secretary, mellifluously proclaiming my titles (he told me afterward that he rehearsed them on the golf course), my father invested me as Prince of Wales. Upon my head he put a coronet cap as a token of principality, and into my hand the gold verge of government, and on my middle finger the gold ring of responsibility. Then, leading me by the hand through an archway to one of the towers of the battlements, he presented me to the people of Wales. Half fainting of heat and nervousness, I delivered the Welsh sentences which Mr. Lloyd George, standing close by in the ancient garb of constable, had taught me.

In the midst of all this commotion, I made a painful discovery about myself. It was that while I was prepared to fulfill the duties bound up in my heritage, I recoiled from that which tended to set me up as a personage requiring homage. After all, hadn't my father drilled into me that I was no better than anybody else? And if my association with the village boys at Sandringham and the cadets of the naval colleges had done anything for me, it was to make me desperately anxious to be treated exactly like any other boy of my age.

In any case, my father, sensing what was going on in my mind, arranged for me to go to sea at once, as a midshipman. More than that, he personally selected the ship—the coal-burning battleship *Hindustan*, commanded by Captain Henry Hervey Campbell, his old friend and shipmate.

France, Germany and Oxford

THE most junior "snotty" in the gun room, I served three months aboard the *Hindustan*, cruising up and down the east coast of Britain. This experience afloat provided the climax—a slightly delayed climax—of my four years' naval training and exactly the kind of life for which I had been prepared and which I quite naturally wished to pursue as a career.

In my diary, October 26—the day I left and returned to London—I wrote:

"... They sang 'God Bless the Prince of Wales' & Auld Lang Syne which touched me much. They cheered as the [steamboat] shoved off & so ended one of the happiest periods of my life.... We drove to Buckingham Palace & I saw Davies the tailor who tried on a lot of clothes. Papa wishes me to get into tails & dress

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

ONLY PALMOLIVE BRUSHLESS OFFERS YOU THIS PROOF!



*Smoother,
More Comfortable
Shaves for 3 Men
out of every 4*

BEARDS EASIER TO CUT—Said 79%
LESS RAZOR PULL—Said 75%

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And this way really works—no matter how you shaved before!

THE PROOF! 1297 men tested the new, different Palmolive Brushless Shave Cream Way, and—no matter how they shaved before—3 out of 4 reported more comfortable, actually smoother shaves! Here's all you do:

1. Wash face with soap and water. Rinse!
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3. Apply Palmolive Brushless Shave Cream immediately, smoothing it upward into beard. This way, you get the full benefit of Palmolive Brushless Shave Cream's beard-conditioning effect! Then, shave!



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Changeable filter reduces nicotine, tars, flakes, juices; improves tobacco aroma; cools and cleanses the smoke. Change filter when discolored. Box of 25 refills with each pipe.

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Beautiful light mahogany finish. Shur-lock mouthpiece insures tight fit. 25 shapes. In handsome gift box.



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COLD COMFORT TREATMENT

- A** Alka-Seltzer. To relieve that headache-y, feverish, ache-all-over feeling, start taking Alka-Seltzer—as directed on the package.
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- C** Comfort the raw, raspy throat which so often accompanies a cold by gargling with Alka-Seltzer. You'll like the relief it brings.



30c and 60c—at all drug stores, U.S. and Canada.

Alka-Seltzer



AS A MIDSHIPMAN I went to sea in H.M.S. *Hindustan*. Captain Henry Campbell (second from right) took me ashore when I left his ship.

"I, EDWARD, PRINCE OF WALES" CONTINUED

clothes & I shall look an ass. But still it must be done sometime...."

Since it was the shooting season I went by train to Sandringham and there I learned what my father had in mind for me. "You must remember, David," he began, "that I, too, loved the Navy, and I am therefore well aware that what I am about to say will disappoint you." Characteristically, he went to the point. First, I must give up the Navy—"too specialized." Second, I was to take several short educational trips to France and Germany—"very important that you should learn their languages and study their politics." Third, I was to go to Oxford for three years.

It was the Oxford part that took me by surprise. The promise of travel in Europe compensated somewhat for the loss of a naval career. But Oxford was unexpected for the reason that my father, who had little sympathy for experiences different from his own, had always taken a dim view of college dons and professors. In Navy fashion, he regarded them as impractical, unworldly people whose lives and ways were alien to his own. Wondering, therefore, what lay behind this sudden interest in Oxford, I protested that as I had neither the mind nor will for books, my years at a university would be wasted. "If I cannot stay in the Navy, please let me go round the world as you did," I pleaded, "and learn about the different countries and their people firsthand."

My father was obdurate, and eventually it emerged that Hansell was the villain of the Oxford plot. "It was Hansell's idea," said my father, "and you are to go to his old college, Magdalen." What I had to say to the poor man after I left the library was—to use a highly satisfactory American phrase—nobody's business.

My father was then preparing to leave for his Coronation Durbar in India, and no doubt wishing to make up to me for this quick succession of blows to my youthful aspirations, he told me that I could have the run of Sandringham, with its fine shooting, during his three-month absence.

I passed a wonderful autumn and winter there, tramping the fens

CONTINUED ON PAGE 130



Buckett. Reid. Harlock. Wright. Law. Gorton. Cecil. Self. Fisher. Edlis. Chaplin.

THE GUN ROOM.

WE HAD DIRTY FACES after "coaling ship"—one of the less glamorous chores in the Royal Navy of my day. All the gun-room officers had to help.

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any damage repaired any time, without charge

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"I, EDWARD, PRINCE OF WALES" CONTINUED

and marshes with Finch and Mr. Jones, the local schoolmaster. My grandmother was living in the Big House, with her unmarried daughter, Victoria, or "Aunt Toria," as we always called her. The great house parties were no more; but I used to walk over in the evening to play cards with Aunt Toria and chat with my grandmother.

She had by then become quite an old lady; elegant and graceful of manner, with delicately chiseled features and high coiffure, she was still recognizable as the lovely young woman whose portrait by Lauchert, painted at the time of her wedding, hangs in the private dining room at Windsor Castle. Her charm was irresistible and overcame such serious disabilities as a stiff leg, acute deafness and rebellious unpunctuality in a family determined to run by clockwork.

To the end of her life at Sandringham she was attended by her own small court, of which one was General Sir Dighton Probyn, V.C., the Queen's comptroller, a position in which he had earlier served King Edward VII. If ever a man looked the part of the board chairman of a sound, conservative fiduciary institution, it was the gallant Sir Dighton; his white beard flowing over his chest would have filled the most suspicious investor with confidence. Yet it was a matter of painful knowledge to our family that Sir Dighton's cavalryman's bravura, which had contributed to numerous dashing exploits during the India Mutiny while he was colonel of "Probyn's Horse," when transferred to the field of high finance had a tendency to produce results comparable to the "Charge of the Light Brigade." My father watched with unconcealed misgivings while Sir Dighton created at Sandringham costly rock gardens complete with rustic shelters, all dedicated with respectful adoration to "The Divine Lady."

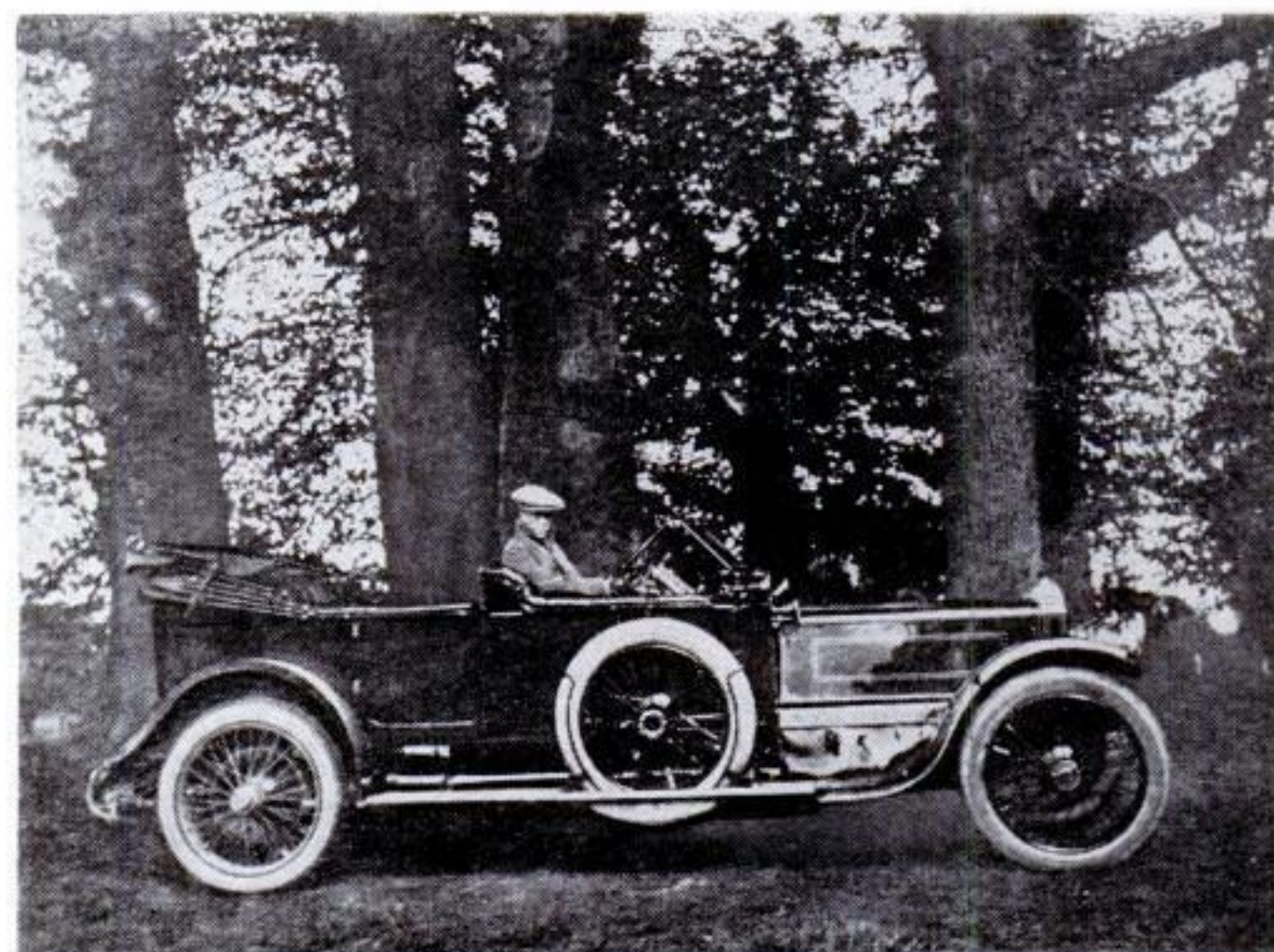
During this last Sandringham interlude my constant companion was my brother George, the last but one of the family and later the Duke of Kent. My two brothers, Bertie and Harry (now Duke of Gloucester) were both away at school, and although George was eight and a half years my junior, I found in his character qualities that were akin to my own; we laughed at the same things. That winter we became more than brothers; we became close friends. His death in an airplane accident during the last war left a void in my life.

"I traveled as Earl of Chester"

THE foreign phase of my education began in the spring of 1912, with a four-month trip to France. Hansell and Finch accompanied me on this adventure and, resorting to the convenient royal practice of the incognito, I traveled as the "Earl of Chester." The fact that I had temporarily ceased to call myself the Prince of Wales fooled no one; but the French government was relieved of having to render the honors due to me as British Heir Apparent, and I on my side escaped the ordeal of having to respond to them. There was, however, no such reprieve from the press; my public life had begun, and from Paris, my second night in a foreign land, I wrote to my father:

"... There were a great many photographers at the Gare du Nord, & they let off a flash light as I was getting out of the train, which was

CONTINUED ON PAGE 133



Self in 39 H.P. Daimler.

MY FIRST CAR was a Daimler. I got it in my second year at Oxford. My father gave me permission to drive on my 18th birthday.



“That’s what I call real beer...
no wonder it made Milwaukee famous!”

With every sip you’ll sense
that smooth exquisite taste.
None of the harsh bitterness.
Just the kiss of the hops.



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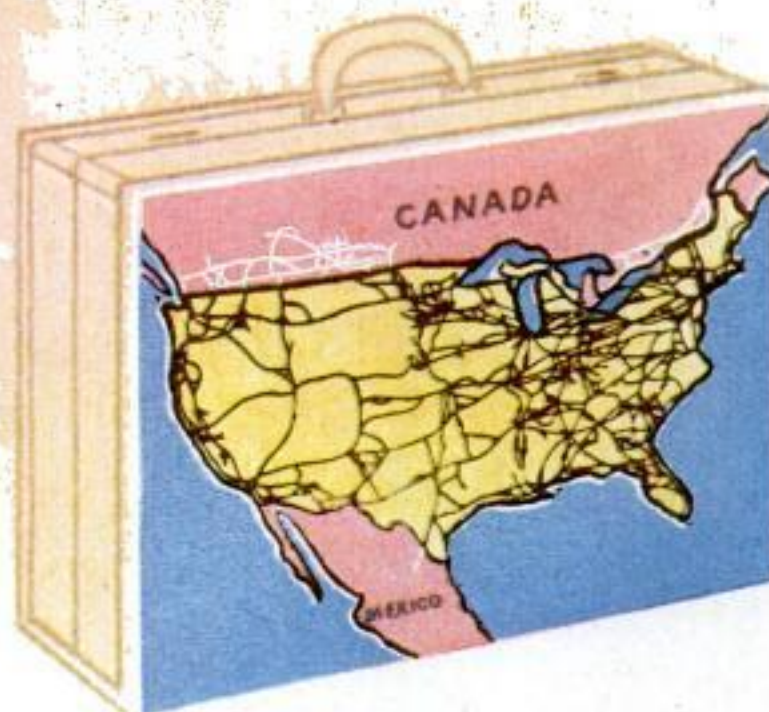
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*Source: Continuing Study of Magazine Audiences. Report #9



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"I, EDWARD, PRINCE OF WALES" CONTINUED

very disconcerting. They are a great nuisance, & there were about 10 on board the steamer, & they followed one about the whole time . . . I noticed on the way (from the Gare du Nord) the chairs & tables in front of the cafes which you told me about. But as it was very cold the chairs were deserted. . . ."

In Paris I stayed with the Marquis de Breteuil, who had been a close friend of my grandfather. With his American wife he lived in a fine house on the Avenue du Bois-de-Boulogne, near the Arc de Triomphe. I had a suite to myself far superior to any accommodation I had previously known at home. The elegant *boiserie* rooms on the second floor exuded the flavor of *le beau monde*. And the De Breteuils' weekly lunch parties were attended by attractive women and the most stimulating minds in France—statesmen, artists, writers, financiers.

The explosive atmosphere of politics and art peculiar to all French salons is a pretty heady mixture. And while everybody was unfailingly polite to the young British Prince, I am afraid they put me down as just another uncultivated Englishman speaking their lovely language with a barbarous accent. Few wasted more than a word on me. A bow, a charming phrase, and off they would dart to exercise their powers of logic and exposition with another gifted compatriot.

Now there came into my life yet another tutor, M. Maurice Escoffier of the Ecole Libre des Sciences Politiques, whose role it was to teach me all things French. Every morning he would be ushered into my sitting room, in tail coat, bowler hat, gray gloves and cane, with a formidable collection of books under his arm.



PUNTING on the river was a pleasant diversion when I was at Oxford.

My early life seems to have progressed through a forest of beards, for Escoffier was a "beaver," too. And after I had overcome my initial distaste for the pungent aroma of the Caporal cigarettes to which he was addicted, he and I became great friends. Whenever I got too entangled in French grammar he would take me sightseeing—the Louvre, the Invalides, Notre Dame, the Chambre des Députés, Versailles, Fontainebleau; under his learned auspices I inspected them all. Along with everybody else I climbed the Eiffel Tower and rode on the roller coaster at Luna Park. And in company with him, Hansell and Finch, I toured a good deal of France visiting innumerable provincial towns, chateaux and, as a gesture to Hansell's unique hobby, cathedrals. There were occasions when I felt that my teachers enjoyed the tours a great deal more than I did, for I did not drink, and food as such did not interest me, whereas Hansell and Escoffier loved to linger at restaurant tables over the *plat du jour* and *vin du pays*.

The President of the Republic decorated me with the Legion of Honor—"with death," whispered Escoffier, "the only other thing a Frenchman cannot hope to escape." I really learned a good deal about France; in any case, enough to love it. At the same time my tour was memorable chiefly because my 18th birthday, occurring while I was there, brought two coveted privileges. My father, following the Navy rule for young officers, had refused to let me smoke until I reached that age. Then a birthday gift from him in the form of a cigaret case signified that I could indulge in that habit if I wished. Also, 18 brought me to the threshold of that magic world in which I was free to drive a car. Encouraged by some of my young French friends, I was soon speeding along the *routes nationales* to the terror of Escoffier who, beard flying, clung by his eyelids in the back seat.

I returned to Britain in August, and that was the end of the Earl of Chester. Oxford now loomed as a dreary chore to be finished with the least effort and as quickly as possible.

From my point of view as a human being, the easy conditions under which I took up residence at Oxford in October 1912 certainly were a vast improvement over those laid down by the Prince Consort for my grandfather some 50 years before. To prevent his possible contamination from too intimate association with the undergraduate commoners, my grandfather was obliged to live apart in a rented house, to eat his meals apart with his own staff and to wear a special gown when he attended lectures. His classmates had



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"I, EDWARD, PRINCE OF WALES" CONTINUED

to rise respectfully whenever he entered "Hall" or a lecture room.

Fortunately for me, all that had passed when my turn came. I took my place freely among the undergraduates—a circumstance which was hailed by the press as fresh evidence of the innate democracy of the British monarchical system. But the Socialist son of the Glasgow fitter who sat beside me at lectures would scarcely have agreed that I shared the common lot. I had, after all, special rooms in "Cloister Quad"—not to mention, I believe, the first private undergraduate bathroom to be installed at the college, as well as a fine view of the Tower that is one of Magdalen's special glories. I had a valet, Finch. I had as well my personal tutor, since Hansell, the instigator of all this, occupied a room directly under mine. To initiate me into the more sophisticated amenities my personal entourage was augmented by the addition of an equerry, the hard-riding Major William Cadogan of the 10th Hussars. Finally Sir Herbert Warren, the President of Magdalen and the Vice Chancellor of Oxford, made me his special charge—an attention which, before long, I would gladly have forfeited.

Yet all these ostensible advantages could not entirely cure my nostalgia for the Navy. All around me were young men united in friendships formed at Eton, Harrow, Winchester, Charterhouse and all the other public schools. I was acutely lonely and I was under the added disadvantage of being something of a celebrity.

A crowd of reporters and photographers descended upon Oxford to record for the popular press the more intimate aspects of my adjustment to Oxford life. Their vivid accounts in turn stimulated a rush of tourists and for days I hardly dared to go to the window lest I find myself the object of their concentrated gaze. Nor did I wish to be seen near Addison's Walk until all the publicity died down, for the local guides had spread the story that the college deer park had been restocked to enable me to do a little stalking when my studies palled. All this vulgar commotion within Magdalen's ancient precincts irritated the dons, but no more than the undergraduates, who showed their displeasure by emptying pitchers of water upon the inquisitive sightseers' heads.

Undergraduate amusements

THE plain fact is, of course, that I was pretty much of a problem to Oxford. To be sure, I could box a compass, read naval signals, run a packet boat, and make cocoa for the officer of the watch. But these accomplishments, which the Navy had been at such pains to teach me, were manifestly without significance to Oxford's learned dons. Moreover, as the following diary excerpt indicates, I judged Oxford a little effete—

"... It is amusing to see the difference between an ordinary school & Dartmouth. The boys talk of discomfort, but in their dormitories they have cubicles & they sit about in studies all day. Their life is not half as strenuous as it is at Dartmouth, & we were more contented. There can be no better education than a naval one. . . ."—indeed, verging on the dissolute:

"Dear Papa,

... I went to the Bullingdon Club dinner. It lasted two hours and there were about 60 people. Most of them got rather, if not to say very, excited and I came back early. There was a good deal of champagne drunk and that accounted for it. It is interesting for me to see the various forms of amusement that undergraduates indulge in. . . ."

To lead me with all possible celerity into the higher fields of learning, Oxford generously gave me access to its best brains. One of Britain's most distinguished jurists, Sir William Anson, Warden of All Souls College, taught me constitutional law. From Mr. Charles Grant Robertson, later Vice Chancellor of the University of Birmingham, I acquired some grounding in Napoleonic history. The famous Rev. Lancelot Ridley Phelps, later Provost of Oriel College, talked to me voluminously and no doubt from vast erudition on political economy, while pressing upon me the dullest books ever written. My study of the French language continued under Mr. Berthon. And Dr. Hermann Fiedler, who later became Taylor Professor of German, was brought in to increase my command of German.

Finally, President Warren, an authority on English poetry, undertook singlehandedly to fire my interest in the humanities. As a mark of his favor, he included me among half a dozen protégés who forgathered in his book-lined study once a week to read to him, for his direct criticism and comment, essays on various aspects of British literature prepared at his order. These little meetings were my introduction to serious literature, and I approached them in awe. Compared to most of the people I knew, the President was a man of vast learning; and it was therefore a disillusioning blow to my sense of values to discover that the thing he appeared to value

CONTINUED ON PAGE 136

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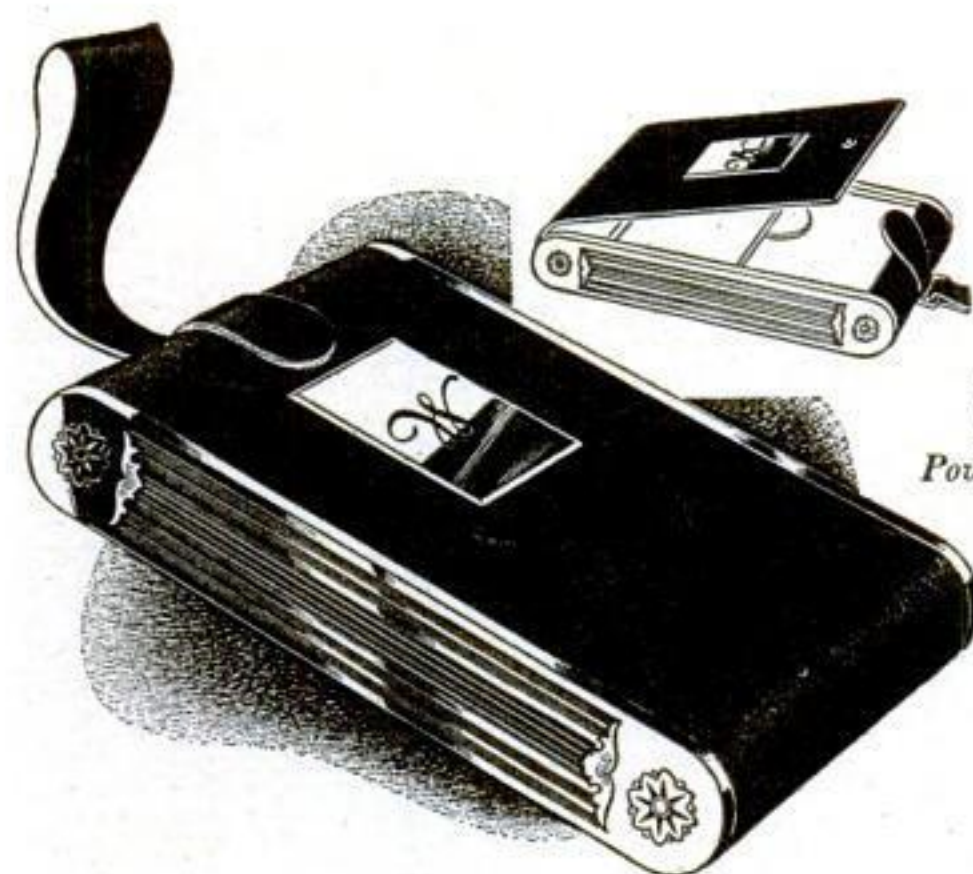
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Self. H. Ferguson.

ARMY LIFE began for me in the Officers' Training Corps when I was still an undergraduate. In the summer of 1914 we were in camp for two weeks.

"I, EDWARD, PRINCE OF WALES" CONTINUED

most in the world was his connection with an obscure nobleman, a fact which he managed to insert into every conversation. It was generally suspected that he was obsessed with the idea of filling Magdalen with titled undergraduates; hence whenever he beamed upon me I was never quite certain whether it was with a teacher's benevolence or from a collector's secret satisfaction with a coveted trophy. In any case, he struck us as being a bit of a snob.

Yet despite this formidable outlay of intellect, Oxford failed to break down the resistance to learning that was the legacy of my unbookish ancestors. And as if to save his venerable institution from one day being blamed for the absence of higher intellectual qualities in the Heir Apparent, President Warren published, on the occasion of my leaving Oxford, a generous but somewhat apologetic report upon my progress: "Bookish he will never be: not a 'Beauclerk,' still less a 'British Solomon,'" he warned, adding, however, "... all the time he was learning more and more every day of men, gauging character, watching its play, getting to know what Englishmen are like, both individually and still more in the mass."

If by "learning... of men" President Warren had in mind that, along with English literature and constitutional law, there was a bright leavening of fox-hunting, beagling, and a mild game of roulette, Oxford certainly lived up to its reputation as a teacher. While there I rode with the South Oxfordshire Hounds, beagled with the New College, Magdalen and Trinity pack, and got to know some young men whose upbringing had been a good deal less strict than mine.

It would be wrong to give Oxford credit for teaching me how to drink. All the same, it certainly furnished me with opportunities for tentatively testing the art on myself, as well as for observing the dubious progress and occasional disasters of others. Excuses for celebration were seldom lacking. If the college Eight had "bumped" itself to a higher place on the River Isis, the Oxford stretch of the Thames, during Eights Week, the feat would be celebrated with a gay "bump supper" in "Hall" that would climax with a bonfire inside the walks, fed with furniture tossed out of the rooms of undergraduates who had incurred their classmates' displeasure. All 21st birthdays by custom called for a party, the ceremonial smashing of glasses against the fireplace, and, eventually, the carrying out of those who could no longer walk by those who thought they could.

And on certain Sunday nights everybody who counted for something repaired to the small office of the steward of the Junior Common Room, a plump, red-faced, bald-headed old scamp named Gunstone, known to Magdalen men as "Gunner." We would listen to his rough stories and watch his sleight of hand tricks before going upstairs to drink too many glasses of "black strap" port wine which produced hangovers of incredible complexity.

Whatever the occasion, Magdalen celebrations always ended the same way. Arms linked together, the celebrants would head for the president's house, to stand swaying under his bedroom window, chanting in chorus, "Well rowed, the Pree." Wholly aside from his literary interests, President Warren's corpulence would have removed him from any conceivable athletic connection; nevertheless

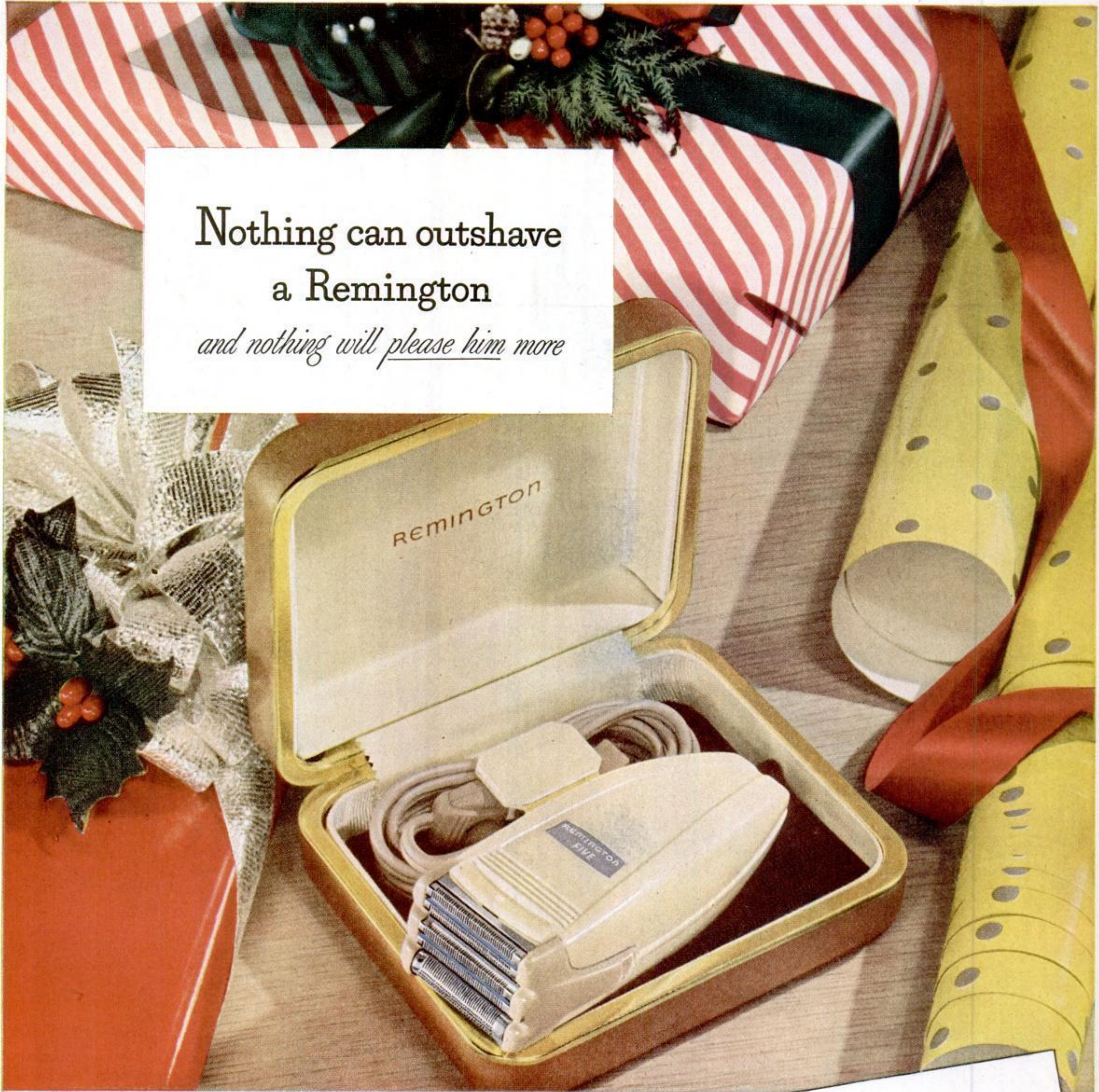
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Anderson. Self.

BEAGLING was one of my favorite sports at Oxford, and two days a week I used to hunt the hare on foot with the New College, Magdalen and Trinity pack.

"I, EDWARD, PRINCE OF WALES" CONTINUED

all through the night little bands of undergraduates would deviate to pay the president this dubious compliment.

As the following sample from my diary shows, Oxford swiftly opened up a new world:

"Dined at Leander at Henley, leaving at 10:15 again after a most cheery meal and got in at 11:15. Some men, D— among them, ragged us in their car the whole way back, and A— dealt with them near Magdalen Bridge. Later he fought D— in college for being insulting!! He knocked him out and it was the finest summary justice I've ever seen. Bed at 12:30."

It is a characteristic of collegiate memories that the hell-raising side, in moments of reminiscence, momentarily overshadows the daily plodding drudgery which I always associated with study. Oxford is a serious place and the truth is that my Oxford days, by and large, were sober, tranquil and studious. And my spare time was given to football, punting on the River Cherwell, and long bird walks. Best of all, I formed new friendships, which compensated in part for the uprooted attachments of Naval College. And if I made no "firsts" I studied hard.

My mother often came to see me at Oxford and loved to poke around the historic corners and attractive gardens of the ancient colleges, and in the course of many visits primed and fussed my rooms into a state of coziness.

My Oxford routine was interrupted in 1913 by two trips to Germany, the first in the spring, the second in the summer. As in France, I traveled with a party of three—Major Cadogan, my German tutor, the learned Dr. Fiedler, and Finch. The purpose of the trip was to improve my German and teach me something about those vigorous people whose blood flowed strongly in my own veins. Though the first World War started barely a year later, I must confess that as a tourist I never sensed the approaching catastrophe. The Germany of my student days echoed with work and song, and I judged it to be inhabited by the kindest people in all Europe.

"Onkel Willy"

ONE reason why I felt that way, of course, was that the numerous smaller German courts were filled with uncles and cousins and aunts, all of whom welcomed me. At Strelitz I spent some weeks with the 91-year-old Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, my mother's aunt, who told me of being taken, when a young girl, to see George IV, who patted her head. And in the Kingdom of Württemberg, now vanished into the limbo of Graustark, I stayed in an ornate palace at Stuttgart as guest of King William and Queen Charlotte whom I called "Onkel Willy" and "Tante Charlotte."

Quite apart from the family relationship, protocol required me as Prince of Wales to pay a courtesy call upon Emperor William II. But with singular obtuseness the Kaiser, in inviting me to visit him on August 31, added that he expected me to stay over for the annual parade celebrating the French surrender at Sedan in 1870. Now the French, joined with us in the Entente Cordiale, would certainly have taken a poor view of my presence at such an occasion, and a potentially awkward situation was averted only by the British Ambassador's diplomatic finesse by means of which my call upon the Emperor was rendered quite devoid of political implications.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

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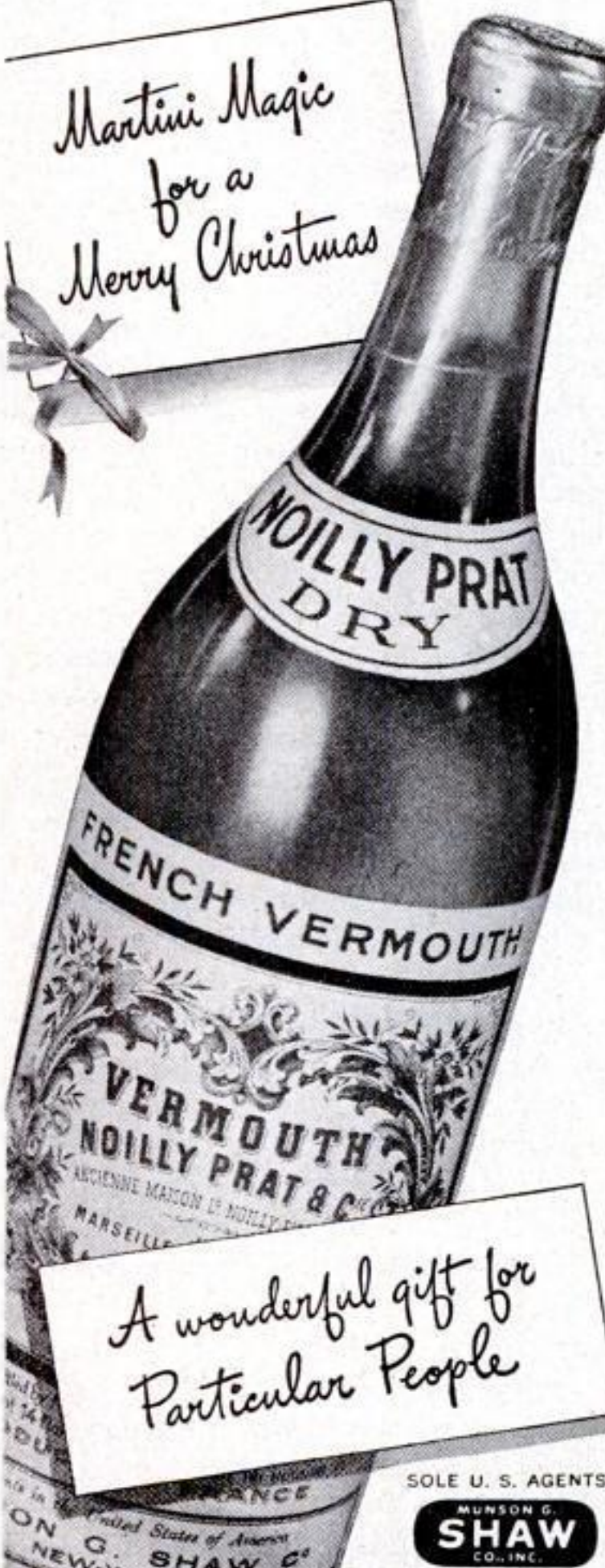
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"I, EDWARD, PRINCE OF WALES" CONTINUED

I knew him distantly, of course, from his spectacular descents upon our little island, but at the Königliches Schloss, on Unter den Linden, in Berlin, I saw him for the first time in his own environment. Arriving in the late afternoon, I was taken at once to the Emperor's room. He was sitting in uniform behind an extraordinarily high desk and in greeting me rose in a most curious manner, as if dismounting from a horse. Upon drawing closer I perceived to my astonishment that he had risen from a wooden block shaped like a horse's back; to this was girthed a military saddle, complete with stirrups. Noting my startled expression, the Emperor smiled and explained condescendingly that he was so accustomed to sitting on a horse he had found a saddle more conducive to clear, concise thinking than a conventional desk chair.

The Kaiser's saddle was only the first of a series of exciting events in store for me. I dined that night with him, the Empress and several other members of the family. The Kaiser, in a different and more colorful uniform, led the conversation in German to test my fluency. Satisfied that I had not been wasting my time, he relapsed into English, which he spoke beautifully, and asked all kinds of questions about my parents and his English relatives.

Dinner over, he excused himself, only to reappear almost immediately in the most dazzling uniform of all and whisked me off alone to the opera for a performance of *Aida*. We swept through the streets in a gleaming limousine; a jäger in a rich green uniform, gilt hunting dagger and cock-tailed plume hat rode in front, while distinctive notes on the horn warned the police to hold the traffic for the Emperor.

But for all the garish uniforms and his brusque manners William II had undoubted charm of which I caught the full effect. Next morning, when I re-entered his study to take my leave, he was again astride that incredible saddle, his face, with upturned mustache, brooding over a document. He expressed the hope that I had learned something of the German people from my stay, adding that, despite all the terrible things my country thought about them, he and they really were not so difficult to get along with. And at that impressionable age I believed him.

Last days at Oxford

WHAT with one thing or another, my second year at Oxford slipped by in a blur of deer-stalking at Balmoral, good fellowship, shooting at Sandringham, beagling, President Warren's dissertations on the English poets—not to mention occasional admonishing notes from my father about my taking life more seriously.

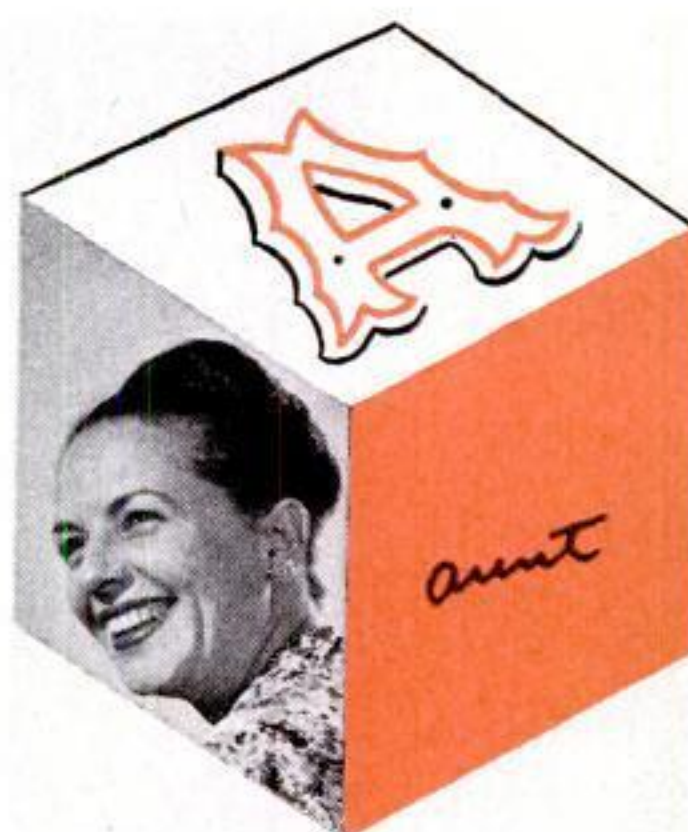
The "position" about which my father was continually reminding me now began to take form. In November 1913, Archduke Franz Ferdinand, Heir Apparent to the Austro-Hungarian Empire, paid an official visit to England and was put up at Windsor. Deciding that the time had come to induct me into court and diplomatic ways, my father had me come from Oxford to participate in the sumptuous entertainments. I wore the Windsor uniform—a blue tailcoat with red facings and gilt buttons; and under my father's appraising eye began my apprenticeship in the subtle business of always talking to the right people about the right things.

The Archduke was a wonderful wing shot and, at Windsor, standing beside my father, I watched him pull the pheasants down out of the sky. No suggestion of tragedy then touched the elegant figure which only seven months later would fall before the assassin's fateful bullets at Sarajevo. The thought of war was elusively and persistently in the air, but, exactly as in 1939, all the "best-informed people" were wisely assuring one another that there would be no war. I find from my diary that as late as June 5, 1914 I was planning, with my father's consent, to go chamois-shooting in the Tyrol in the autumn with my Cousin Charlie Coburg, the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha.

By then it was more or less understood that I had had enough of Oxford and Oxford enough of me. My father was arranging for me to join the Grenadier Guards, as he was all for balancing off my early association with the Navy and demonstrating the impartiality expected of the monarchy in its relation with the two rival services. In fact, I was already a corporal in the Oxford Battalion of the Officers' Training Corps, and had spent two weeks in training under canvas near Aldershot.

As matters turned out, that episode ended my connection with Oxford. It is a little disconcerting to realize how little I learned there. But the fault does not lie with Oxford. The heads of its learned dons were crammed with erudition; what they did not know was stored on the shelves of the Bodleian Library. In retrospect it seems a pity that I did not have the imagination to realize that in those difficult studies which I treated so cavalierly were the

CONTINUED ON PAGE 142



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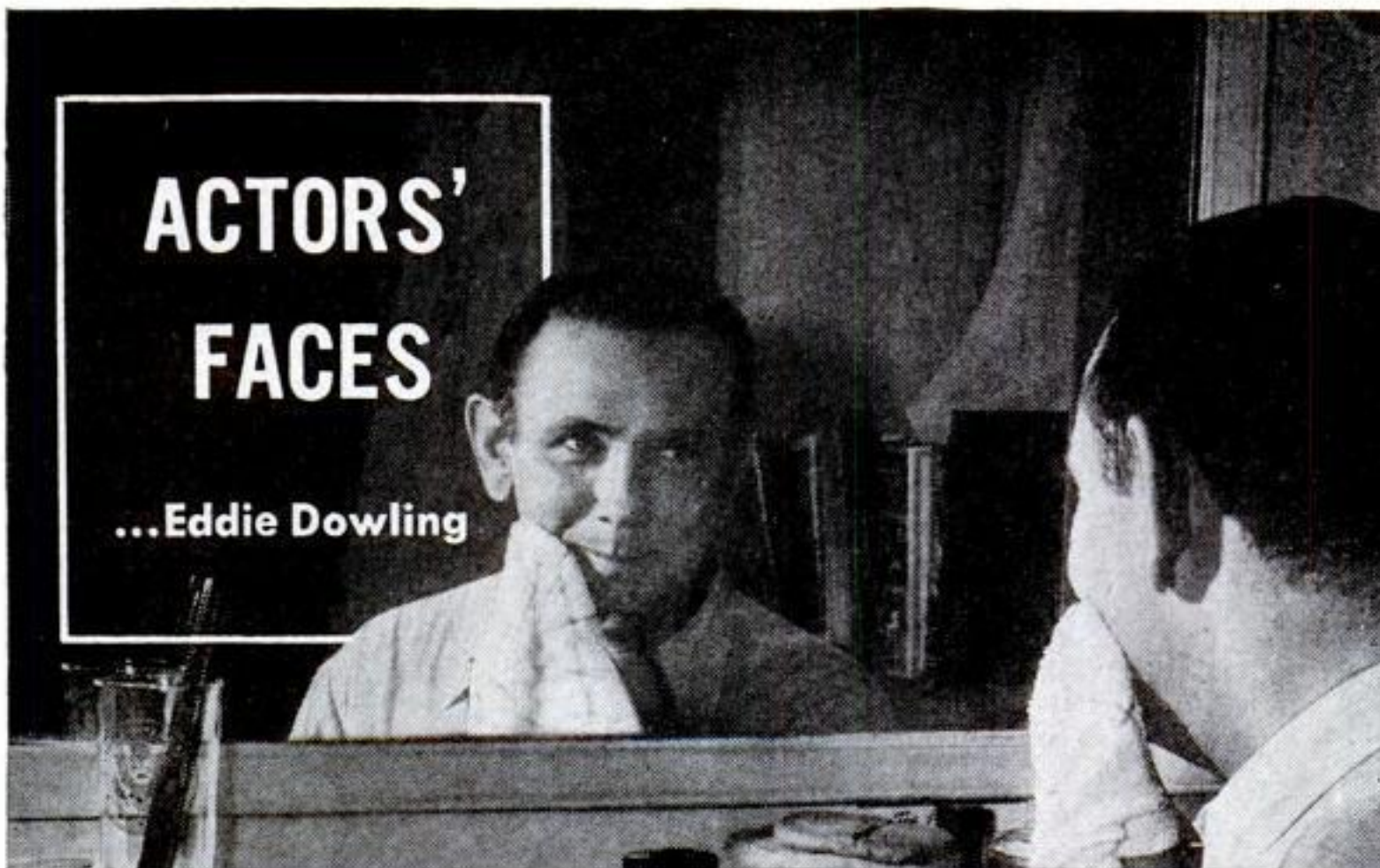
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"I, EDWARD, PRINCE OF WALES" CONTINUED

keys to many of the problems which beset the present world. People and places—these I thought were more important in my kind of life than books. Well, I was soon destined to see a lot of new people, a ghastly number of whom would die violently, and a lot of new places, mostly two feet deep in mud.

Yet in June and July 1914 the atmosphere in Great Britain was deceptively tranquil. The Irish question was at its perennial crisis and my father and mother were heckled by suffragettes whenever they made a public appearance. So remote was the possibility of war from the public mind that they took a large party of guests to the Ascot Races and threw themselves into the usual social activities. To make sure that I was kept occupied my father had me attached to the 1st Life Guards, one of the Household Cavalry Regiments then stationed at Hyde Park Barracks. To what I learned about horses from Willie Cadogan I now added the more exacting drills of the cavalryman. But since the officers, along with the other "lads" around town, went to parties every night, I began to learn, as my diary attests, about other things, too.

June 25. "Life is very pleasant. . . ."

July 7. ". . . I stuck it out to the bitter end & got back to Buckingham Palace at 2. . . . My first ball in London. . . ."

July 8. ". . . Duke of Portland's House. My dancing is improving. I got in at 4 & in bed by 4:30. . . . I was up again at 6 & walked to Barracks, parading with the Composite Squad at 7:30."

July 23. ". . . with Ld. & Lady Farquhar, Pembroke, Desboroughs, Ly. Castlereagh, Ld. A. Innes-Ker, Mr. Balfour & his sister. . . . We all had a bear fight. Nothing broken but clothes suffered!! The ladies were the most hearty. . . . Relations between Austria & Serbia very strained. . . . I don't like the look of things abroad."

July 24. ". . . Poor Papa is having an awful time with the Irish crisis. . . . I saw a man from Daimler to get an idea of my new car which is going to be something special."

The old riding master knew all about young subalterns who had been up dancing all night. And with a sardonic expression he would order the horses unsaddled and put us through the most bone-jarring bareback exercises that he could think up. I was then 20 and this was my first glimpse of the kind of life which I had taken for granted. It was snatched away almost before I savored it.

July 31. ". . . I was reading newspapers all night & Papa received news of Belgium's mobilization. All this is too ghastly & that we shall be on the brink of war is almost incredible. . . . I am v. depressed."

Next week:

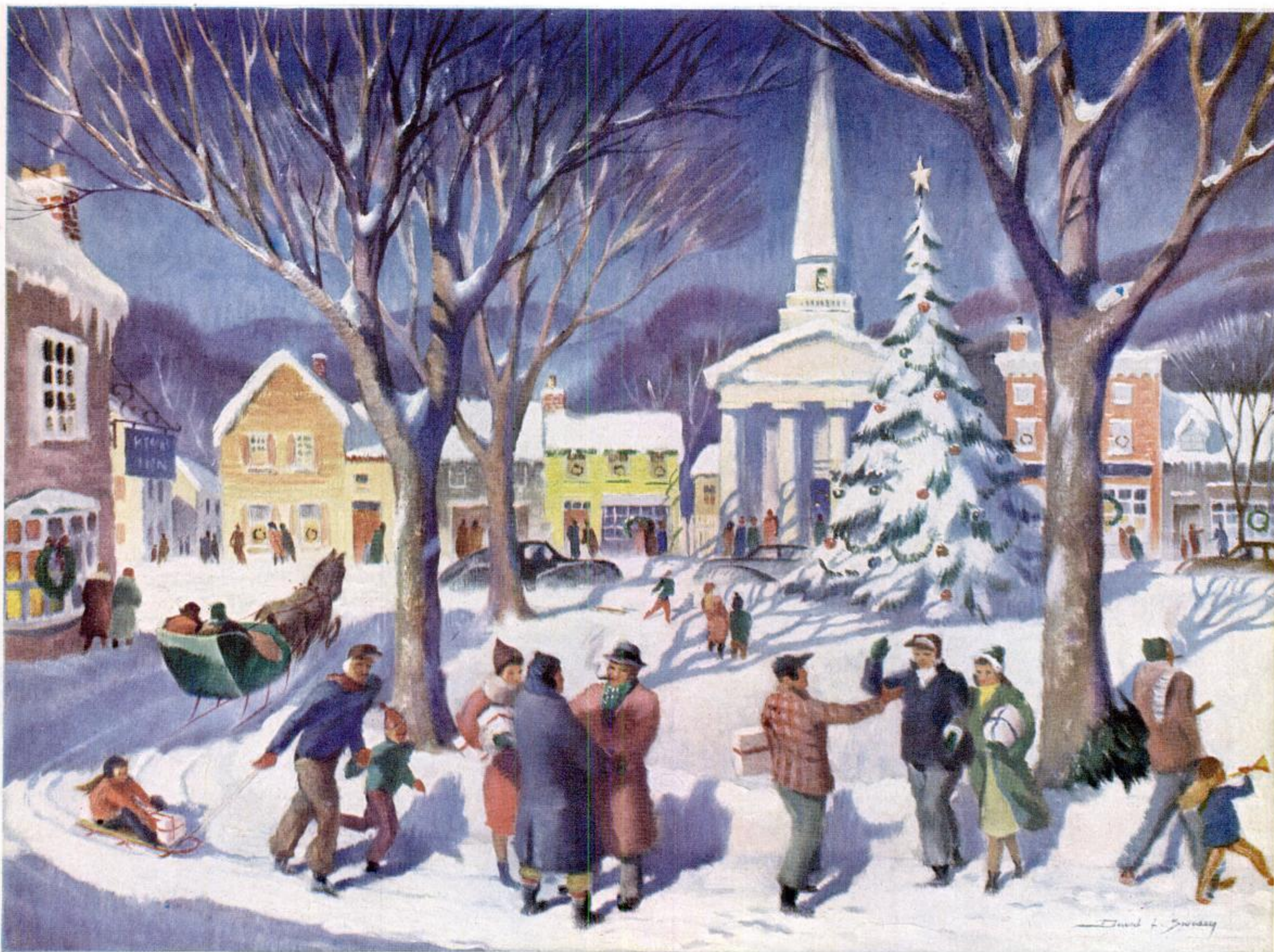
A PRINCE IN WAR



"The war that would occupy the spirit and energies of my generation for the next four years had already confronted me with a unique personal problem: Was I to be a soldier or would I be kept in London as the Heir Apparent, not to be risked in battle?" With this thought the Duke of Windsor begins Part III of his story. It takes him through World War I, to the discovery that the world for which he had been educated had been swept away.

Christmas at Home

And where else is it so heartwarming! It's the friendly glow of colored lights in the parlor, the tinkle of bells, a warm handshake, the excited hug of a small daughter, a meal to be long remembered, the satisfying aroma of a good cigar—a Cinco!



"CHRISTMAS IN NEW ENGLAND," PAINTED FOR THE WEBSTER TOBACCO COMPANY BY DAVID L. SWASEY

The holiday cigar at a week-day price

Cinco's distinctive flavor comes from its 100% long Caribbean filler, grown and cured to a mellow mildness in Cuba and Puerto Rico. It is wrapped in sleek Connecticut

Shadegrown. Cinco is the only cigar in America with this blend of these tobaccos that sells for only a dime. Give Cincos this Christmas—a gift-wrapped box of 25 is just \$2.50!



Cinco Perfecto, gift-wrapped
Box of 25 . . \$2.50
Box of 50 . . 5.00

Cinco

ADV. BY H. W. AYER

PERFECTO 10¢ ALBANY 2 FOR 25¢

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Cinco Albany,
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Box of 50 . . \$6.25



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Philadelphia

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The Heritage Whisky

A HERITAGE TO REMEMBER



*"Made the President the compliments of the season . . .
I was asked to partake of the punch and cakes . . ."*

... FROM A CONTEMPORARY SENATOR'S DIARY

Nowhere were the season's festive moments so sumptuously celebrated as in Colonial Philadelphia. A gracious tradition, indeed, that has come down to us today in the agreeable qualities of

Philadelphia, The Heritage Whisky. It is whisky of such exceptional character, such outstanding flavor, it adds distinction to any occasion. Yet you can afford to enjoy Philadelphia, regularly and often.

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*From a Series of Historic Paintings Designed for "Philadelphia"—The Heritage Whisky—Famous Since 1894



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HIGH ABOVE A CLOUD-SHROUDED ABYSS A LONE EXPLORER TRUDGES THE LAST STEPS TO SATOPANTH'S TOP

Himalayan Climb

Expedition tops six peaks never before explored

One of the world's least-known regions is the Gangotri Massif, a cluster of sharp, snow-capped peaks in the Himalayan chain 210 miles northeast of New Delhi. To these mountains last summer the Swiss Foundation for Alpine Research dispatched a climbing expedition—the first into the Himalayas since 1939—to make a complete mapping survey. Between June and October the group fought its way to the top of six previously unclimbed peaks.

The small expedition—four men and one woman—was led by Swiss ski champion André Roch, who had headed the 1939 group. With him were Alex Graven, famous guide and profes-

sional mountaineer, and two amateur climbers, René Dittert and Alfred Sutter. The woman was 29-year-old Annalies Lohner, also an experienced Alpinist.

They first tackled Kedarnath, a 20,820-foot monster which had repulsed all previous climbers. It was conquered after two tries and one near-fatal accident (*p. 148*). Four more mountains—Kalindi Parbat (18,306 ft.), Nanda Gunthi (18,927 ft.), White Dome (20,946 ft.) and Balbala (19,254 ft.)—yielded to the first try. Towering Satopanth (21,225 ft.) did too, but only after the explorers had laboriously hacked a vertical ladder in the face of a huge ice tower just below the summit (*p. 151*).



SUPPLIES WERE CARRIED 160 miles by natives from town of Mussoorie to base camp at foot of Gangotri Glacier, longest (48 miles) glacier in Himalayas.



THE WOMAN OF THE PARTY, Annalies Lohner, dresses for breakfast. She led party to top of 19,254-foot Balbala through stinging wind and foul weather.



CLIMBERS REST on a gentle but icy slope just below summit of Kedarnath. Expedition found butterflies, eagles and small birds as high up as 16,000 feet.

Himalayan Climb CONTINUED



BHARALS (WILD SHEEP) FURNISHED MEAT

To keep fed and warm were biggest problems

Although the 1947 Swiss expedition into the Himalaya Mountains was small, it was extremely well-equipped, and proved remarkably successful. As always the first problem facing the explorers was that of keeping themselves alive, warm and strong in a cold, remote area, peopled only by peaks (picture at right). Everything that might be needed, including food, tents, extra clothing, ice axes and first-aid supplies, was carried by two relays of native porters—170 in all—from the end of the automobile road at Mussoorie to the site where the first base camp was established (left). Using this camp as their headquarters, the explorers, accompanied by 12 experienced Nepalese guides, climbed each peak in a series of stages, establishing primitive temporary camps at intervals as they crawled, roped and hacked their way up the icy slopes. The camps, which were often perched precariously on rocky ledges or sharply tilted ice fields, had to be anchored stoutly enough to survive the buffetings of savage blizzards and gales with velocity of more than 100 mph. The last camp on each mountain was pitched within daylight striking distance of the top. From it, at dawn, the explorers went out to make the final exhausting climb to the summit.



ON TOP OF KEDARNATH four climbers smile triumphantly through their fatigue. Climbers are (left to right) Tensing, native guide, Sutter, Dittert and Graven.



"UNKNOWN BEAUTY," as explorers called this peak, was photographed but was not climbed. It is one of the almost inaccessible mountains which form the

southern wall of the Himalayas. The peaks which make up this wall are nearly all unexplored because there are no passes or passages whatever between them.

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so much more



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ing package stores. The
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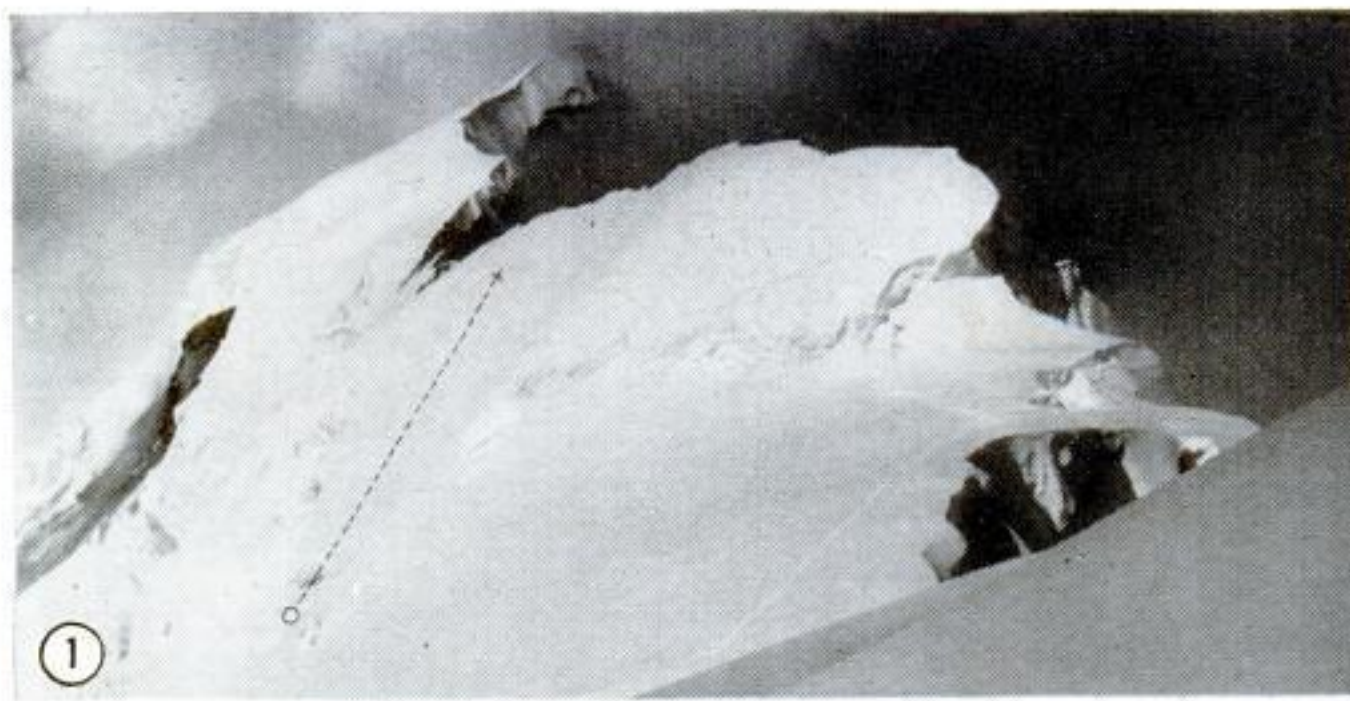


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will be available again
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ACCIDENT ON KEDARNATH necessitated a skillful rescue. 1. Dotted line shows where Sutter and Wangdi Norbu, chief of the native guides, slipped down a 1,300-foot precipice. Sutter was unhurt, but Norbu was badly injured. 2. Next day rescuers use rope to ease Norbu down a 246-foot trough hacked in steep ice slope. 3. Norbu is carried to base camp. 4. Norbu rests after receiving first aid. Before rescue, believing himself abandoned, Norbu attempted suicide.



Thomas Shirt

Only after you've actually worn a Thomas Shirt can you realize its luxury value in appearance and comfort. Here's California custom-construction, sparkling white, cellophane-wrapped, washable. This fine shirt will not shrink.



Shirt shown about \$10.00. Others from \$7.50. At better men's wear counters. Or write Thomas Shirt, Inc., Los Angeles 15.

**The
KELTON
"Dayton"**

**Yes,
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at \$10***

Chrome case, stainless steel back, radium hands and numerals, sweep second hand.

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CONTINUED ON PAGE 151

NEED AN EXTRA BEDROOM? GET A HIDE-A-BED BY SIMMONS!



BY DAY

Your Hide-A-Bed is a soft, luxurious sofa, upholstered in rich and durable new fabrics. A handsomely designed piece of furniture that adds grace to any living room! No hint of a bed inside!



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See! Your Hide-A-Bed has now become a roomy double bed! Notice how you sleep, too—with your head towards the back of the sofa. You can get into this bed from *either* side without disturbing the other sleeper.

Simmons' beautiful, new dual-purpose sofa gives you extra sleeping space for family or guests without using extra room!

Here's a wonderful new way to get an *extra* bedroom for your home—without adding an extra inch of space.

Get yourself a beautiful new Hide-A-Bed* by Simmons. By day, you'll have a luxurious living room sofa—covered with the finest decorator fabrics. At night, this wonderful sofa can become a roomy double bed!

And what a double bed! You're offered—not a skimpy, ordinary mattress—but the heavenly sleeping comfort of a genuine Simmons inner-spring mattress . . . or the *extra luxury* of an 837-coil spring Beautyrest Mattress by Simmons!

The *price*? Only \$179.50 and up, depending upon style, cover fabric, and mattress you select. Little more than you'd pay for a good double bed today!

Remember, only Simmons makes Hide-A-Bed. See it and other beautiful Simmons Sofa Beds and Studio Couches at your local furniture and department stores. Easy budget terms.

• • •

A STYLE FOR EVERY TYPE OF ROOM



CLAREMONT



TUXEDO



Simmons Duplex Sofa Bed (S842)—another smart version of a space-saving double bed.

Only **SIMMONS**
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Makers of the famous Beautyrest Mattress,
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"I'm dreaming of a **Tawn** Christmas..."

Delightful!

Want a Christmas gift to flatter his good taste — but not flatten your budget? The ultimate in fine quality ingredients makes this set of **TAWN COLOGNE** (Deodorant), **TAWN AFTER-SHAVE** and **TAWN TALC** a real bargain at... **\$2.00***



Luxurious!

TAWN SHAVING BOWL is molded from lustrous plastic, contains hundreds of creamy smooth shaves; **TAWN AFTER-SHAVE LOTION** will supply a bracing tingle all year round, as fresh and fragrant as a May morning; and **TAWN TALC** will add that final touch good grooming needs. All 3, handsomely boxed... **\$2.50***



Convenient!

TAWN TRAVEL KIT contains kit sizes of **TAWN After-Shave Lotion**, **TAWN Cologne** (Deodorant), **TAWN Brushless Shave**, **TAWN Hair Dressing**, **TAWN Shampoo**, and **TAWN Talc** — plus gold-plated Gillette Tech razor, Gillette Blue Blades, Dr. West's Miracle-Tuft Toothbrush, Calox Tooth Powder, Axar headache remedy, and plastic comb. Complete with waterproof plastic folding case, it's a lifesaver at **\$2.39***



Tawn toiletries for men

AT DRUG COUNTERS EVERYWHERE

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Himalayan Climb CONTINUED



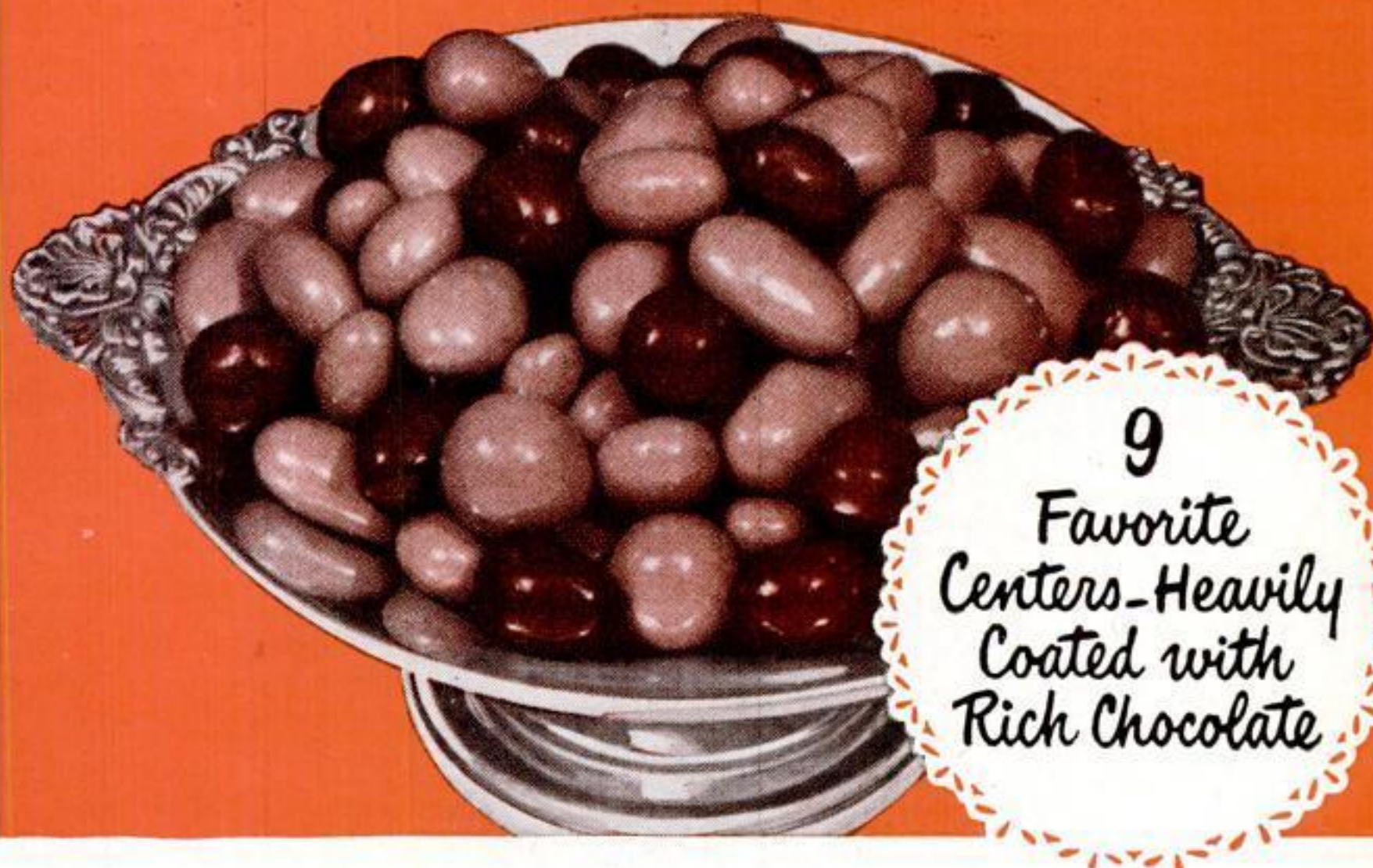
NANDA DEVI (25,660 feet) is seen through a veil of clouds from a ridge of Satopanth. It is highest peak ever scaled by humans, was first climbed in 1936.



SHEER ICE WALL on north flank of Satopanth was negotiated only by cutting hundreds of small steps in ice. Here Alfred Sutter worms his way up.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

Something New and Delicious in Candy... Brach's Chocolate Party Mix



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● **Buy Brach's Chocolate Party Mix**—the finest candy money and experience can produce. You get 185 pieces in a one-pound box.

Brach's Chocolate Party Mix

THE PERFECT CANDY FOR SMART ENTERTAINING





ICY LABYRINTH of a glacier holds up the climbers near the summit of Satopanth. Here Alex Graven has been cutting steps in the ice, moving slowly upward as he cuts,

followed by Mrs. Lohner, who is attached to him by a rope. From this glacier the party moved to an immense precipice of ice and snow, only to begin cutting ice steps again.

Choice of a lifetime...



To give, to receive; to serve and enjoy... Especially in this festive season does the golden quality of Golden Wedding express the sincerity of your good wishes and the warmth of your hospitality.

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CHOCOLATES

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